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THE
LIFE AND LETTERS

OF THE

REV. GEORGE MORTIMER, M.A.

*My honoured father
Rev. Mortimer Gay*



A negative of
Res George Mortimer
Ma
1st Rector of Thornhill
Ontario

to be returned to
Mortimer

20 Rossmore Ave
Toronto 5
Ont

2259



Yours truly affectionate
George M. Lincoln

THE
LIFE AND LETTERS
OF THE
REV. GEORGE MORTIMER, M.A.

RECTOR OF THORNHILL,

IN THE DIOCESE OF TORONTO, CANADA WEST.

COMPILED AND PREPARED

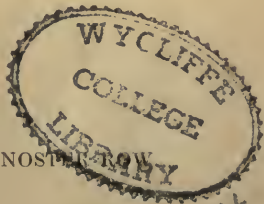
BY THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, B.A.,

BRITISH CHAPLAIN OF MONTE VIDEO,
SOUTH AMERICA.

"I bear the greatest veneration for the memory of that man (Archbishop Leighton) that I do for any man; and reckon my early knowledge of him, and my long and intimate conversation with him, among the greatest blessings of my life; and for which I know I must give an account to God, at the great day, in a most particular manner."
Bishop Burnet.

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MDCCCXLVII.



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P R E F A C E.

THOUGH I feel it to be really a privilege to be the instrument of introducing to the public the life and correspondence of the most intimate friend, especially of my early life, that I have ever possessed, and of one of the truly excellent in the earth ; yet, from an unfeigned consciousness of my incompetency for the task, I would most willingly have left it to other hands, and to other hands I offered it, and urged upon them my earnest desire that they would undertake it ; but from all I received excuses as to themselves, and pressing invitations to myself to engage in the work. They conceived that I might possess more materials for the purpose than any other person ; but they knew not the slenderness of my capacity to prepare the memoir of one whose general character, talents and excellences, merit a much abler pen than mine, to set them forth with perspicuity and advantage.

His old friend and associate at Wellington, the Rev. John King, now Incumbent of Christ Church,

Hull, to whom I wrote on the subject, thus addressed me :—" But independently of all considerations of this kind, I believe you would be much better qualified than myself, or than any other person I know, to do justice to the excellent yet peculiar character of the departed. Let me beseech you, therefore, to arrange your correspondence and materials with a view to publication."

His excellent and much-loved sister, Mrs. Holland, wrote to me as follows :—" The early, close, continued, and personal acquaintance you had with my dear brother, constitute you, in my opinion, his most suitable biographer."

And his brother, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, wrote to me in a similar strain :—" On the very day that I received your letter, I was fully intending to write to you, *entreating* you *not* to abandon your design of writing a memoir of your dear departed friend, my beloved brother George. *You*, above all persons I know, are the man to undertake that work of love with any prospect of a successful issue. Your own correspondence with him, through such a long series of years, would alone furnish rich matter, I doubt not, for a biographer."

Thus urged and encouraged, I was unwilling not to do my best : and if I have proved myself but an unfit steed to draw such a chariot, the friends, at least, of my dear departed friend must not forget that it was they who put me into it; and this same consideration also will, I hope, lead others to view the faults and imperfections of the work with indulgence.

Happily for me, the work is one rather of selection and compilation than of original composition, and the life of my friend will suffer less from the hand that draws it up, by reason of his speaking chiefly for himself; his correspondence is, perhaps, his best memoir, and this is the kind of life that it falls to my lot to prepare of him.

The attentive perusal of his letters for publication has most vividly brought to my mind and remembrance the man whom, I can truly say, I loved almost as my own soul; very delightful was our intercourse with one another when associated together, very close was our intimacy, and warm and steadfast our friendship: and the great point of union between us, the connecting link in the chain of our connexion, was our common, and, I trust, unfeigned faith in Christ crucified for the salvation of mankind. We were neither of us originally destined for the service of the sanctuary; but it pleased God, early in life, to call us to the knowledge of himself, and to inspire us with an ardent desire to preach that gospel to others, who had ourselves been made personally sensible of the deliverance brought to the soul by it. Through God's good providence also it was that we were both led to the same retired and secluded village of Chobham, in Surrey, where, under the instruction of the Rev. Charles Jerram, then curate of the parish, but since successively vicar of it, and Rector of Witney, Oxon, we received the finishing part of our education preparatory to our college course; and up to the time of our leaving the university, we were

personally, as well as cordially, united, in no ordinary bonds of friendship, few days passing without our meeting together. From that time our personal intercourse may almost be said to have ceased ; he spent a week with me in my first curacy in Bedfordshire, and I spent a week with him in Canada about two years before his death. In the intervening long period, we did not meet, I think, more than once ; and that after promising one another a yearly exchange of visits, so little dependence can be placed upon the events of time. The time is coming, however, I trust, when our union will be again renewed, and become as personal and as cordial as before, but infinitely more pure and spiritual, and therefore more perfect and satisfactory—subject to no painful fluctuation or interruptions, and coeval with eternity.

Monte Video, January, 1847.

LIFE AND LETTERS.

GEORGE MORTIMER, the interesting subject of the present Memoir, was the third son of Harvey Walklate Mortimer, the well known gun-maker in Fleet-street, London. He was born May 20th, 1784; and it pleased God to deprive him of his excellent mother the latter end of the following year. Thus bereaved of watchful maternal care, he was placed with a relative at Birmingham, who loved him tenderly. His health was delicate, and the deformity which ever after made "his bodily presence weak," was caused by suffering him to sit and lie in one posture during a long illness, in which his restoration seemed impossible; God, however, was graciously pleased to spare him for future usefulness.

In the year 1787, his father again entered the married state, and George and his elder brothers were treated with the fondest attention. Little deserving of remark is known of the days of his childhood and youth; as he grew in years he attained to an average measure of bodily vigour, enjoyed a good share of health, and was generally beloved and esteemed. His first instruction was received under Doctor Hall, of East Acton; and he finished his scholastic pursuits with the Rev. Mr. Audinet, a French Protestant Clergyman, near the British Museum, who used to perform divine service in French, near the Seven Dials; here, in

addition to other attainments, he acquired a knowledge of Latin and French. In November, 1798, he was bound apprentice to Mr. Otridge, a respectable bookseller in the Strand, with whom he continued for the usual period of seven years.

It is not exactly known at what period he became truly earnest and decided in the Christian life, though it appears to have been in the earlier years of his apprenticeship ; and, as will hereafter be seen, he considered the late Joseph Butterworth, Esquire, for some time Member of Parliament for Dover, as his spiritual father. The first notice which we have of the state of his mind is found in a letter written to his elder sister, to whom he was fondly attached, dated August, 1801. Alluding to that happy period, he says :—

“ When I first set out in the Christian race, I was mocked and laughed at, but this only drove me to my Saviour. I remember with what joy I could appeal to the Lord, and say, ‘Thou seest, O my God, what I endure for thy sake ;’ and I assure you no moments were spent so pleasantly as those which I could get by myself in some retired place, to lift up my heart to God ; sweet, indeed, were the comforts I thus enjoyed. I gave all into the hands of my Saviour, and everything I undertook prospered. When in want of anything, I prayed, and all my wants were supplied ; indeed, I never remember anything being held from me, but, sooner or later, I saw it would have been hurtful. What encouragement to give all into his hands !”

Strand, 17th March, 1802.

It is with thankfulness to my kind and indulgent God that I can tell you my soul is in a prosperous state, and my desires after a higher degree of divine

life greatly increased. The Lord is indeed blessing me; for though I still find wrong tempers unsubdued, these are my burden, and I cannot rest till I find daily pardon in the Redeemer of mankind.

Many extracts might be given from his letters written about this time to his sister, which indicate his uncommon devotedness to God, and his earnest desire for her advancement in the Christian life.

It has already been stated that he looked upon the late Mr. Jos. Butterworth as the instrument, in the Divine hand, which brought him into an acquaintance with his God and Saviour. Through the advice also of this same excellent man, it seems, he was led to turn his attention towards the service of the sanctuary; and, prior to his going up to the University, he went to the Rev. C. Jerram's, to prepare himself for his collegiate course; and from that gentleman's house the two following letters to his sister were written:—

Chobham House, 5th Nov. 1806.

Dear Mary,

THAT kind and gracious God who watches over his children for good has brought me safely to this place. The country, though at present deprived of many of its ornaments, has not lost its charms to me. I have now visited my accustomed haunts, and have experienced that pleasure in recalling past ideas, which is better conceived than expressed. On this spot I am reminded of a glorious view of the unchangeable love of God, and on that of his amazing condescension and my astonishing vileness; here I recollect the excellent Fenelon furnished me with pious considerations, and there the industrious and indefatigable bee stimulated my sloth; and the

result of these recollections produced in my heart a glow of sincere affection to that God who had so variously visited me, and a determination to devote all my powers to the advancement of his glory.

Notwithstanding my haste to leave Islington, I found, on my arrival, I was the only one of Mr. Jerram's pupils who had returned. At first I regretted not taking your advice, but the spiritual treat reserved for me soon made me change my mind. This treat was no less than the unexpected company of Mr. Venn, of Clapham. Mr. V. had come the day before to see Mr. Cecil, and spent that evening with Mr. Jerram. As it is natural when we taste fruit of a superior flavour to wish others to share our enjoyment, I could not help wishing my sister had been with me to partake of the pleasures I then received. I sat in all the luxury of silence, and listened to the gracious words which fell from his lips. Among the many things which warmed and charmed my heart, I think those made the greatest impression which related to his father. Oh, what a spiritual heavenly man! Mr. Jerram mentioned that he considered a few hours he was permitted to spend with him as the happiest and most profitable he ever experienced; "and so powerfully," said he, "was his conversation impressed upon my mind, that it was uppermost in my thoughts for the succeeding half-year. It was such an epocha in my Christian life as I never enjoyed, either before or since."

This day eight years I went to Mr. Otridge's. What a variety of changes has taken place since that period! Of all I esteem that the most blessed which has brought me into my present circumstances. May God so bless me in this path that good may be imparted to my own soul, and glory ascribed to his name.

Chobham, 27th June, 1807.

THANK you for your kind, affectionate, and Christian remembrance on my birth-day ; I had quite forgotten it ; but this I remember, I was more than commonly blessed in prayer, and had peculiar delight in reading the Scriptures ; indeed, I intended to note it down as a day of choicest blessings. May God favour me with many such days during the year on which I have entered ! May many pentecostal seasons be given ; may much humiliation and self-abasement before God be daily felt ; may the foot of the cross be hourly visited, and may my views be incessantly directed to Him who lives in heaven to plead for me !

I received much good lately in reading Wilberforce on Christianity. I took it up as a book which I thought I ought to read, but did not expect that rich vein of excellence which I found in almost every part of the work ; his Christianity is truly vital, and his diction admirable. I have also finished the life of Judge Hale, by Burnet, and am now reading Mr. Fletcher's Letters. I scarcely ever read a few pages without profit ; the wonderful spirit of this excellent man frequently brings tears from my eyes ; I stop and reflect, and would give all the world, did I possess it, could I enjoy the same spirit. I am well persuaded that no blessings, excepting these, considered merely in themselves, are worth our pursuit. Greek, Latin, and Mathematics, are but a poor portion, if we have nothing more ; it is my constant endeavour, therefore, that these things should sit lightly on my mind, that, while conscientiously improving every particle of my time, I may still reserve my heart for God.

The following extract is taken from the first letter of a correspondence with the writer's endeared friend,

which lasted almost without interruption during a period of twenty years, and, at distant intervals afterwards, until about two years before his death.

TO MR. J. ARMSTRONG.

Chobham House, Jan. 13th, 1807.

My dear Friend,

MR. J. favoured me with a sight of the letter you wrote to him. It gave me great pleasure to find you in the first class, and to hear, also, that you are fagging for your next term ; though, blessed be God, human science is no indispensable requisite, either for salvation or for a minister of the Gospel, yet it possesses innumerable advantages, and I doubt not but you will hereafter reap the fruits of your present exertions. Our greatest fear, my dear Armstrong, is that we should substitute learning for religion, and lest we should endeavour to regulate our conduct more by our present supposed circumstances than by the will of God ; but I am persuaded your fears on this subject are similar to my own, and, therefore, I need not enlarge. As for myself, when I sometimes stand still, and consider how ardently I am engaged about trifles, and, as Young observes,

“ Wasting my strength in strenuous idleness,”

I am quite ashamed, and I go making fresh resolutions of more devotedness to God and more zeal in his service : but, alas ! how little ground do I gain after all ! Assist me with your prayers, your constant daily prayers ; and though we are distant in place, let us meet one another in spirit. My time of evening devotion is from six to seven ; let us endeavour in simplicity of heart to meet one another at this time at the throne of grace ; and may God

pour on each of us that which will not only impart a *present* blessing, but diffuse a sacred tune of heavenly affection through the *residue of our lives*. Our employments necessarily require the exercise of thought, and very much tend to produce what the Methodists term "distraction;" but still the constant influence of the Divine Spirit, and a continued simplicity of intention, will enable us to be recollected, even in the midst of our studies. I was very much pleased lately in reading in the "Epistles of the Apostolic Fathers" a passage in one of St. Ignatius' Epistles, somewhat to this effect; he is giving us some directions for our conduct in life, and adds, "But even the *worldly* things which *ye do* are *spiritual*, for ye do *all things* in Jesus Christ." Oh that this may be the temper and spirit of our lives; may all *our worldly things* be offered upon this altar, which sanctifies the gift; and after this transitory scene of being is ended, may we with pleasure retrace a life entirely filled with God.

I remain, my dear Armstrong,

Yours, affectionately and sincerely,

G. MORTIMER.

He was accustomed to spend his long vacations, during his residence at Cambridge, with a private tutor, who spent the time in some salubrious and pleasant part of the country. The following letter was written on one of those occasions, and is a proof of his taste for fine scenery, as well as of his great application to study.

TO HIS SISTER.

Dawlish, near Exeter, Aug. 12th, 1809.

My dear Sister,

YOU are, no doubt, returned from Broadstairs, and enjoying the pleasures arising from quiet and regular

movements, and now and then, perhaps, in the midst of your retirement a thought wanders towards Devon, and you begin to wonder "what has taken the little fellow that he does not write." I confess, time has glided on so insensibly, that I was not aware how long I had been here; I shall really feel sorry to leave my present situation, for I never spent five weeks so agreeably before. I lodge with good people, who do all they can to accommodate me. I make progress in my studies, which is another source of gratification, and I am situated in the midst of a country the most diversified and beautiful. As it is quite new to me, and I may probably never visit it again, I avail myself of the present opportunity of seeing everything worthy of notice, and since my purse will not allow me to enjoy any "leathern convenience," I have commenced pedestrian, and frequently walk from fourteen to eighteen miles a day. I take a syllabus with me, and go over my subject in my mind, so that a peep now and then is all I require: by this method I lose no time, and combine profit with amusement. My stated walks, however, are much shorter, and devoted to relaxation only. But there is another source of gratification which I must mention, and which far exceeds all the rest; it is this, I feel I am advancing in the best of things; religion has an increasing and diffusive influence over my mind; it seems more and more my element, and I am enabled to live in that spirit which a friend of ours on a late occasion attempted to ridicule—I mean a spirit of recollection and prayer; not, indeed, so much so as I could wish, or as I ought to do, but still much more so than formerly. When my time for devotional exercises comes round, it is welcomed as the happiest of the whole day, and my Sabbaths are days of real pleasure and permanent good. May such in kind, though greater in degree, be the happy experience of my dear sister,

and may no studies, no employments whatever, be prosecuted, but in subordination to those of a spiritual nature. Religion, I am persuaded, should be everything or nothing; here only a middle course is dangerous. If we profess to admire and to be influenced by heavenly objects, we should prize them above everything; and yet, alas! (O shame to our Christian profession!) to what poor and paltry considerations are they not daily sacrificed! Adieu, my dearest sister; may God preserve you pure and unspotted from the world until the day of his appearing!

Yours, most affectionately and sincerely,
Both in Christian and fraternal bonds,
G. M.

TO HIS SISTER.

Cambridge, December, 1809.

STUDY is, I am persuaded, at present my duty; but I shall be heartily glad when another year is over, and I shall be left to pursue the duties of the sacred office in peace and quietness, if it please God. . . . How often do I picture to myself these happy scenes, and "catch a momentary joy;" but, perhaps, this hand which now glides swiftly along the page may soon forget to move. I may be summoned to another world in the midst of my academical pursuits, and may never have the honour granted me of building the house of God. Should this be the case, should your brother be called to the peaceful tomb before another revolving year, bear in mind, when he is gone, that his supreme wish has been unfulfilled, and that his studies and trifling successes have not so filled his mind as to call it off from the care of souls, and the earnest wish for their salvation. In this work I would gladly live

and die ; but the Supreme Disposer of events knows what is best, and in that I hope, not only to acquiesce, but to rejoice. You wish for my thoughts on letter-writing. I do not think you should make two copies of any letters, except it be necessary to keep one by you for reference ; few such circumstances occur, and therefore I would advise you to write at once what you intend to send. I do not mean that you should put down whatever comes into your mind, but write deliberately and with caution. I would illustrate my meaning by referring to what takes place in polite conversation ; supposing yourself to be in company, and obliged to converse, you would not weigh and ponder your sentences over and over, but merely endeavour to avoid anything indecorous, and to express yourself in tolerably good language ; or, if you will, in the best manner you are able. When you write, then, you should endeavour to let your thoughts flow freely and easily, and express them in the most suitable words which occur at the moment, but by no means to be solicitous in seeking fine words or eloquent phrases. Horace has a famous line in his Art of Poetry, which has great strength in the original, but I must content myself with Francis' translation,

“ For if the mind with *clear conceptions* glow,
The *willing words* in just expressions flow.”

The substance of what I would say is this, having settled your subject in your mind, write at once, in the best manner you are able at the time ; practice will give considerable ease, and you will shortly write, not only well, but with despatch.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Queen's, June 24th, 1810.

My very dear Friend,

You are now, Armstrong, engaged in an employment to which you have been for years looking forward as the most pleasing in your life; your ardent spirit could not bear inactivity in your Master's service, and now your wishes are granted, and you at last experience the blessedness of sounding in the ears of a thoughtless and giddy multitude the glad tidings of reconciliation through the death of our blessed Redeemer. I need scarcely tell you that you have of late engrossed many of my thoughts, and been the subject of many of my prayers. I hope that I feel no *common* degree of interest when I hear of any true labourer being called into the vineyard of our Lord; and shall I be less concerned when one of the dearest friends I have upon earth is called to a similar employment? You are *entitled* to my best of wishes; you have them freely; and I have no doubt but the blessings of God will rest upon your labours, and that many in that great and dreadful day of account—many will arise from Melchbourn and Bletsoe, and declare in the ears of an assembled world,

“ I owe it to his care that I am here,
Next to Almighty grace; his faithful hand,
Regardless of the frowns he might incur,
Snatched me, reluctant, from approaching flames,
Ready to catch and burn unquenchable.”

O my friend, when I think of these inestimable blessings as connected with the sacred office, I long to lay aside the drudgery of mathematics; but I

check myself; the future should employ but little of my thoughts; how to improve the present should be my principal concern. Much is to be done here as respects my studies, and much more as to the formation of my mind, the subjugation of my tempers, and the sanctification of my heart. I would, therefore, content myself with my present situation, and endeavour to make it my chief care to prepare for death and judgment. These awful concerns have, for many weeks past, engaged my mind more steadily and frequently than for some years before. I seem to myself as a dying man amidst dying men, and it is my aim to live accordingly. I have heard you say, when you were at college, that retirement and your Bible have afforded you some of the most exalted joys you ever witnessed; these joys have been lately mine. I go up to my little room (which I have fitted up and consecrated to sacred purposes *alone*), and there I meet my God, find my Saviour precious, and experience the gracious influence of the blessed Spirit. When my hours of retirement come round, I joyfully lay aside everything in which I may be engaged; for I feel, I know, assuredly and experimentally, that I am going up to commune with the best, the most gracious and compassionate of friends. There I leave all my cares and all my sorrows, and come down again to the concerns of life with an unburdened, soberized, and tranquil mind. Blessed be God for all his benefits! I had frequently looked forward to this last year as the most trying of the three, and had imagined that if I found it so difficult to keep my ground before, I should necessarily give way at present; but JEHOVAH has been better to me than my fears, and I have found the truth of that promise, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee; when thou walkest through

the fire, thou shalt not be burnt, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee."

Believe me to be,

Yours, truly and affectionately,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Q. C., Camb., Nov. 19th, 1810.

My very dear Friend,

WITHIN a week or two past I have had to thank my God also for many providential interferences; for success in our late examinations; for being kept most mercifully from engaging in something which would have been highly detrimental to me; for the acquisition of a most valuable Christian friend (who is a great helper of my faith, and a very pleasing and agreeable companion; he was, like myself, formerly engaged in business, and also a Methodist); as also for a providential opening of my path respecting my future situation in his church. Of all the places I have yet heard of, this seems most suited to my views and inclinations. It is, Mr. Eyton's, of Wellington, Shropshire, six miles from *Madeley*, and surrounded by pious ministers. The vicar is very pious and laborious, of similar sentiments with myself, humble and affectionate. I know three men in Cambridge who are very well acquainted with him and his situation, and they each say that they would go there in preference to any place whatever. My mother and sister (to whom I wrote a few days ago concerning him) met him when in Shropshire; and they advise me by all means to accept of it. I wrote to him lately, and received an answer, which has done my heart good. I have not yet finally settled in my mind, but I shall write either to-day or to-morrow, giving my final

answer. I hope to be directed from above. I would not trust my own feelings or inclinations, but in the all-wise Disposer of events. Pray for me, my dear friend, that if I should not be useful there, or in any manner out of my proper place, that something or other may intervene to put a stop to all further proceedings. I am daily obliged to make some little preparation for orders, for Mr. E. is in want of assistance. Should I go to the place, I shall endeavour to be ordained soon after I take my degree; perhaps in a month or six weeks, if I can procure a private ordination. My degree may suffer in some measure, but I cannot help that; we must expect sometimes to be called to make a little sacrifice, but it will all be eventually well.

Accept my best wishes

From your faithful and affectionate

MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER.

Q. C. Camb. Jan. 19th, 1811.

My dearest Mary,

My time of anxiety is now completely over. I have just been admitted B. A., and have no more college matters to divide my attention, or call off my thoughts from the grand concern which lays before me. You will wish to know how I succeeded in my late struggle. I have no flaming honours to plume myself with, but through the mercy of God have passed through in such a manner as to afford cause neither for self-complacency nor discontent. I am a wrangler, though eleven from the top. My tutors, I am happy to state, tell me they are quite satisfied with my degree; as it respects myself, I have not the least wish it were otherwise. You would find it difficult to enter into my present feelings. I seem of late to have been like a ship

tossed and driven by the fiercest tempests, and in danger every moment of sinking ; but now I have gained the long-looked-for shore, and am enjoying for a time those sweets which my temporary leisure affords me.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Q. C. Camb. Jan. 19th, 1811.

My dear Armstrong,

YOUR letter reached me, as you supposed it would, in the midst of a "mighty contest," and I may congratulate myself upon having fewer bones broken than I might reasonably have expected. In all our Lord's dealings with his people, there is the greatest display of wisdom mixed with loving kindness and mercy ; to satisfy *our* wishes would frequently be only to administer poison instead of a balsam, and therefore *He* prescribes for us. With these introductory remarks you may perhaps expect to hear of some considerable disappointment in my place in the tripos, but this is not the case ; I have had every *reasonable* expectation answered. I am eleventh wrangler, and the fifth from the bottom ; had I been higher I might have been vain of my little successes ; if lower, I might have felt depressed and discouraged. As it is, I am not only contented but happy ; I wish I could say as much of another of the Jerramites, but I am sorry to say I cannot ; poor C——, though fifth wrangler, feels quite disappointed, and receives the congratulations of his friends with a very poor grace. Our good friend Frazer is a man of a different spirit ; he is third senior opt., but is nearly as much pleased with it as any in the tripos. Johnson is the highest Johnian, who is tenth wrangler, just one above your humble servant. Dicey, of Trinity, is thirteenth. The

order of the men you will soon see in the *Christian Observer*, and therefore I need not insert them at large.

I feel quite happy, my dear friend, in having done with every academical contention. I seem now to have nothing to do but to improve my mind by the acquisition of useful knowledge, and to prepare for that most important concern, the sacred ministry. I take it very kind in your calling my mind to these things in the midst of my late hurry ; we are too apt to be absorbed with the things of the moment, but through the rich mercy of God, so great has been my composure for some months past, that the Senate House and all its appendages ceased to be objects of terror or solicitude. I may account for this in a great measure from my having fixed upon the curacy which I alluded to in my last. The saving of souls seemed more important than the acquiring of honours ; so that my mathematical studies were entered upon more from a sense of duty than inclination ; but I must not trouble you with these reflections upon a matter which is now gone by, though gone for ever !

Adieu, my dear friend,

And believe me to remain,

Your ever faithful

GEORGE MORTIMER.

As soon as he had passed through the Senate House, and taken his degree, he was desirous of entering, without delay, upon the great work which had so long engaged his thoughts ; early, therefore, in the following month he accepted the curacy of Wellington, in Salop, of which parish the Rev. John Eyton was vicar ; and in a letter to his sister, dated 11th Feb. 1811, after alluding to the prospect of ordination and of enjoyment with Mr. Eyton, he says :—

“ My way is now clear, and all I want is gratitude

to my gracious God for all his past mercies, and a richer, fuller baptism from above, to qualify me for the important, solemn duties which will soon engage my attention. "I have been enabled lately to recal some of those lively feelings which I experienced when I thought of entering into the ministry ; a love for immortal souls, and a desire to spend and be spent for them in every possible way, in a more constant feeling of earnest desire than when I was buried under an enormous load of academical lumber. I suffered myself to bear it as a mean to an end, but that end being obtained, I shall dismiss the larger portion for ever ; what is useful I shall retain. However, I am now free from these incumbrances, and shall hope to improve my liberty by turning the habits thus acquired to beneficial purposes."

Thus all seemed in a fair way for his immediate removal to Wellington, when an unexpected hinderance was put in the way of his ordination, by the bishop of the diocese. Such hinderances, in those days, to the dishonour of our Episcopal Bench, were frequently thrown in the way of men both of unimpeached character and of sound learning, to whose moral excellence and literary qualifications their respective colleges bore ample testimony ; but they were men held in suspicion on account of their great attention to religious duties, and their warm attachment to the great doctrines of the Reformation : they were men of scriptural piety, and of sound Church-of-England principles ; but they bore a name of reproach ; they were considered as agitators in the Church, as holding extravagant views, and as going out of the ordinary path of formality and heartlessness, which characterized the great body of the Church in those days. Happily, such prejudices have, in a great measure, passed away, and no such obstacles exist to the ordination or preferment of men

of such views and principles ; not that such men are altogether exempt from slight and neglect, from discouragement and opposition, on the part of many of the rulers in the Church at this day ; but they are now constrained by the weight of their character, by their well-known laborious habits in their pastoral duties, as well as by their wealth, their influence, and their number, to pay them some respect and attention ; and, blessed be God ! there are many of our ecclesiastical governors who now know the worth of such men, and who afford them all suitable encouragement and support.

Mr. Mortimer deeply felt this disappointment ; but that God was pleased to make it the means of calling forth the exercise of his Christian grace, may be seen by the three following letters :—

TO HIS SISTER.

WITH a mind willing to acquiesce in whatever my God shall appoint, I am enabled to leave this and all my concerns to his gracious disposal, being fully persuaded that the Lord reigneth. If I have at all profited by past experience in anything, it is in this, a strong and operative conviction that so long as we trust in God, our concerns, however unpleasant at the time, will materially conduce to our welfare ; and oh ! what an intolerable load of foolish anxiety and trouble does this persuasion remove from our labouring minds ! You will perhaps remember that one of the last topics of conversation, when you and Eliza so kindly accompanied me to the Wash, was the necessity of sacrificing our own will to others, if we would enjoy comfort ourselves. I was naturally led to speculate on the future, but could not help being forcibly struck with the mighty efficacy of this principle, if suffered to operate freely on our conduct.

As I think it very probable my continuance in college may be prolonged, I intend availing myself of the opportunity thus afforded me of attending a course of lectures on anatomy, chemistry and mineralogy. When I thought it my duty to ask for orders in March, I willingly gave up all thought of enjoying this gratification. I was enabled to sacrifice it to more important considerations, but since these reasons no longer exist, I shall gladly avail myself of the privilege.

Upon the subject of *general* knowledge for a minister, I was much pleased with Herbert's "Priest to the Temple." "The country parson is full of all knowledge: they say, that it is an ill mason that refuseth any stone, and there is no knowledge but serves either positively as it is, or else to illustrate some other knowledge: he condescends even to the knowledge of tillage and pasturage, and makes great use of them in teaching, because people by what they understand are best led to what they understand not." As one means of preparing me for the great charge which lies before me, I have begun a regular course of the lives of eminently pious characters. The good I received from this kind of reading some years ago, makes me indulge the hope that it may be equally serviceable now; but I would not rest here—it is a real baptism of the Holy Spirit alone which can properly qualify me for usefulness in the pulpit, and a consistent course out of it.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Q. C. Camb. Feb. 26, 1811.

My very dear Friend,

* * * * *

SINCE I last wrote to you I have been spending a

few days at Islington ; but my stay being very short, I was obliged to confine myself wholly to home. I visited but one person all this time. I had hoped, however, to have returned again soon, and to have done myself the pleasure of calling on my several friends ; but a very unpleasant circumstance has hindered me—the bishop has refused me ordination at present : and I am under the necessity of waiting till it shall please my gracious God to show my path. My vicar is a *notorious* character, and my friends have all along been apprehensive lest I should find some difficulty in getting ordained to his curacy. I must say, I shall not be a little disappointed should I be obliged to relinquish all thought of Wellington ; but the matter is in the Lord's hands, and I would willingly leave it to his all-wise disposal. If I have learned anything by my past experience, it is this, to feel fully persuaded that all our concerns, however unpleasant they may be at the present, will, either in this world or in the world to come, terminate in our good. In affairs of this kind it is better to make as little fuss as possible : I must therefore beg you will not mention it to any one. I shall wait quietly for the present, in hope that the bishop may relent ; but should not this be the case, I must content myself with some other situation. Poor G. is similarly circumstanced with myself ; he has been refused *three* times, and that, too, in spite of the interest of the Master ; he wishes to be ordained on his Coll. Fellowship, and that lover of the truth, the good Bishop of Ely, has every time put a spoke in his wheel. But what a mercy it is that, notwithstanding all the opposition which serious candidates meet with, still they are not, cannot be, entirely hindered and excluded ! * * * *

And believe me to remain,

Your ever faithful and affectionate

MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER.

Cambridge, March 2, 1811.

I HAD imagined, some months ago, that the exercise of mind I was under when preparing for the Senate House, was the greatest I should ever experience; I was greatly mistaken. O my sister, did you know how much I have felt lately, you would truly sympathise with me; but I now enjoy comparative rest; my feelings, indeed, have been strongly mixed, but the better have generally, though not without considerable struggle, predominated. I have enjoyed more of the power of vital religion, and that has been my support and stay; and would it but please my God to indulge me with more communion with himself, HE might do with me and my poor concerns whatever might please HIM. HE alone is truly and absolutely necessary for my comfort, and would HE but say, in my subsequent career, "My presence shall go with thee," I should feel that enough. I could ask nothing more.

The clouds which overcast his prospect of ordination for the curacy of Wellington, were after a time dispersed, and he was admitted to deacon's orders at Eccleshall, on the 26th of May, 1811, and on the following day he went to reside at Wellington. He not long after wrote to his sister, in reference to his new situation, as follows:—

"Through mercy I am going on pretty comfortably in parochial matters, and have reason to believe I am in the situation which God designed me to fill. My employment is my delight—my heart is in it—a circumstance I could seldom boast of when toiling through the drudgery of mathematics. Mr. E. and

I go on in perfect harmony. I feel very much attached to him; and from the marks I am daily receiving of his kindness, I may conclude he looks with a favourable eye on my endeavours to help him in his important work."

TO HIS SISTER.

Wellington, 12th November, 1811.

IN my last I promised an account of my parochial proceedings: though I have nothing brilliant to communicate, yet I hope I may say, after nearly six months' residence, that I have good ground to believe I have not mistaken my path in entering the ministry. The increase of congregation, both among the poorer as well as the richer sort, afford me some encouragement, and I have frequently observed persons manifestly affected under the word delivered. I am not so sanguine as to expect great things should be done by so feeble a labourer as myself. "The honest and good hearted" among the congregation have already gladly received and profited by the word under my most excellent vicar, and, consequently, it is not to be expected that any remarkable change should be effected; but, as I have observed before, I have perceived that the Spirit of God is among us to apply the word, and so long as persons are not completely hardened, we may indulge some hope concerning them.

A few Sundays ago I supplied the church of a neighbouring minister who has not been long in these parts. I preached from these words, "The Lord turned and looked on Peter." I had taken another sermon with me, but some how or other could not make up my mind to preach it, and it will appear by the sequel that the Lord had some gracious purpose

to answer by it. A poor woman, a former hearer of Mr. — happened to come into this part of the country, and she mentioned to her daughter that she should like to go and hear her old minister, but related at the same time a dream that she had the night before, that a strange minister at Mr. C—'s church was the means of doing her good and recovering her from her backsliding state. She accordingly came, and no sooner did I enter the desk than she said to her daughter, "That is the clergyman I dreamed of who recovered me to God." The subject by the Divine blessing was suitable to her case, and Mr.—, who related the anecdote to me, stated, that she began with fresh earnestness to devote herself to the service of God, and gave manifest tokens of the work being from above.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, September 17th, 1811.

My very dear Armstrong,

I HAVE been regaling myself this afternoon with a perusal of a large packet of your letters, forwarded to me from time to time. They present my much esteemed friend under a great variety of feelings and circumstances: but they uniformly exhibit him as the sincere and devoted Christian, and as the warm and substantial friend. Oh, how do I pity that poor soul who has never experienced the exquisite delights of friendship! Believe me, Armstrong, I would not exchange the feelings which at present animate my soul for all the wealth in the universe. It would be bauble when contrasted with the inestimable blessing of a friend, whose heart, whose sentiments, whose pursuits, are congenial with your own. God forbid that I should ever see the time in which this blessing

should be withholden from me. How do I admire those words of Shakspeare :—

“ The friends thou hast, *and their adoption tried,*
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel.”

I lament, however, one circumstance in which my sentiments and my conduct were in this respect diametrically opposite; I mean when I so far gave way to the feelings of the moment as to write that letter, which seems to have caused you so much pain: your conciliatory answer, which I have just been reading, makes me more ashamed of myself than I can express; I hope, however, that it will prove a salutary warning through the whole of my subsequent life. You will be surprised, perhaps, at this apology made so long after the offence: I make it from a conviction that my former letter did not sufficiently express the feelings which I ought to have entertained. * * * * *

Believe me,

Your affectionately sincere

G. M.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Jan. 28th, 1812.

My very dear Friend,

I VERY much long to see you and your little domestic circle, and, especially so, in consequence of the information contained in your last: for I am given to understand that personal intercourse will not much longer be vouchsafed me.

Do not suppose, however, that I would wish that any personal advantage, which I might promise myself from your remaining in England, should prove the

least obstacle to that most glorious work which it has pleased God to incline you to desire and pursue. I rejoice most sincerely in the grace which he has poured upon you, and I admire the leadings of Divine Providence, which have so clearly and manifestly opened your path. But still, notwithstanding the approval which my judgment is constrained to give, yet I cannot altogether divest myself of that affection which would fain induce me to chain you to some nearer spot. It tells me that *real* friends are few; it whispers also that, among all my friends, no one has ever yet so completely merited the name. But still, as it has pleased God to put it into the heart of my friend to undertake so noble, so glorious an employment, I cannot for a moment indulge any feeling of complaint. It is all well; and, as I said before, I rejoice in the grace and providential dealings which have been manifested on your behalf.

It requires no small measure of *faith* and *self-denial* to leave the pleasures of social life—the intercourse of friends and the innumerable ties which a long series of years has tended to strengthen. I have often gazed in silent admiration at the peculiar kind of spirit which must animate a missionary, and have concluded that it must be peculiarly acceptable in the sight of Almighty God. But, alas! much as I have admired the spirit, I feel that I have scarcely a spark of it—not, indeed, that I should find it difficult to forego the pleasures which at present surround me, not that I should be staggered at leaving my present situation to live in one which is remote, and which is now unknown to me; but that I am sensible that *these feelings would not last*. The inconceivable ignorance of some, the stupidity of others, and the state (I was going to say) of *moral and religious incapacity*, to which a long indulgence in vicious habits has reduced the generality, would check my fervour, damp my zeal, and cause me either to slacken my

exertions, or else to desist from the work in despair. When we get into discouraging circumstances, how readily do we slide into despondency. We may not, perhaps, altogether lose sight of the power of God, and its all-sufficiency to help us through; but we are apt to conclude that we are not the proper instruments; that we have protruded ourselves into situations which God never designed for us; and that, though he *could* most easily help us, yet that, for wise purposes, he sees fit to leave us in a great measure to ourselves. Such, my dear Armstrong, are our reasonings in general, when brought into discouraging circumstances; and, from a close examination of my own heart for some years past, I am persuaded that whatever zeal and self-denial might animate me in the first instance, yet that these blessed feelings would not last when brought to those severe trials which are the lot of the *missionary*—I mean of that person who has to contend with all the difficulties arising from a foreign station. These difficulties, however, in your case are greatly diminished, and even were it otherwise the Spirit vouchsafed to you, may enable you to grapple with them with the greatest ease. Oh! that this may be your constant experience! I rejoice in that spirit and temper which has hitherto regulated the conduct of my friend, and my constant, my stated prayers shall ascend up before the God of power and grace, that he may ever enjoy a rich unction—a complete baptism from above.

Assure Mrs. A. of my kind regards. Much as I admire *your* faith and self-denial, I think that of your dear partner no less conspicuous. When God has work to be done, how sweetly can he influence our minds so as to make us co-workers with himself.

Believe me,

Your most affectionate though unworthy Friend,
G. M.

Mr. Mortimer was married February 21st, 1812, to Miss Barford, a lady of pious habits and of amiable manners, and who proved herself a most useful and affectionate helpmeet to him. In the view of this event, he prepared, some months before it took place, the following resolutions for his government in the married state :—

“ Since it is very probable I shall soon be united with my dearest friend M. B., and since we are always in danger of overlooking the duties of each relation in life, while engaged in it, though, before we enter upon it, we may perceive them plainly enough, I would, therefore, now, in an humble dependence upon Almighty God, and as in his sight, set my hand to the following resolutions, which I would purpose never to swerve from upon any occasion, let it be ever so trivial :—

“ 1st. Since the grand secret of domestic comfort depends upon the *regulation of our tempers*, I would, in the first place, endeavour to keep a strict watch over these ; would avoid *pettishness*, of every description, and would guard against a degree of *pertinacity*, which has always been more or less troublesome to me : would never be *positive in argument*, and will strive to remove every appearance of *self-will*, and never to oppose my dearest friend in *any* thing, excepting when duty *imperiously calls* ; and even then, in such a manner as shall impress her more with an idea of my affectionate regards towards her, than of any wish to consult my own gratification.

“ In the 2nd place : will cultivate a *tender and affectionate* manner, always seeking out means of promoting her comfort, and lessening her troubles ; sharing every *domestic and maternal* anxiety with *tender solicitude*.

“ In the 3rd place : will be completely *open* ; will have no secrets ; on the contrary, will consult her in everything ; will give her the freest access to all

my papers, letters, &c. ; will also commit to her entire management all my money concerns ; and will take no more for my private purse than we shall amicably settle between ourselves.

“Fourthly. With regard to *company*, will make choice of those persons who shall be most agreeable to herself, and will be very attentive to those of her relations with whom she may wish to be connected—especially her mother and sister.

“Fifthly. Being aware of the foolish trouble occasioned by fastidiousness in the *choice of food*, am determined never to express my partiality for any particular joint or dish, and never to make the smallest objection to anything which comes to table. Remember Duke Fortunatus, and the incessant squabbles occasioned by his fluctuating taste and pettish tempers.

“So lastly. As to the arrangement of *domestic concerns*, will interfere as little as need be, and will never meddle either in the choice or dismissal of the servants, and will be careful never to find with them unnecessary fault.

“These rules and regulations I will read over the first day of every month, so long as it shall please God to spare me, and will make them matter of most serious prayer.

“Should I see fit to make any additions to the above, will still never destroy *this* identical paper, but keep it as exhibiting my views previous to marriage, and as a witness against me in future life, should I deliberately violate them.

“I write these rules in my college rooms on the 20th of May, 1811, being the day on which I complete the 27th year of my age, and being also the last of my remaining in Cambridge.

“GEORGE MORTIMER.”

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, April 10th, 1812.

My very dear Friend,

I CANNOT describe the feeling of regret which the receipt of your last letter occasioned, and I sit down, with depressed spirits, to dictate an answer. There is something exceedingly gloomy in the recollection that one of the dearest friends I have on earth, is about to depart to a place where there is no human probability of our ever meeting; and that he should depart also without my being permitted to look him in the face, to clasp his hand, and to bid him a parting adieu. I feel truly grieved at the circumstance, and the more so, as I had expected that you would have been detained on shore longer than the time fixed on for your departure, and consequently that you would have had some little spare time to pay us a farewell visit.

* * * * *

I feel comforted, however, with the hope of hearing from you occasionally, and do give you my promise that I will endeavour to write to you *every other month*, whether I hear from you or not; and my poor scrawls shall be duly forwarded to your good brother, as you have desired. I will inform you of our proceedings here as minutely as I can; and will take care to touch upon such of a more public nature as I conceive may possibly escape the attention of your other correspondents. But while I am thus writing, I cannot conceal from my Armstrong what has recently passed in my mind. I have long thought it to be a circumstance highly disgraceful to our Church that so few individuals have appeared who

are willing to leave the comforts of life, and to endeavour to forward, by their own exertions, the grand and momentous work which the God of all grace is evidently carrying forward in all quarters of the globe; and I now begin to feel a desire (should the providence of God be pleased to open my path), to step forward in this great work. I have opened the matter to my Mary, and she tells me that she is willing to accompany me to any place where I should see it my duty to go. It has pleased God to give us a competency as to this world's goods, and should any situation similar to the one you are going to, occur, we should really feel no hesitation in accepting it. What our future path may be is uncertain; but I should not wonder if my dear Armstrong hears of our following in the steps which he has marked out for us. There seems much to be done abroad, and few inclined to do it; should, therefore, God be pleased to accept of my poor intentions to be engaged in forwarding it, I shall rejoice in the circumstance, and gladly spend and be spent in so glorious an employment. I have said to my Armstrong what has been mentioned to no other individual whatever, my Mary excepted; I must therefore request he will not make the slightest allusion to it for the present.

I have taken the liberty to send you and Mrs. A. a small token of parting love; may they prove the means of your frequently remembering the unworthy donor, and whenever you think of him offer up a silent prayer for his spiritual advancement. I have also to request that you will accept of the enclosed notes;* they may, perhaps, prove serviceable in procuring a few more additional comforts for your voyage and future accommodations. May the God of love accompany you in your voyage, make

* Twenty pounds. J. A.

you abundantly useful in your passage, and still more so in your destined situation. My prayers, my best wishes, do certainly attend you; and though we may not meet on earth, yet I hope—I would I could say more, but my treacherous heart will not permit me—but still I hope that you and I, our partners, and the children whom God may graciously give us, may all meet in that blissful state above. My Mary desires her kindest regards to Mrs. A. and yourself.

Believe me,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

G. M.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, July 6th, 1812.

My dear Friend,

As it respects myself, I must say that I feel the comparatively trifling duties which I have to perform to be a burden, which at times seems insupportable; but it is the burden which God has placed upon me, and, therefore, I strive to go on and to press forward, notwithstanding all my difficulties. You would hardly conceive how much I dread any public exercise until the moment in which I am actually engaged in it; I am filled with the most dismal forebodings; but then, through mercy all my fears vanish; and I have reason to believe, that my feeble efforts are not altogether in vain.

Nothing further has elapsed respecting any change in my situation. My Mary feels a good many apprehensions on the subject at present, and I believe I must leave matters till some circumstance or other makes my way clear and evident. *Our* time is very seldom *God's*. There is a haste—a precipitancy—in our proceedings, which is never to be discovered in

those of God. The creation of the world—the calling of his peculiar people—the coming of the Messiah—all show that God is slow in operation. I feel, my dear friend, that I have daily and hourly need of learning a lesson on this subject. Whenever I feel hurry of spirits, and solicited to do something or other in haste, I invariably find that it turns out badly. It is the power of the enemy—God's procedure is orderly—calm—deliberate: he leads us gently on, and, while he forcibly convinces the mind, he opens our providential path.

* * * * *

We live in troublesome times, in a troublesome world. But still we have much to be thankful for, notwithstanding all, and we have a blessed hope of things infinitely better in the world to come. I delight to think of those blessed scenes, and am persuaded that we all of us lose much for want of reverting to them more frequently. With heaven in our eye, how cheerfully are we enabled to march forward; how courageously do we charge through all opposing difficulties; how contemptuously do we look upon the things of time and sense! Here was the grand support of the Redeemer; "*For the joy which was set before him* he endured the cross, and *despised* the shame."

I have lately been very much gratified by reading a piece of Dr. Watts' on the Separate State. We are apt to form too spiritual notions of the world to come, and, consequently, having nothing upon which we can solidly ground our investigations, we lose much of the interest and delight which would otherwise be imparted. When the *literal* meaning of Scripture seems to be absurd, we think we are fully justified in seeking other interpretations; but to reject the plain and obvious sense merely because it interferes with our pre-conceived notions of the subject, is, in my opinion, quite unwarrantable. We read of *cities*,

temples, altars, mansions, feasts, trees, and rivers. And no doubt but many of our enjoyments will be exceedingly similar to those which *Adam* enjoyed on earth, when in a state of innocence; and it is very probable that the employments which *engage us now* will *fit us* for similar *hereafter*. All our peculiarities of mind and disposition will have room for their full exercise: the traveller may be permitted to take excursions into distant worlds. The *philosopher* may pursue, without limitation, the investigations of science and of art. The *soul which is enchanted* with harmony, may, like David, be the leader of some celestial band; and the *divine* will be delighted with fresh discoveries into the nature, the attributes, the perfections, of his God; while the other myriads of beings, each in their proper class and society, will be enjoying to the utmost of their capacity the blessings which are most calculated to administer to their delight.

* * * *

From your sincere Friend,

G. M.

TO A YOUNG LADY.

Wellington, August 13th, 1812.

You have my condolence, my dear Miss — in not being able to attend the kind of ministry you approve of. Most individuals have a turn of mind, a peculiarity of thinking, which, in a great measure, may be considered as their own; and hence it should seem advisable that when the choice rests on ourselves, we should attend that ministry which comes nearest to our own case and circumstances. But, alas! this privilege is seldom allotted us; local situation, parental restraints, and a variety of other things, render it in general necessary to attend some place

or other, which is not, perhaps, in every view, that which, if left to ourselves, we would have fixed upon. The question, then, is merely this—ought we, under the circumstances, to quarrel with the dispensations of providence, or quietly and patiently submit, endeavouring to extract from existing circumstances all the good we possibly can? The language of wisdom, as well as of piety, seems to direct to the latter course, as that best calculated to promote our present comfort, and future welfare. God has certainly some wise end or other to answer in every thing of this nature, and if we recollect, at the same time, how tenderly he loves us, how much he desires our spiritual improvement, as well as our eternal felicity, we shall rest so completely satisfied that we shall not have a single desire to alter in the minutest particular. But we are too apt to lose sight of the wisdom and love of God, as connected with our affairs, we listen to the suggestions of Satan, and fondly imagine that if we had the disposal of things we could easily regulate our concerns, so as to make them more effectually conduce to our welfare. How presumptuous is such language, when stripped of its false colouring, and presented under its real and proper appearance.

On the 30th November, 1812, he writes to his sister—I think that I mentioned in my last that there was an increase of congregation, and that I could discover some traces of the operation of the Spirit of God in applying the word. These effects, I gratefully acknowledge, are still to be seen, and it has pleased God to encourage me by bringing to my knowledge two instances in which I hope a decided and saving change has been produced—one on a lady of respectability in an adjoining parish, and the other on an individual among the lower circles.

On the 11th January, 1813, he writes to the same, on the birth of his eldest son;—I feel grateful to God for his goodness and mercy, as manifested on

the present occasion, and I am cheered with a pleasing hope that the deposit which has this day been placed in my hands, will become an heir of immortality, a glory to his God, and an instrument of good to all around him. He has been the subject of my prayers for some time past, and I feel persuaded that God will not disappoint my hope. I, and its dear mother, feel anxious on its account, but what is our solicitude concerning him compared with that of the dear Redeemer! How kindly is he interested in his welfare; how ardently does *he* long to see in him of the travail of his soul that he may be satisfied! What encouragement does this consideration afford to the exercise of patient hope and persevering prayer.

And on the 24th of the following month, he wrote in reference to the baptism of the infant. We hope, should all be well, on this day se'nnight, to devote our little charge to his gracious God in baptism. I feel it to be a solemn occasion, for I cannot but think that much, both of its future happiness and usefulness, may depend on the manner in which it is thus surrendered. I am somewhat apprehensive that we shall not quite please you with respect to the name which we think of giving it. But it has long struck me as being a foolish custom which prevails at present of giving those names by way of distinction, which, in fact, owing to their commonness, are no distinction at all. George, Thomas, Henry, John, are used from generation to generation, and thus individuals are incessantly mistaken and confounded either for other. We have, therefore, ventured to step out of the beaten track, and have accordingly fixed upon Cecil, as one which, from many pleasing associations, has become endeared to both of us.

TO HIS SISTER.

Wellington, March 16th, 1813.

I have enclosed a copy of a new edition of *Alleine's Alarm*, published by Mr. Gilpin. It was this book, to which, under God, I feel indebted for the determination which some years ago I received, with respect to my views and conduct. I love it greatly in its old and less inviting garb, but far better now. Ah, my dear sister, many profess religion, many enjoy some of its comforts, feel pleasure in an attendance upon its institutions and its ordinances ; but, to walk closely with God, to get a deep and thorough knowledge both of him and of our own souls, to penetrate beneath the surface of religion and to forward the life—the inward life of God in the soul, something more is required. In order to this, our eye must be kept constantly directed to one and the same point ; we must learn that one thing is supereminently needful, and that everything which stands in competition with it must be considered as dung and as dross. May God in mercy impart to both of us such clear, such vivid and luminous views of its importance, that the present world and all its gaudy trifles may be lessened in our estimation, and that true and vital godliness, deep and genuine spirituality, may become more and more the objects of our pursuits. We were yesterday with dear Mrs. Fletcher, and received, as usual, much profit from her choice, savoury, and spiritual remarks. The book, which lay open before her, was her Bible. I could not help thinking how much more efficaciously we should all of us proceed, both as ministers and private Christians, if this blessed book were more frequently and more seriously perused. There is a strange feeling with respect to it existing in the minds of most persons who may be

considered as even pious characters. They would not feel happy if they suffered the day to pass over without reading their chapter or chapters, but still they do it as a duty, merely as a duty. How rarely is it taken up as a privilege, as the book of books, as the very choicest treasure which we could possibly open; and yet, unless it be thus resorted to, thus feelingly read and studied, how can we expect to be great proficient in the Divine Life—how can we drink deep into the Spirit of our God? Could we see into the manner in which many individuals perform the duties of their closet, we should not be much at a loss to discover the reason of their want of spirituality. It might all be easily and naturally traced to this one single source—their hour thus set apart is gone through in a manner not very dissimilar to a horse in a mill; they go round and round with the same lifeless formality; and when their duty is over, they pass with unaltered uninfluenced feelings to anything which may next engage their attention; but how different from those who walk in their solitude with God; who go to their closets as if they were about to meet the very best friend they have upon earth; who feel heavenly emotions on every such occasion rekindled; whose hearts are made to burn within them; in short, who so wait upon God as to renew their strength; who carry from their privacy a holy influence which is easily discovered in the whole of their converse, tempers, and pursuits. Give our kind love to Eliza, and accept the same yourself. To both of you we feel no small degree of affectionate regards; we often talk of you, but still oftener make you the subject of our thoughts.

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, April, 1813.

My dear Friend,

I HAVE of late been obliged to give up all thoughts of missionary exertions ; my *present* ministerial labours (small, alas ! as they are when contrasted with the more extended operations of my dear friend) are a weight which presses very heavily upon my mind ; they drink up all my spirits, and have so completely transformed me from the cheerful happy individual which I formerly used to be, that could you break in upon me accidentally and unawares you would hardly recognise me for the same. Ah, my dear friend, could I have foreseen these things, I should scarcely have dared to have encountered all the anxieties and perplexities attendant upon the ministerial office. I feel indeed that I have to sustain a burden ; but there is one cheering consideration—it is the Lord's burden ; it is placed and appointed by him, and if patiently sustained, not only his glory, but my own eternal welfare, and perhaps that of others also, will be advanced. But if I feel the burden so great at present, how little am I cut out for so great a work as that which you have the honour and the privilege to be employed in !

In the service of the sanctuary there were hewers of wood and drawers of water. I seem to be of this description. But, though these individuals were mean and insignificant, compared with others, yet were they useful in their way ; and, if God do but bless my labours, I trust I shall be content and be willing to be employed by him to the end of my days. I would gratefully acknowledge some of his gracious manifestations in this respect. Two individuals have, I trust, been savingly brought to the knowledge of

God, and some few have, in other respects, been benefited. This is the Lord's doing, and it is marvellous in our eyes.

But though my ministerial duties are thus oppressive, I have reason to be thankful in other respects. I have a dear wife, whom I tenderly love, and God has been pleased to present me, about three months since, with a sweet and interesting little son. He is healthy, animated, and vigorous, and proves to me a source of comfort which, I must frankly confess, I but little anticipated. I feel I have an important deposit placed within my hands; but I trust God will enable me to train him for the skies, and then all will be well. We have named him "Cecil," after our trusty, excellent, and most valuable friend. I should have preferred to have prefixed in its stead that of my good friend whom I am addressing; but its length, as well as the number of consonants which compose it, render it as a Christian name somewhat harsh and sonorous.

Since I last wrote to you, I received a letter from our friend F——, of Trinity. It was the bearer of melancholy tidings; the cup of this excellent young man seems to be composed of sorrows peculiarly severe. He lost some time ago, as you will doubtless recollect, a tender father, under circumstances truly afflictive, and now he has lost his still dearer mother.

He heard, by letter, of her illness, rode to Inverness, where she then was, without the least intermission; but when he arrived, she was dead. The weight of this calamity upon his mind, together with the accumulated pressure of temporal and domestic concerns, have caused him to pass through deep waters; but God has given to them a sanctifying influence: you would be truly gratified at the genuine stream of piety which pervades the whole of his letter. It characterizes a real child of God.

I have lately been turning my attention towards botany. Should you ever be sending a packet to your brother, would you be so kind as to enclose me a few seeds of some of your choice and beautiful flowers; I mean those which are peculiar to your climate? You will favour me still further by affixing the names by which they are commonly known. If you have never amused yourself in this way, you will be surprised at the inexhaustible source of pleasure of which it is capable. I walked out with my Mary this morning through the adjoining country. We were pleased and exhilarated on various accounts; but our botanic pleasures were by far the greatest. Little, exquisitely tasty beauties were discovered by us, which before had completely escaped our notice; they lie before me on my table; and while I look at them, I am led to adore the Hand which so elegantly and ingeniously formed them.

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My best wishes and my constant *weekly* prayers attend you. I greatly love you—am tenderly concerned in your welfare, and shall always rejoice on being able to congratulate you on its realization.

From your ever sincere Friend,

G. M.

About the middle of the year 1814, Mr. Mortimer was joined by a coadjutor in the curacy of Wellington, of a kindred spirit with himself, and one with whom he seems to have taken sweet counsel, walking to the house and service of God as friends. This was the Rev. John King, already mentioned in the preface. In a letter to his sister, on the 3rd of June, 1814, is this short notice of the event just referred to:—"My dear friend King has joined us—he is beloved by all." In another letter dated the 30th of the same month, he mentions his great attachment

to Mr. King, their delightful opportunities of studying together, and that he esteems his coming under his roof as one of the greatest blessings ever vouchsafed. His intimacy with this gentleman was formed at the University; "being introduced to him," as he mentions in a letter to the writer, "the very first evening of his coming to college, and we have," he adds, "ever since remained in the closest bonds of union."

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Sept. 1, 1814.

My very dear Friend,

I FEEL thankful that a day of comparative leisure enables me to fulfil my engagement as to writing to you. It is the Lord's goodness; and I cannot help considering it as one out of many thousand other instances in which prayer and simple reliance upon God tend most effectually to forward us in our concerns. I fear to trust my own unstable and treacherous heart, and therefore begged of God that he would graciously assist me; and, were I to do so constantly, how much better would it be for me! how many good plans and well concerted schemes, instead of being rendered abortive, would have been sped and prospered! But, trusting in the goodness of the plan, instead of the blessing of the Lord, and, at the same time, overlooking my own utter insufficiency, I have been manifestly left to learn lessons of dependence, through the unwelcome medium of failure and disappointment. But, after all the pains which a gracious God has been pleased to take with me, how slow I am to learn, how unwilling to become nothing, that God may become all in all. And yet this is the only way in which we can be either extensively

or permanently blessed. We are dealt with as children; but on which of his children will a judiciously affectionate parent bestow the greatest honour? Not on the forward and self-sufficient. This is a spirit which he must chasten and subdue by patient and humiliating discipline. It is the child who is modest, distrustful, and unassuming, who is diffident of his abilities, and afraid of leaning to his own understanding, that will meet with the countenance and support of the wise and tender father. But to one of a contrary temper, such a mode of treatment would be ruinous, and, therefore, utterly inadmissible on the part of a parent whose affectionate heart was regulated by a sound and enlightened judgment. Ah, my dear friend, how often do we put it out of the power even of the *tender Father of mercies* to speed and prosper us! How much humiliating discipline are we incessantly courting by attempting to rob God of that glory which belongs to himself alone!

A few evenings ago I received a letter from my agent in town, giving me an account of some loss which I had lately sustained. I took my dear wife with me into my study, and falling on our knees, we prayed to the Lord to bring us into a ready acquiescence with his divine will, and to keep us from every the least feeling of dissatisfaction or expression of complaint. While engaged in prayer, those words, "God is love," came with sweet power to my mind. I felt convinced that it was that divine attribute, and that alone, which had appointed the circumstance; that I could not have done so well without as with it; and, consequently, that I had far more reason for gratitude and praise than for anything else. Since that time how clearly have I seen that the *love of God* is the only proper key to unlock all God's dispensations, and that when this is used it will open to us treasures of mercies and of blessings which would otherwise be for ever closed from our view. The

LORD teach me for the future to profit by the instruction ; and enable us to label, as it were, each passing trial with some such inscription as this, "From your loving Father."

You, my dear friend, have had much to bear ; and perhaps Satan has whispered at times into your mind those considerations which are likely to distress and to discourage you ; but all is well ; all originates in love ; and, therefore, as Parnell so sweetly teaches, "Where you can't unravel," "you should learn to trust."

I hope you feel confidence in these blessed results of your labours. What a word is that of our gracious Redeemer's, and how worthy to be graven on the palms of every minister of his truth ! "Said I not unto thee, *if* thou wouldst *believe* thou shouldst see the glory of God ?" Surely it is nothing but our unbelief which hinders the Lord from laying bare his arm, and doing wondrous things in righteousness. In our parish and neighbourhood we have lately seen a far more extensive work both of conversion and progression than we have ever yet been indulged with ; and I cannot but ascribe it to the many prayers which have been recently offered up in reference to this point. Many of us have felt great confidence that the Lord would revive his work among us ; and he who has taught us daily to pray that his kingdom might come, has in no way disappointed our hope. We trust, however, that what we have hitherto seen are merely the drops before the shower.

Mary and King unite with me in kindest love to yourself and dear Mrs. A., and

I remain,

Your ever sincere and truly affectionate Friend,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer, from his early connexion with the Methodists, imbibed many of their views, and followed

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out some of their practices. I cannot say that he succeeded in convincing me of the expediency of the plan described in the following letter, though possessed probably of some advantages ; nor do I think that he continued always to approve of the same ; but I think it right that he should speak for himself, and therefore I shall give several copies or extracts of his letters on the subject :—

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Salop. October 27, 1814.

AN, my dear friend, what need have we all of being occasionally pulled down, stripped of our fancied excellencies, spoiled of our boasted props, and laid low in self-abasement and humility of soul at the feet of Jesus. And considering this our need, how kind is it in the LORD to take the painful pains with us which he does. He had much rather rejoice over us in unclouded prosperity ; but our perverseness will not suffer him, and therefore he forces himself to grieve us. He constrains himself to cut off the dangerous limb—to amputate—when it would be injurious to spare.

We have two *classes*, after the manner of the Methodists ; one consisting of men, and the other of women. The former led by Mr. Eyton, and the latter by myself. Out of the men's class, Mr. E. has selected six young men, four of whom go out on a Monday evening, in turns, and expound to the poor in four cottages in different parts of the parish ; and much good, I trust, has already been seen resulting from the plan. Mr. E. did not think of the classes till about a year and a half ago ; but we all feel truly thankful to God that they were begun at last. You would have been struck at the effects which soon

began to follow. A standard, if I may so speak, was by this means erected, and many, who in all probability would have remained halting and hesitating till the very end of their days, were induced, one after another, to flock around it, and I have been surprised at the degree of help which they have all received since they were thus united. And, in addition to their own personal benefit, they soon became instrumental of good to others. Our little society became a kind of nursery of expounders, exhorters, and assistants in prayer; and now, instead of a comparatively barren wilderness, we are rejoiced to behold, in many places, an incipient garden of the LORD.

Another benefit I would just beg leave to notice, and that refers to yourself. You will know much more of the state of your people, you will obtain a greater insight into their temptations, difficulties, and trials, and will be led to look around you for the means of obviating, or else helping them to bear them; and thus your manner of preaching will become far more experimental, and, consequently, far more useful. Without some such knowledge of our people as we thus obtain, our discourses, as Mr. Jerram used to say, will be about it, and about it, but seldom actually upon the mark. I have found a very material benefit myself in this way, and I would not have been without it for worlds. Now, my dear friend, what hinders but that you should enter upon such a class meeting? If you have only three or four, begin with them; meet with them weekly; begin with singing and prayer; relate to them the state of your own mind during the week, and then inquire into the state of their's. Prayer may conclude. Mr. E. began, I think, with only four, and was some weeks before he got above two or three more; but now the men's class is between thirty and forty, and the women's not far short. Do not be afraid of the Methodistical appearance of the procedure. It is full of benefits,

and I have no question but that if you can prevail upon yourself to adopt it, yourself and thousands more will have eternal reason to bless God for its institution. And, under such circumstances, should a name, or an appearance, cause you a moment's hesitation? I trust it will not. * * *

I remain,

Your very sincere Friend

And Brother in the Lord,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

The following letter is a beautiful manifestation of the greatest humility as to his own Christian experience ; it was addressed to his sister :—

Wellington, Nov. 17th, 1814.

My dear Mary,

I HAVE to thank my dear mother and yourself for the printed account, and the accompanying letter relative to the Lord's gracious dealings with our dear departed brother: they have proved highly interesting, and, I trust, truly profitable to us. May our ears ever be disposed to listen to, and our hearts prepared to receive, instruction from all the gracious means which a God of infinite love and mercy is ever taking with us, in order to our good, and when it comes to our turn to drop the garments of mortality may it be with us, as it was with dear James, to be clothed with those of light. A tear may now and then involuntarily escape me when I advert to the difference between his envied situation and my own. He quite safe, I still surrounded with danger; still called to many a conflict with the Christian's three-fold enemy; still smarting from the wounds which my own unfaithfulness and presumption rendered expedient that I should receive. But I comfort

myself with the recollection that the time will soon come when I hope to be crowned as victor, and that my continuance here below is with the merciful intention of giving me increased opportunity of getting some fresh jewels to my crown, and of getting those brightened which are already there. May the great Captain of my salvation so stand by me, that all these His gracious purposes may be abundantly answered! I bless God, I do feel an increasing desire to live to Him, and to the glory of his name; and there are times in which I feel that I have an increased power to do so. When I compare the general state of my religious experience with what it formerly was, I find that I am enabled to exercise more uniformly submission to his divine will, and to depend upon him more habitually for the supply of all my wants. I feel in many respects more crucified to the world, and the world seems to have become more so to me; so that I care but little about a variety of things which were at one time accustomed to engross much of my time and affections. In a word, I am led to conclude, that the life which I now live in the flesh is somewhat more a life of faith in the Son of God, a simple dependence and reliance upon Him, as my wisdom, righteousness, strength, and happiness, as my all-sufficient Saviour. But while I feel great cause for thankfulness in these respects, yet how far am I from so walking as to please my God! I was thinking over the state of my mind the other morning, and I felt deeply humbled before the Lord on account of it. My religion strikes me as being more superficial and circumstantial, than deep, inward, and spiritual. I possess a measure of *union* with God, but very little *communion* with Him. I am engaged in His works, and doing His will in the main, but I hold slight and frequently interrupted converse with Him. But how can such a walk be pleasing unto God? But, perhaps, you will not be able to enter

into my feelings—as connected with this my defect in religious experience—unless I have recourse to some familiar illustration. An individual may be walking by my side, towards the place which I would have him proceed to, and in the way in which I would have him walk ; but should he walk for miles and hours together, in total silence, never, during these intervals, drop a word expressive of his views and feelings, never communicate to me the least thing which is passing in his mind ; or should he manifest a similar indifference concerning my communications to him, should he never listen to my voice, or suffer himself to be so amused with the surrounding prospect, or the incidents of the journey, as to have no ear for me, what opinion should I form of such an individual ? Would he be walking so as to please me ? The application is easy—we may be walking in God's commands towards the place he would have us direct our face, and in those paths which he has been pleased to appoint ; but if we do not hold converse with him, if we are backward to tell him what is passing in our minds, or if we have no ear to listen to his kind communications, suffering ourselves to be previously engaged with the things by which we are surrounded, how little can such a walk be gratifying to the blessed God ! Now, my dear Mary, here is my defect ; I do not cultivate, as I ought, that loving, gracious intercourse with my loving Redeemer which it is my privilege to enjoy : not only many moments, but, sometimes, even hours, pass without anything like direct communion with him. Oh, when shall I be able to adopt the language—the beautiful expressive language—of one of Mr. Wesley's hymns—

“Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed ;
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.”

Let us help one another, my dear sister, in this important matter by our mutual and fervent prayers.

Good Archbishop Leighton, alluding to the effects of intercourse kept up on the part of ministers with the blessed God, has happily expressed himself:—
 “They that converse most with the King, and are inward with him, know most of the affairs of state, and even the secrets of them, which are hid from others. And, certainly, those of God’s messengers who are oftenest with Himself, cannot but understand their business best, and know most of His meaning, and the affairs of His kingdom.” What a luminous proof did this most excellent man afford in his conduct of the truth of his own assertion, and what need have we, who are the ministers and stewards of the same mysteries, to follow him as he also followed Christ!

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Salop. Dec. 29, 1814.

My dear Friend,

* * * * *

IN my last I mentioned to you the illness and expected removal of my youngest brother, James. He has since been called to his rest, and I am truly thankful to be enabled to state that his death was attended with circumstances highly satisfactory, especially when it is remembered that he was not in any way a communicative lad, but, on the contrary, very silent and reserved. Well! he is gone—gone, I trust, to eternal glory. The Lord, in his rich mercy, prepare us all to follow him! He was the youngest among us, and the least likely to be first called. I hope that we have most of us been induced by the circumstance to watch and to be sober; “so to number

our days as to apply our hearts unto wisdom." As far as regards myself, I think I may say that the lesson has been very salutary. I have been led to consider myself as the next which shall be called, and, of course, eternal and invisible things have appeared exceedingly near. I thank God that death has no sting to me. Its sting is sin, and that my gracious Redeemer has mercifully removed. The anticipation, therefore, far from being a means of uneasiness, is matter of entire and sober satisfaction; not that I have any cause for disquietude here below—not that I have any restlessness of desire arising from a querulous or pettish feeling of discontent. No, my dear friend, God has been, and still continues to be, abundant in mercy and truth. But still these things are not my God—this world is not my home. I seem to myself like a school-boy very agreeably placed at school—fond of his master, pleased with his companions, and interested by his studies, he has every sober ground for satisfaction, and, as such, does not pettishly wish to be gone—does not for a moment think of leaving till his vacation shall arrive: but still the thoughts of home delight him, and when the summer which calls him there arrives, he most cheerfully complies—his kind master, his pleasing companions—his engaging studies—all are most gladly left; for these are not his home. Ah, my dear friend, how lightly should we all sit to the things beneath, to those which are nearest and dearest, did we but consider heaven more as our *own* place—as our heavenly Father's house!

I often wish, my dear friend, that the bounds of our habitation were so fixed that we might not only correspond with, but face to face converse with, each other. This privilege I now enjoy with my friend King, who for nearly a year has been on the same spot, and even in the same house. But I still feel my heart longing after my absent friend. This

indeed may originate in some latent feeling of ingratitude and discontent, which leads me to overlook the mercy vouchsafed, and to long for that denied. And yet I am not conscious that this is altogether the case: hardly a day elapses in which I do not thank God for the blessing granted me, through the medium of my present friend. He is a most choice and valuable young man—one of ten thousand. And yet the question frequently arises in my mind, why did I ever know—why did I feel so exceedingly attached to my absent friend, if it were not the intention of a gracious and indulgent God to give him to me in like manner? But the ways of the Lord are in the great deep: his footsteps are not known; and yet gracious, though unknown, I would therefore be thankful that I have a dear—dear—very dear friend, to whom I can write, and for whom I can pray, if I can do no more; and my mind is solaced and comforted with the hope that a day is coming in which we shall join to part no more; that glorious inheritance is at hand where some adjacent mansion shall be assigned us, or where distance shall prove no impediment or barrier to our intercourse. May our loving Saviour, who is “the way, the truth, and the life,” guide us and ours all safe to this glorious kingdom!

I remain,

Your very affectionate Friend and old Collegian,
“MORT.”

Another of his friends, the Rev. J. C., the present rector of a parish in Cheshire, may be here introduced—a friend whom he esteemed very highly. This gentleman, in the former years of his life, was engaged in business, and his friend was very desirous of detaching his mind from this pursuit, and of leading him to turn his attention to the sacred office. In one of his early letters pressing this

change upon his consideration, he makes the following pertinent remark :—

“ It is not easy, when fixed by circumstances, and extensively surrounded by our secular concerns, to follow the example of Matthew, and immediately to arise. The din of business and the clamour of dear friends drown the soft intimations of our passing Lord, and, questioning the reality of his call, we find it difficult to leave all behind.”

In the following extract of a letter to the Rev. J. Armstrong, Mr. Mortimer states what he conceived to be the qualifications of a minister of the word in a foreign or uncultivated soil ; and also his views of Arminianism. His remarks on the latter subject were addressed to the editor, to whom, in a former letter, he had given some account of a plan which he and some of his friends had devised of raising a fund for the purchase of livings, and had given to the designation of the object an Arminian character. The editor, who has often been considered as a Calvinist, wrote to his friend to say he objected to the title of his projected association ; adding, that, in the event of his returning home invalided, or from other causes, he could expect to derive no benefit from his friend’s patronage :—

Wellington, Salop. Feb. 25th, 1815.

My dear Friend,

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WERE I required to point out those qualifications which should distinguish the minister of the word in a foreign or uncultivated soil, I should not specify those qualities which are too exclusively dwelt upon by many. I should not inquire into the fervour of his spirit, the commanding or winning nature of his aspect and address, the robustness of his frame—

“his iron sinews, and his bones of brass;”—all these things are good auxiliaries, but they are not essentials. The grand requisite seems to be this, a quiet steady application to present duty, combined with a peaceful and unbroken reliance upon the Lord; for if an individual be possessed of a spirit and temper which this conduct supposes, he must succeed. Hosts of opposing difficulties will, one after another, fall before him like the petrified band who came to seize the person of our Lord. All his patient labours, the produce of his faith, shall bear the approving seal of God—all that he doeth shall prosper. But, if present duty be neglected, or supinely, or uninterestingly conducted—if his reliance and confidence on God be broken—if his oppressed spirit sink under every wave of discouragement which for the trial of his faith is permitted to pass over him—under such circumstances, prosperity is impossible; for even our gracious and our willing Lord can in no wise help us. From these considerations, I feel truly thankful that your spirit faints not, that your confidence in God still remains, and that you still apply yourself to your arduous work. This Moravian (I should rather have said this Christlike) spirit will, with the super-added blessing of the Lord, bring to you and your dear flock a train of mercies far exceeding the most sanguine of your expectations. “Be strong, therefore, and of a good courage; fear not, neither be dismayed; and then the Lord thy God will be with thee whithersoever thou goest.” He will “Cover thy head in the day of battle; he will take hold of shield and buckler; he will fight for thee, and thou shalt hold thy peace.” But while I am thus alluding to your ministerial duties, I would again recommend to you what I took the liberty of urging upon you somewhat at large in a former letter. I allude to class meetings. Whatever you do, my dear Armstrong, do not omit these. I have seen already, and daily continue to

see, advantages the most unequivocal resulting from them ; and am convinced that no one endued either with a spiritual mind, or with a desire after it, would make an experiment of their efficacy without most convincingly perceiving it. In your own case, I have no question but that the adoption of the plan I am recommending, would become quite an era to you in spiritual prosperity, both as a church and as a private individual—an epocha upon which you would ever look back with the most unqualified delight.

You seem prepared, my good friend, to receive from me somewhat of an Arminian trimming for the heretical alteration which you have ventured to propose as connected with our “Living and Perpetual Advowson Plan.” It happens, however, that I feel no such disposition at present ; not that I am less anxious than before for the maintenance of *sound doctrine* within the walls of our churches, but because I have a good hope that in your case a caution upon these points is almost unnecessary. I trust that, notwithstanding the force of certain prejudices imbibed in the early part of your Christian life, the leaven of *real unadulterated truth* has been introduced into your mind, and that a time will come in which it will predominate to the leavening of the whole lump. I should be glad to find that this was the case even now ; for, though the circumstances in which you are placed at present forbid the introduction of any extensive evil, yet still, I fear that some degree of evil will almost unavoidably find an entrance. For every portion of error has its corresponding portion of evil. *Truth, simple, unmixed truth*, is that which sanctifies, and truth alone. But as to endeavouring to lead you through all the mazes of controversy and debate to this desirable end, I have not the least intention, nor even desire. I had rather leave you in the hands of God, by prayer, begging that He, the God of Truth and the Father of Lights

would, in his mercy, condescend to instruct you himself, and, guided by him, you will then be led into all truth. As to the alteration you propose, we are perfectly of your mind, that the word "Arminian" had better be omitted, and as such intend to drop it. For, though we should naturally be led to make choice of individuals the most accordant with our own views, yet neither liberality nor candour would teach us to exclude others. Besides, all the good purposes arising from the insertion of the term may certainly be answered without. It will be well known in whose hands the conduct of the affair is vested; this of itself will show the *bias* of our mind, and this is all we wish. Exclusion upon the general scale is certainly no part of our intention; we are thankful, therefore, for your friendly hint.

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We all unite in kindest love to you and yours, and I remain,

Your truly affectionate Friend and Brother,

G. MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Wellington, Salop. May 1st, 1815.

My dear Friend,

Your last letter gave me an account of dear Mrs. A.'s indisposition. She has been much on my mind of late. I feared lest her protracted illness should be the forerunner of something worse; and my mind shrunk from the idea of the painful circumstances in which yourself would be placed, should her removal be the ultimate issue. But I have left the whole in the hands of our wise and loving God, and I have no doubt but that all will be well. To be a stranger in a strange land, oppressed with cares and surrounded

with more than ordinary difficulties, and at the same time reft of his bosom friend, the sharer of his troubles, and the assuager of his griefs ; this is a trial from which the mind revolts. But still, " God is faithful, who will not suffer us to be tempted above that we are able." He will proportion our supports to our trials, and with Christ's strengthening us we can not only do, but bear all things; and, therefore, all that we have to do is to shut our eye, and to yield our hand, and to suffer our kind Lord to lead us whithersoever he shall please. We have nothing to do with anticipation respecting the future. Grace is indeed promised to us, not however in advance—not as a stock which we may possess beforehand, but as we need it. " As thy day, thy strength shall be." I have found this consideration a great source of comfort to my own mind when I have been recoiling at the painful possibilities of the morrow ; for, though I could not bear this and the other trial to-day with my present strength, yet to morrow's strength may and will be sufficient for me, provided I do but look for it. Were a martyr's trials in reserve for me, a martyr's grace would also be prepared for me.

With regard to myself all at present is peaceful in the extreme ; my mind calmly reposing on the God of all my mercies in tranquil dependence. My wife, my children, my servants, my property, all so suitable, so calculated to administer to my comfort, and to leave me no reasonable earthly wish unfulfilled. All, my dear friend, is so well ; all so mercifully regulated, that I sometimes look around me with surprise, and am almost led to suspect lest the treacherous calm should be merely the forerunner of some tremendous storm. But the consideration does not alarm me ; for " God is love."

From your truly affectionate

and ever sincere Friend,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

In the month of May, 1815, he was invited to Madeley by many of the parishioners, a deputation from whom waited upon the rector, the Rev. H. Burton, to request he might be appointed curate; and, accordingly, he removed thither on the 8th of the ensuing month. The following letter addressed to the editor refers to the event, and enters somewhat into the particulars of it:—

Madeley, near Shiffnal, Salop.

June 15th, 1815.

My dear Friend,

Few things were further from my thoughts, when I last wrote to you, than that I should now be addressing a letter to you from the above-mentioned place; but, “the Lord’s ways are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts;” we may contrive, but he controls. I had imagined that my lot was, for some time to come, assigned to me among my dear people at Wellington, and that in my late house of mercies, surrounded by the family of my excellent vicar, and his valuable assistant, I should continue to flourish and grow like a tree planted by rivers of waters. But the Lord has seen fit to transplant me; of its being his work I feel fully assured; and, therefore, I can now expect my comforts and blessings in a different way and through other channels. Thus, goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life, and will still follow me. I do, indeed, quite wonder at the change; it seems more like a dream than otherwise, that I should be fixed in this place and parish, of which I had so often read, and which has always been associated in my mind with that wonderful and astonishing man of God, the late venerable Mr. De la Flèche. But you will, perhaps, wish to know the steps

which led me hither. Mr. Walters, the late curate (or rather the present, for he does not leave till next Tuesday) having heard of a situation which seemed, in many respects, more congenial to his views than that of Madeley, gave notice of its being his intention to leave, in the church on Sunday after divine service. The people were much surprised at the communication; but since the choice of their minister has usually been left to themselves, they immediately began to look around them; and, having fixed upon me, they begged of Mr. Eyton, that he would give me up, and of myself, that I would undertake the cure of the place. Had I been disposed to consult merely with flesh and blood, Madeley would have been the last place to which I should have consented to have gone; but, as dear Mrs. Fletcher and the people of all descriptions seemed desirous of my coming among them, I thought it would be wrong to resist the order of God, and, as such, professed a willingness to let them do anything with me which they should please. A deputation was accordingly sent to Mr. Burton, the vicar, who resides on another living a few miles off, requesting him to appoint me. He received them, in the first instance, with a degree of coolness which led them to conclude that there was but little hope. He did not even tell them that he would consider the application, but put them off with mentioning another person who, he thought, would suit him. Under such circumstances, prayer seemed the only resort, and to the prayers of the church I believe I have been given, and to these alone. In about ten days after the first application, I heard through the medium of a relation of his, that he had some intentions of appointing me, and as such I waited upon him, and was received both by himself and his wife with a degree of cordiality and attention which quite surprised me. We soon came to terms, and I have since heard, from various

sources, that he is not only well disposed towards me, but quite congratulates himself upon my having undertaken his cure. Such wonderful revolutions, both in mind and in circumstances, is the Lord able to effect. All things being thus far adjusted, I began to look out for a situation for myself, and for a suitable tenant for the house I was about to leave, and in both respects have I been led most remarkably to see the hand of God. The house I now occupy has been desired by many, as it is the only one in the place at all suitable for a person in my circumstances; but a disagreement among the persons who had to let it, prevented everything like an amicable prospect, and it has been strangely left in the midst of all for me. How kind and how condescending is the care of God! How does it reach even to the minutest particulars, and much more to the commodiously and pleasantly assigning the bounds of our habitation. Our removal also has been attended with blessings. Scarcely anything, in the shape of injury, has hitherto been perceived, and what trivial matters have been noticed have only tended to increase our gratitude, by shewing us what might have been, had not God given his charge as connected with them. You will smile, perhaps, at these kind of enumerations; but I feel a pleasure in adverting to them myself, and, therefore, I must beg your indulgence. "A special and minute providence is an object of my firm belief, as well as a source of my calmest and most extensive joys. I love to dwell on such a truth as this, 'The very hairs of your head are all numbered.'"

You have heard, perhaps, of the Honourable Mr. Ryder having been made Dean of Wells, and of his most decided and open exhibition of piety in his exalted situation. About a month ago he was made Bishop of Gloucester, an event which has filled the hearts of the pious in our Establishment

with inexpressible gratitude. It may, indeed, be said by us on such an occasion, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad," and to his name would we ascribe the praise. A lady of my acquaintance happened, at the time when his appointment was known, to be dining in a party at which Mr. Wilberforce was present, and she states, that two or three times he could not help saying in the most animated manner, "I am afraid, I am too glad at it, but it is such a great thing."

I remain,

Your ever affectionate Friend,

GEO. MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer's post at Madeley was, upon his entrance on the duties of it, one beset with great difficulties; but by the blessing of God upon his Christian spirit and conduct he overcame them all. This will be seen from the following extracts of three letters, the first and third directed to his sister, and the second to his friend abroad.

After alluding to the difficulties referred to, he says, August, 1815:—

"I feel a power to stand still and see the salvation of God; my chief attention is directed, not to outward circumstances, but to my own spirit. I am desirous of cultivating kindness and affection, and am convinced that so long as nothing is cherished by me contrary to love, all will eventually be well. We have had a most gratifying visit from Mr. and Mrs. Butterworth, and feel truly thankful for the kind providence which brought them among us. What a stimulus to increased activity for God and our fellow-creatures does the animating example of such a character as Mr. B. afford. Such sobriety of mind, such solidity of judgment, such earnestness of endeavour: I could not help applying to him the words of my favourite Herbert,

‘ Let thy mind still be bent, still plotting where,
And when, and how, the business may be done.’

“ Mrs. Fletcher still continues to speak once a week to her people and also to meet her class ; her breathing is much affected, and she continues to break very fast. She spoke on the Monday evening, while Mr. and Mrs. B. were here, for the last time on the week-days. The assemblage was highly gratifying. After we came home, we reckoned upwards of fifty who had come from Wellington to hear her. Such honour has this distinguished saint of God.”

Madeley, near Shiffnal, Salop. Sept. 1st, 1815.

SINCE I last wrote to you I have had to encounter many difficulties in my parish, but I am thankful to state that they have now nearly subsided. You must understand that my parish abounds with Methodists, or at least that the greater part of the serious people are such, and of course the church, though generally attended by them once a day, is looked upon as a mere secondary concern. Now though I respect the Methodists, so long as they keep to their own place, and would gladly give to them, under such circumstances, the right hand of fellowship, yet when they leave their proper place and wish to occupy that post of pre-eminence which the Lord has given to the church, then I feel it to be my duty to step forward and to show them where they ought to remain. My predecessors here, namely, Mr. Fletcher, Melville Horne, and Mr. Walters, all of them preached at regular times in the Methodist chapels. When I came here they solicited me, and Mrs. Fletcher among others was exceedingly urgent. I felt it my duty, however, most stoutly to refuse. This, as you may suppose, gave great offence, and they imagined that instead of a friend and encourager, they had most

strangely stumbled upon a most determined enemy. Time, however, has shown them that they misjudged me, and that I can be friendly and yet not go all the lengths which they, through a regard to precedents, had most unaccountably expected; and now, the sober-minded come to church as usual, and everything seems to be proceeding in a spirit of love and of kindness. It is true, that some of the more violent have seceded, but this is no more than I might reasonably have expected, and, to speak the truth, no more than what I should have wished; for I could never have felt at home, with individuals of this description. They have always been troublesome characters, and had they remained, they would doubtless have been troublesome to me. While the mouths of many were opened loudly against me, I one day met with an old Methodist of the place, who was a convert of dear Mr. Fletcher's. In the course of conversation, I said to him, "Well Mr. P., do you think that I have been a sinner above all others, in not preaching in your chapels?" "Why, sir," said he, "to speak truth, I must say that I think no such thing, and I have always said, that as you are our minister you ought to know your own business a great deal better than we do, and therefore that we have nothing to do but to be quiet." I was much struck at the time with his remark, and I believe, now, that the generality think with him. My mind was at first much pained, but I endeavoured to maintain through the whole a loving demeanour and a praying spirit. I said little, took care to avoid all exaggeration, and yet, at the same time, kept steadily to my point. And God has stood by me and brought me through in a way that I could hardly have supposed. To his name be all the praise.

You will be pleased to hear that one of my younger brothers, Thomas, has recently been truly converted to God, and wishes to enter into the church. My

father most cordially enters into his views, and has been urgent upon me to receive him into my house, by way of preparation for college. This I at length consented to do. And though it is somewhat of trouble to me to do my duty towards him, in point of attention—for he is quite a studious young man—yet I feel that his being with us is quite in the Lord's order, and am truly thankful for that grace which has changed him, and that providence which has directed his steps among us. From a letter which I saw from a Methodist preacher, who attended the conference last month, I understand that no less than thirteen preachers in their connexion have left them with the intention of preparing for orders. These are the men we want in our churches! What does our excellent establishment want, but *Arminian preachers* and *Methodist discipline*! But I must forbear lest I get a second trimming. Leaving joking however, aside, I felt truly thankful to hear of this, and I hope many will follow their good example. The Church wants them, and the Methodists can well spare them.

Madeley, Sept. 26th, 1815.

You will be pleased to find that matters are proceeding with quietness and comfort in my parish. For some weeks past I have not heard the least syllable of complaint relative to my first obnoxious proceedings. The church is increasingly attended, and the spirit of God seems among us in the application of the word. I feel now at length thoroughly convinced that my coming here was of God. All I fear is lest my bodily strength should not be quite equal to my duty. My Sunday work is certainly fatiguing.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, near Shiffnal, Salop. Oct. 26th, 1815.

My dear Armstrong,

* * * * *

Since I last wrote to you I have seen it my duty to give up myself wholly to the work of the Lord. I am ashamed to confess to you, that the former years of my ministry have been very partially devoted to his service. I have too frequently picked and chosen among my duties, avoided too many which seemed to promise humiliation and mortification, and entered upon others only so far as they left me an opportunity of cultivating and enjoying other more favourite pursuits. Oh, my dear friend, what a cage of unclean birds is the polluted heart of man, and how many corners of it still remain impure, even after it has been for the most part cleansed. How much selfishness, (latent, indeed, or glossed over with some speciousness of appearance,) still keeps lurking behind. The Lord, however, has very mercifully been leading me to part first with one favourite pursuit and then with another, till at last I seem to have but one business, and that is, to do the will of him who has called me to the ministry. That I perform this business in such a way as daily humbles me, and fills me with confusion of face, I need scarcely tell you; for you have long known the pride and the naughtiness of my heart, and, though I keep fighting with my spiritual enemies, and am determined by the grace of God, neither to find for them any apology, nor to give them any quarter, yet I am but an unskilful combatant, and fall under a severe wound

instead of habitually conquering through him who hath loved me. As to my parish, I am very thankful to be able to state that matters are going on very comfortably. The spirit of dissent seems to be weekly abating, and all seems harmony and love. Two of the principal men among us have not only given the most cordial and unexpected support, but have discovered a degree of seriousness under the word, and a willingness to converse about it, when not actually hearing it, as encourages me to hope, that they are inquirers after the things which make for their peace. I was much struck yesterday with the very friendly conduct of a Mr. A., one of the masters of a considerable coal and iron work in the neighbourhood. I had been inquiring about a place where I might go near the Iron Bridge, one of the most populous places in the parish, to expound the Scriptures and thus prepare them, by means of this stepping stone, for an attendance upon the church, and for their meeting in one of our little classes. I soon heard of a room over the market place, which was employed as a day school, nicely accommodated with benches, and capable of holding between two and three hundred people; I was told it belonged to Mr. A., but was let by him to the person who now held it, upon the express condition, that it should never be used for any religious purpose. An application under such circumstances seemed somewhat uncertain, but when I waited upon him, he expressed not only his willingness, but his great satisfaction in having it so employed, and told me, moreover, that he would give immediate orders to his foreman to see that everything by way of whitewashing, and so on, should be done, so as to make it as comfortable as might be. I don't know how it is, but I feel my heart peculiarly united with this amiable man. One night, after spending two or three hours in his company, I felt just the same sensation of indescribable union which I felt

towards yourself the first day I knew you. O how should I rejoice to be made serviceable to his soul, and to meet him a saved character in the day of the Lord Jesus. My Iron Bridge meeting I begin to morrow evening. I feel it much upon my mind, and should be greatly obliged by your praying for a particular blessing as connected with it. The population there and within a short distance extends to some thousands. * * * *

With our kind and united regards to Mrs. A. and yourself,

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Yours, most affectionately,

G. MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER.

Madeley, Nov. 20th, 1815.

My dear Mary,

Mrs. D. WHITMORE has offered to enclose a letter for me to yourself in her frank. I have availed myself of the opportunity thus afforded me, and have the comfort of reflecting that for once, at least, my poor scrawl will not cost more than its worth.

Mrs. D. and Miss Whitmore have lately been spending a few days with us, and they have left us with a pleasing and powerful conviction of the blessedness resulting from the society of those who live near to God. We felt, in the first instance, somewhat of reluctance in inviting them; but, being persuaded that the law of love required that we should seek our pleasure in the endeavour to communicate pleasure to others, we thought it right to break through our cozy habits of retirement, and to welcome them under our roof. I need not tell you that we have been abundantly repaid. Christian

intercourse, when sought and conducted on Christian principles, must be productive of good, and I would gratefully adore the goodness of the Lord for all the refreshment of spirit, and the improvement of mind, which have been conveyed to me through them as channels. How clearly, my dear Mary, would the Lord be teaching us, provided that we would learn of him that the faithful taking up of the cross, even in those matters which appear but trivial and insignificant, is the most effectual way of procuring present peace and future blessedness. In short, that the spirit of surrender is the one thing needful, the grand preparative for happiness and holiness here, and for eternal glory hereafter. I do not know how you feel on this point; but I must, with humiliation, confess to you, that this yoke of Christ does not sit so gracefully and so easily upon me as it ought. I would, however, be thankful that I am endeavouring to bear it. I am comforted with the thought, and I may say with the experience, that the effort to accommodate it to my stubborn neck is the most effectual way of making it natural and easy. I have been much helped to this endeavour by a persuasion that the bearing of the cross is not the end, but the way; that humiliations, mortifications, trials, and so on, are only so many means which God is obliged to have recourse to in order to communicate blessings; that he does not wish to harass, pain, and mortify us, but to promote our comfort, and that the moment we are ready to take up the cross, and begin to submit to the only terms on which it is safe in God to bless us, then he cheerfully avails himself of the opportunity of conveying to us, not the pain which we anticipated, but some gracious token of his love. "For the Lord taketh pleasure in the prosperity of his servants." His name, His nature, is love. In my last, I think, I stated to you that matters were going on pretty comfortably in my parish. I did not,

however, enlarge, lest I should be conveying to you a more favourable idea than contingent circumstances would authorize. I now feel that gratitude towards God ought to lead me to speak to his praise. Many persons in the place have, to say the least, been very favourably impressed, both among the higher, as well as the lower orders, and show a considerable change in the whole of their demeanour. The congregation in the church, both morning and evening, continues to increase ; and the expositions, both in the town and the outskirts of the parish, are fully attended. If there is one thing more than another which seems to encourage me, it is that of witnessing on all occasions, that the Lord has graciously given to me what I have all along been led more particularly to pray for—the heart and affections of my dear people. They not only tolerate—they evidently love me. I seem to myself the same poor blundering stutterer as ever, and yet they meet me with pleasure, and go from my ministrations with profit. The Lord make and keep me humble and thankful! I sometimes think that all this is too good to last, that the peaceful calm is but the harbinger of the treacherous storm ; I feel, however, that this is no necessary conclusion. Could humility and gratitude be the predominating feeling of our mind, we then might be safely trusted with success. But this is the grand difficulty—pride and self-congratulation are ever apt to insinuate themselves into our minds, and then adversity is necessary. “It is difficult,” as the pious Leighton observes, “to carry a full cup even.” Pray for me, my dear sister, that all the will of the Lord may be done in me, and by me, and that no evils on my part may put any impediment to the free course and glorification of God’s blessed word.

The following letter to his friend, Mr., now the Rev. John Cooper, will show how much Mr. Mortimer

was in advance of the time in which he wrote on the subject of lay-agency—a kind of help which, at that time, was considered of very questionable propriety; but which has now come to be admitted very generally, as expedient to meet the pressing wants of a rapidly increasing population. These wants, indeed, the editor believes can never be effectually supplied by any means less than an extensive augmentation of the number of *clerical* labourers. To supply these means, he regrets much that the Lord Primate, together with the Episcopal Bench, should not see it to be their duty to admit to deacon's orders upon a lower standard of literary attainments than is now required; keeping persons so ordained, if it be thought good, in that order, until they possess the usual portion of literary and theological knowledge, as well as the ordinary title for priest's orders. On this subject also, as will be seen from the same letter, Mr. Mortimer appears to have been equally in advance of his brethren; for, at that time, the notion of such an augmentation of the number of the clergy was little thought of, and would have been in most quarters, as it is still in many, very generally condemned. His opinion is, I think, a just one—viz. that the *stability and true respectability* of the church is more effectually promoted by sound piety, than by a certain portion of Latin and Greek. "The union of sound learning with genuine piety, is what every one must admire and desire in a Christian pastor; but a man may do immense good with nothing more than an unlearned familiarity with the Scriptures, with sound practical sense and activity, taking part in all the business of the parish, and devoting himself to intercourse with men rather than with books. I honour such men in the highest degree, and think that they are among the most valuable ministers that the church possesses."* In the mean

* "Dr. Arnold's Letters." Vol. ii. p. 170.

time, however, until the clergy shall bear some proportion to the population, we must have recourse to lay-assistants to supply, in some small measure, the much to be deplored deficiency. "For myself, I will openly declare, that I see not how we can dare for any of those small professional objections, which may be urged, if they are sought for, against every comprehensive scheme of good, to refuse such aid in this our great necessity. It might be well enough for men, sitting calmly in their closets, and forgetting all these mighty issues, to cavil and to speculate, to raise difficulties as to the exact mission of the lay-reader, and to wish (as which of us does not wish?) that bands of zealous, well-timed, devoted deacons ministered instead among these crowds; but it will not do for us, my reverend brethren, who know that souls are thus perishing around us, to bring upon ourselves the guilt of their blood; to let them be unwarned, and drag us with them into their destruction, because, through blinding prejudice, or the widely comprehensive sin of omission, we have, for a whole generation, shut out of a parish the light which might have streamed into it."*

Madeley, Dec. 4th, 1815.

My dear Friend,

ON the evening previous to my receiving your very kind and truly acceptable letter, I had been speaking in the town from those words of our Lord, "Pray ye, therefore, the Lord of the harvest, that he would send [or rather *thrust*] forth labourers into his harvest;" and we all seemed to find it a profitable season, especially when, in conclusion, we were praying that this important blessing might be realized.

* "Archdeacon (now Bishop of Oxford) Wilberforce's Charge, 1845," p. 17.

When your kind favour arrived, I saw more than ever, the propriety of beseeching God to "*thrust*" *them out* ; for surely nothing but main force can compel *desirable* labourers. Others come at a moment's bidding—no useful employments detain them—no endeared relatives or friends hang about them, conscientiously and feelingly pressing their continuance among them. But when a prepared labourer, one whom "the Lord of the harvest" has previously been fitting for his ministerial work ; when such a one is fixed on, none but the Lord himself can bring him out. I have, therefore, only one resource, and that is prayer ; this, however, I am privileged to use, and this I must still hope will eventually prevail. I assure you it would prove a source of no small joy to myself to welcome you among us for your initiatory work ; for, independent of the personal gratification and profit which I must promise myself, your help in various ways would be exceedingly acceptable to the people. The most populous parts of the parish greatly want help, and most gladly avail themselves of the little which I and T—— are able to give them. At present I feel as though I could do but little more : I have, indeed, *one* leisure evening during the week ; but even this they have been asking from me, and I fear to deny them. My good friend need not, therefore, be afraid of eating the bread of idleness, by secluding himself for a short season among us ; and with regard to his future employment, a single month's actual residence in a place tolerably populous will fully convince him how much work of the highest importance will call for his daily and even hourly attention. And are there not hundreds of places of this description opening to our wishes ? "Truly the harvest is plenteous," but with pain I must still add, that "the labourers are few."

I felt very thankful to hear of the determination

of your friend B——, relative to entering into orders, and of the kind and judicious conduct of the bishop—a conduct, however, but seldom adopted. The determination of many on the bench to admit those only into orders who have previously been at college, is, indeed, calculated to secure a certain portion of Latin and Greek in the Establishment; but, at the same time, to exclude from it, in many instances, that which it more needs and which would more effectually conduce to its stability and true respectability; I mean, vital, genuine piety. What a mercy it is, however, that their determination has been in so many cases made void, and that there is not an instance to be found in which a pious young man has eventually been excluded. I think, I hinted to you, when you kindly visited us in the summer, that I am too sensible of the dismal forebodings of kind friends to let slip an opportunity of putting you again in remembrance. But, my dear friend, with all our zeal for the progress of the Lord's work around us, we must not forget its progress *within* us. I know not how you may feel, but, with regard to myself, I am constrained to acknowledge, that while I am endeavouring to mind the vineyards of others, I too frequently neglect my own. I get more and more of the habit of thinking spiritually—speaking spiritually—and even acting spiritually; but there seems in my own experience a great deficiency in point of *feeling*. Spiritual things are not brought home to my own mind by an immediate and constant self-application. I seem like a spiritual purveyor who is convinced that nothing but spirituality will do, and, therefore, my constant endeavour is to convey, and to exhibit it. But still, I fear, at times, lest all this is more in reference to others than to myself. I hope, however, that the act of conveying and exhibiting it, is not altogether unattended with good to myself; for the channel

imbibes some of the water which passes through it; and, as Leighton observes, "The boxes in which our perfumes are kept for garments and other uses, are themselves perfumed by keeping them."

* * * * *

What a world of instruction is conveyed to us in that beautiful passage of the prophet, "In returning and in rest ye shall be saved!" Now when I fail, or when I wander, too often, instead of quietly returning and resuming my endeavours, I am apt to sink into myself, and be discouraged. In short, I seem rather to brood over my failures than to get pardon for them, and to set about their amendment. My paper tells me that I cannot enlarge; I must, therefore, conclude, with the assurance that the best wishes of Mrs. M. and myself continue to attend yourself and all your circle.

I remain,

Your truly affectionate and sincere Friend,

GEORGE MORTIMER,

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Dec. 29th, 1815.

My dear Armstrong,

* * * * *

ON the 9th instant, dear Mrs. Fletcher was removed from the church militant to the church triumphant, from a sorrowing church below to a glorious one above. The last few months of her life were attended with much pain, but how sweetly did the Christian beam through all! In her former years she seems to have been called more particularly to glorify God by an unusual degree of activity and usefulness. Latterly, she has been called to bear and suffer; but all in the spirit of her Divine Master. O my dear

friend, how gladly would I join her glorified spirit by making my escape from a world of sin and sorrow! Do not, however, mistake me; I do, indeed, love home, and strange would it be were it otherwise, but still I would not run away to get there. I see that there is much for me still, both to do and to suffer; and as such, rather than pettishly desiring to depart, I would calmly and quietly wish to wait—wait till all my discipline is over, till I am better fitted and prepared for my inheritance among the saints in light.

* * * *

While my Mary's letter lies before me, I feel disposed to copy another part of it, relative to the management of school children. "I was much pleased a few weeks since at the national school. Dr. Bell's arrangements are well made, and the mistress he has appointed is an uncommonly clever woman, just fit for that situation, and apparently for none else. I asked her how she managed with the children when any of them used improper language, having myself been much troubled with this at our Shoreditch school? She said such a case rarely occurred, but when it did, she found it better to convince the understanding of the evil, than merely to correct for the individual fault; and as she was particular in explaining the catechism, commandments, &c., she had in general little trouble in bringing such faults home. For example, she said, 'A few days since, about twenty of the girls came to me, and said, "O Governess! little Chambers has said a very wicked word." I lifted up my hands, and said, "Blessed are the peace makers." If twenty of you had come to tell me of a good deed, I would gladly have listened, but go away and be ashamed at being so pleased to publish the faults of a school-fellow. I thought it right, however, not to let it go unnoticed; and therefore called to me privately the monitor of the class. She said, "Indeed,

governess, it was a very naughty word, it was O God." I said, "Very well, that is enough." I then went round to the different classes, who were saying the catechism; after a while I came to this class, and after having asked several children the commandments, I said (pointing the fore finger,) "Little Chambers, do you say the third." She immediately burst into tears, and said, "O Governess! I did say a naughty word, but I will never do so again, if you will forgive me this once." This is not according to the plan of correction generally pursued at schools, but it appears to me much more judicious and more likely to produce lasting benefit."

* * * * *

My Mary joins me in kindest and most Christian regards to yourself and dear Mrs. A., and in love to all your family, and

I remain,

Yours ever affectionately,

G. MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER.

Madeley, Jan. 26th, 1816.

My dear Mary,

I HAVE been much struck of late with the forcible manner in which the providence of God has been co-operating with his word in the endeavour to teach me a lesson, which, of all others, I find so exceedingly difficult to learn; I mean that of so numbering my days as to apply my heart unto wisdom. The removal of my dear mother-in-law, the unusual number of deaths among all descriptions of persons in my own immediate neighbourhood, and especially that of Mrs. Fletcher; all these conspiring circumstances loudly enforce the necessity of being sober and watching unto prayer, of having my loins girt

and my lamp burning, of being in a prepared posture of expectation, waiting for the coming of my Lord. These effects, I am thankful to state, have in some measure been gratefully traced by me in my recent experience. One thing seems to me more than ever to be truly needful, not indeed the obtaining and the securing of inheritances below, but the getting prepared for my inheritance above—an inheritance to which every day and every hour spent for God is adding some increase of comfort, and which, when once possessed, will be found to be worth the possessing—an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and which fadeth not away. O my dear Mary, how does the grand enemy of our souls destroy by deluding! how does he infatuate the world at large! how gross also the deception which he practises even upon believers themselves, making then live nine-tenths of their time, if not sinfully, at least uselessly for themselves, or for the world, instead of for God and eternity, as a matter of course, instead of with a pure and single aim. But, alas! what is any action when stripped of its proper motive, I mean the glory of God. A man may give liberally to the poor, he may carefully regulate his household, bring up his children decently and even morally, and restrain his domestics from immoralities and inconsistencies. But if our liberality is connected with our own reputation, if our children be merely educated that they may bring credit and comfort to us, or if our dependents are restrained and their good consulted, because it would reflect dishonour upon us to pursue a contrary course; if these be our motives, what are they after all but mere selfishness? There is no reference to God in all these actions, and, of course, no eternal reward can be expected from them. Their reference is to ourselves and that also in our present state, but the future is left entirely out of the question. I grant, indeed, that a present reward is obtained,

but this is all, and, in fact, it is all which in most cases is sought for. The benevolent man has the reputation for benevolence, which he seeks; the moral educator of his children has the satisfaction of seeing them orderly and decent, and they bring to him the temporal comfort which he desired; the strict and moral master has in the same way the present fruit of his labours. But if God's glory, if a sincere desire of pleasing him, has not been combined with the motives of these respective individuals, no eternal fruit will be found from them. They die with this present world. How uselessly, then, if not sinfully, are the generality of persons employed, and what need have we all to strive to live more completely under the influence of unseen celestial realities! I feel these truths while I am writing them, and the earnest prayer of my soul is, that, as a consequence of them, my inheritance may rather be in reserve than in immediate possession.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Salop. March 4th, 1816.

My dear Armstrong,

* * * * *

You may perhaps recollect that in one of my former letters I mentioned ——— as a violent opposer of everything which had the least appearance of real godliness. He also has been called from among us, and that in a manner which of all others seemed most likely to excite attention, and lead to serious inquiry. O, my dear friend, what a mercy is it that our feet have not been treading in the same unhallowed paths! We see in him what we ourselves should have been, had we been left to ourselves. To the grace of God—Arminian as you

conceive me to be—I am fully convinced the reason should be ascribed. Dear Mr. ——— bears the afflictive stroke with a union of acute feelings and perfect resignation, such as is seldom seen. I should have imagined the stroke would have almost overwhelmed him; but what cannot the grace of God enable us to bear?

You imagine that now I am fixed at Madeley, I have become more a Methodist than ever. If by the term you mean an attachment to their peculiar doctrines, I must confess that you are not very far from the mark; for I feel more than ever persuaded that with some slight modification, they are the truth. The more I pray, and study, and experience, and preach, the more do I see of their accordancy with the whole revealed will of God. All seems intelligible, all in unison. But though more decided than ever, I trust that I am no bigot. I exclude, I would deal out contemptuous pity to, no one; and, therefore, God forbid, that I should at any time lay that stress upon disputed points which should lead my dear friend to imagine, that because we do not quite see alike, that, therefore, I feel the least atom of diminution in point of affection. I can from my heart assure him that it is no such thing. Should you, however, fancy that by my coming to Madeley, I am more of a Methodist, because I am less of a Churchman; in this respect, I feel, then, I can altogether clear myself. The fact is, the more I see of Methodism, the less do I admire it. There is that party spirit, that uncommon wish to proselyte, that settled jealousy against those who are more successful in their endeavours—in short, that spirit which, if suffered to proceed, would completely undermine our most excellent Establishment, and erect itself in its stead, that though I cannot but greatly love and admire some of its members, as a body I dare not give them that countenance or support which I should do were their doctrines the only point

in consideration. I therefore have adopted all that strikes me as good in their system, but at the same time keep myself and people perfectly distinct. By this means, I have ill-will and opposition to an extent which you would hardly conceive ; but I go quietly and lovingly forward, and I thank God my plans have hitherto well succeeded, and I feel quite convinced that all will eventually be well. What provokes most opposition, is my using the same weapons which have so successfully been employed by themselves, and that with the increased advantage of their being combined with all the weight of influence connected with the Establishment. I wish my dear friend would try the same weapons, and he would soon see the most beneficial effects. * * * *

Believe me, with kindest regards to yourself and Mrs. A.,

Your truly affectionate Friend,

G. MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Salop. Aug. 5, 1816.

My dear Armstrong,

* * * * *

YOUR two or three last letters, but more particularly the last of all, seem written under a degree of depression which I am greatly concerned to observe. While engaged in doing a great work, while filling an important post, and that with no small measure of patient perseverance, you suffer yourself to suppose that you are doing almost nothing. While your friends which you have left behind you are admiring the zeal and the love which have enabled you to tear yourself from the comforts of civilized and refined society, and thus to forget, as it were, your own

people and your father's house, while they are thankful for the grace of God within you, you are so discouragingly comparing yourself with a Schwartz and a Van der Kemp, as to request of your unworthy friend that he would pray for you, lest, after all, you should prove a castaway. Now, my dear Armstrong, what must I say to such feelings and requests? Must I sympathise with my dear desponding friend? I do so from my heart; but I must also chide with him: you overlook the tender mercies of God towards you; you keep your eye not on the bright side, but on that which is dark, gloomy, and foreboding; and thus faith and confidence in your loving and omnipotent Redeemer seem dormant and inactive principles. But what is the language of the Saviour under such circumstances of discouragement? It is that which he addressed to Martha at the grave of Lazarus: "Said I not unto thee, that if thou wouldst believe, thou shouldst see the glory of God?" It is that also which he used towards the afflicted father, who with tears requested that, if he could do anything, he would have compassion on him, and help him: "If thou canst believe, all things are possible to him that believeth." Believe then, my dear friend, through all your difficulties and discouragements, and your temporary darkness will be succeeded by glorious and abiding light. The clouds which for a season overspread your horizon will be dispelled, and your glistening eye will be cheered with a bright and resplendent day. Perhaps, however, you may tell me, that faith is the gift of God, and that we must wait till this hinging blessing be bestowed. But are not all the gifts of God to be obtained upon the simple condition of asking? and were you to ask for this gift, or for its increase, would the blessed God deny it? I have often found it exceedingly useful to my own mind, after having fallen upon my knees

to pray to that God who has promised to give to us all that we ask in faith,—I have found it profitable to ask previously, that the Lord would give me faith to believe that the petitions which I should present before his throne of grace, would be answered by him, and, as a consequence, my faith has been strengthened far beyond its usual exercise. And with regard to discouraging circumstances, my constant prayer has been that my faith might not fail. Since I came into this parish, I have had difficulties to encounter, such as some of my dearest friends and fellow-labourers have confessed that they should not have dared to meet, and I must acknowledge, that, at times, I have sighed, and wept, and groaned, being burdened; and have had many a thought of leaving my arduous post to some more intrepid and persevering spirit. But something seemed continually to be whispering to my dejected mind, “only believe,” “let not your faith fail you,” and I blessed God that through all I was enabled, in some sort, to believe, though not without many a tremulous assertion, and equally trembling prayer, “Lord, I believe, help thou mine unbelief.” And it is with unfeigned gratitude towards the blessed God, that I feel it my duty to add, that all my storms have, for the present at least, completely blown over, and that success has been vouchsafed to my poor mean insignificant labours, such as my most sanguine expectations could in no wise have imagined. Should I not say, then, to my dear friend, as an experimental result “from believing verily to see the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living,”—“O tarry thou the Lord’s leisure, be strong, and he shall comfort thine heart;” “Wait, I say, on the Lord”? But here I feel, as usual, that I must check myself. I forget to whom I am writing, and likewise what I am inditing: I forget that I am addressing one who has that anointing from above

which teacheth all things, and that I am not composing a sermon, but scribbling a letter.

I know not whether you were acquainted with S——, of our college, and B——, of Trinity. The former I used occasionally to meet, and was accustomed to consider him as one of the very holiest men at college. Since my last letter, however, he, B——, and two others, have left the Church, because they could not read the ten commandments, and are now preaching all the heights and depths of eternal election, eternal justification, and eternal sanctification: they have likewise begun to ordain others, and R—— K——, the member for L——, has vacated his seat, and received ordination from them. The moderate Calvinists are endeavouring to stop the growing evil, but I am sorry to say, that among many it is sadly spreading. It has had one good effect, however; it has made many of the high men, as they are termed, much more guarded and circumspect. * * * * *

Mary and my brother unite with me in very kindest love to yourself, and most respectful and affectionate remembrances to Mrs. A., and I may likewise add, in very best wishes and earnest prayers for your dear children.

I remain your very sincere Friend,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Sept. 30, 1816.

My dear Armstrong,

I SUPPOSE that you are aware, that, as resident curate, I am entitled to the use of the vicarage-house. During Mrs. Fletcher's life, I waved my claim in her favour: but after her decease, I applied to the

vicar, and now that it has been put into pretty extensive repair, we have taken up our abode in it, and a most holy happy spot we do indeed find it. In the room where I am now writing, some of my older parishioners state, that they have frequently taken their tea with both Mr. and Mrs. F., and well remember the happy seasons they enjoyed. In the room in which we commonly sit, they both of them departed in the Lord. In a third chamber, Mr. F—— was accustomed to retire for more private and wrestling prayer, and, as we read in his life, the wall of which was stained with his breath while importunately pleading. Another room has the bureau at which he was accustomed to write, and which, with many other things, he left in his will for the use of his successors, that the house might not be the worse for his having had it. In a word, almost every spot and fixture reminds us pleasingly of those exalted characters who have preceded us, and call forth many an earnest prayer, and many a private ejaculation, that those who follow them may drink deeper and deeper into their blessed spirit, and tread more and more closely in their pious and spiritual steps.

Dear Mrs. Fletcher once mentioned to us, that one day, shortly after her coming to Madeley, she remarked to Mr. F., as they were entering upon their premises, that she did not know how it was, but that she always felt a measure of divine influence whenever she entered within the gate. The holy man answered that he was not surprised to hear her say so, for that there was not a single brick or a stone in the whole premises which had not been sanctified by prayer. I feel somewhat in the same way with Mrs. F—, and though I am aware that God is everywhere present, and that all spots may equally share in this his glorious presence, yet I cannot but think that some places are privileged beyond others, and though, per-

haps, my Honduras friend may smile at his Madeley enthusiast, yet I must frankly confess to you, that I consider it as no small privilege that I dwell in the house, as well as labour in the parish, of one so peculiarly devoted to God. The days I have already spent here have been, without any exception, the happiest I have spent upon earth. Week after week has rolled round in the peaceful enjoyment of the presence of the blessed God. My most painful and laborious duties have been not only easy, but a source of thankfulness and joy far beyond any of my former experience. In a word, I seem to have known some *little*, at least, of what is so beautifully described in one of my favourite hymns:—

“Far above all earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed;
Sees my soul the King of kings
And freely talks with God.”

Pray for me, my dear Armstrong, that these feelings may not be transitory, but abiding and ever increasing. I too often rest contented with the mere husks of religion, instead of feeding on the substantial and the nourishing corn. I am too generally satisfied with the outward life of the Christian, the regulation of my conduct, temper, disposition, pursuits, and so on; while that inward life of God within the soul, that communion with the Father of spirits and the Son of his love, is too commonly overlooked. I want a *deep work* of his grace within my soul, and this I am now endeavouring in my poor feeble way to pray for, if so be that I may eventually obtain; but my unbelieving heart tells me, that I never was cut out for anything like spirituality. One text of Scripture, however, still encourages me, “This is the will of God even your sanctification;” and therefore though faint, I would still be persevering.

To-morrow evening, being the first Tuesday after quarter-day, our *church classes* hold their quarterly meetings for the second time. The first time of their meeting was a season which will long be remembered by me with gratitude. My heart quite melted to hear so many declare, that, under God, they owned their first religious good to my poor feeble ministrations, and when in the fulness of their hearts they could not refrain from thanking the good Lord who had brought me among them. And I felt the more astonished and thankful inasmuch as I never had a fourth part of the like success in all the former years put together in which I had been labouring elsewhere. Oh, what shall I render to the Lord for all his benefits conferred upon me? I will take the cup of salvation and call upon the name of the Lord—still call upon him for his future help and blessing, for without this I feel I can do nothing. Our little classes, I am thankful to state, are gradually increasing. I think we reckon sixty-seven in all. As to one or two, I feel constrained to stand in doubt, but the rest I trust are sincere souls. But, while I thus number my little flock, I feel that there is necessity to guard against the spirit of David: I endeavour to do this, and to sink down before God under a continual sense of my own nothingness; but pride is a subtle enemy, and, as Dr. Watts so correctly observes,

“We cannot make his glories known,
But self-applause creeps in.”

* * * * *

I remain yours very truly,
G. M.

TO HIS SISTER.

Madeley, May 24, 1817.

My dear Mary,

IN the course of Mr. Bailey's attendance upon Mary, we had frequent opportunities of conversation, and, as I feel desirous of turning the conversation to those points on which persons feel most capable, as well as most desirous of talking, we frequently touched upon medical subjects. One day I told him my fears that both Mary and myself were consumptive, and that we had often talked about the possibility of our being removed in this way. He said, in reply, that Mrs. M—— was not a consumptive subject, at least he had discovered nothing as yet which led him to suppose it; and that, with regard to myself, whatever predisposition I might have had towards it in early life, it had since taken another course. I wished to know what he meant by its having gone off in a different channel, even supposing that the predisposition once existed, when he told me the following anecdote:—His father was a medical man and accustomed to speak his mind without reserve. He used to visit the C——s in the place where they then lived, and knowing their constitutions pretty accurately he used to say, the B——s (meaning his own family) will go off into livers, and the C——s into lungs, intimating that these disorders would carry them off. Fanny, however (who was one of the C——s, and similarly deformed with myself), he thought, owing to her form would out-live them all, and escape the family disease. The B——s removed from the place, and Mr. B—— having occasion to go there again after about twenty years' absence, was naturally led to inquire after his old friends, when he found that all of them, excepting Fanny, had been removed by consumption, and that she, feeling her

spirits affected by living in the place where all her family had died, had gone either to London, or some such place, for society, but was otherwise quite well. Mr. B—— then told me, that he had no doubt that this was the case with myself also, and that very many similar cases had occurred. I had often thought that I could trace much spiritual benefit as resulting from my bodily form; nay, I have even been led to thank God for it, conceiving it very probable that it had been the saving of my soul; but little did I imagine that it conduced in any way to my bodily comfort, and that it has probably been the saving of my life. O my dear sister, how little do we know of the goodness of the Lord towards the children of men; and how little, with our present imperfect powers, shall we ever be able to know in this present world; but what we do know tends to show us in characters written as it were with a sun-beam, “HE DOETH ALL THINGS WELL.”

Extracted from a letter to his sister, dated May 17, 1817:—

“Happy in married life.

“Should your union, my beloved sister, with Mr. H. prove to you what mine has with Mary, you will be disposed to consider with myself that this ordinance is not merely divine, but to be ranked amongst the foremost of God’s gifts to man.”

Extract of a letter, dated June 2, 1817:—

“As to myself, I feel that I have increasing cause for gratitude in all that concerns me. I think I never felt so truly blessed in any former period of my life. I really have no earthly desire unfulfilled; my cup literally runs over. God is also very graciously pleased to prosper me in my ministerial labours. I have the satisfaction of seeing fresh trophies of the Redeemer’s power to save; and my heart is rejoiced in seeing those whom the Lord has

gathered around me, walking, in some measure at least, as becometh the Gospel of Christ. To these, indeed, there are, as there is reason to fear there ever will be, some painful exceptions; but, upon the whole, I have abundant cause for thanksgiving and praise. In the midst of all these causes for joy, I have many a memento that the excellence of the power is of God, and not of men; the cracked earthen vessel is but too apparent. For this, however, I hope I feel grateful; for what is so great a blessing to a poor, proud, selfish being, such as I am constrained to acknowledge myself, as occasional humiliations? They are the very medicine of my soul."

After referring to two cases of affliction in his family, he writes to his friend abroad, dated August 4, 1817:—

"But out of all the Lord has most graciously delivered us; and I can look back upon the whole with real gratitude to God. There was not a stroke or a drop too much; all was merciful in the design, and I hope the benefits still remain. Tribulation working 'patience,' a calm waiting upon God. Patience an 'experience' of his divine support at the time, and an experience of his eventual deliverance. Experience 'hope,' an expectation of future help and future deliverance; and this hope will not make me ashamed. There were times in which I felt this to be a weary land; but still I found the shadow of a great Rock, and this shade was truly refreshing to my soul. Oh, that I could ever there abide!

"I think I mentioned to you that our mutual friend Cox had the living of Bridgenorth presented to him. He has been there now some months, but he labours under very great discouragement, owing to the little effect resulting from his ministrations. A few weeks ago he wished that we should exchange duties, hoping that my Methodistical zeal might arouse

them. After an enumeration of the probable consequences to which he must make up his mind, I at length consented, and, as I supposed, the stir has been great ; rascal, villain, ranter, field preacher, are the usual epithets attached to my opprobrious name. A petition has been drawn up, with many signatures attached, requesting Cox to forbid me his pulpit ; in short, the whole place has been in a hubbub. Inquiry, however, begins to take place, the stagnant waters are moved, and after the working off of the scum and the grosser particles, we may expect to see purer and even living waters. Cox answered their petition with becoming spirit, united with pleasing conciliation. It has, I find, given great offence, notwithstanding all ; but we wait for the issue in a spirit of prayer. It is somewhat remarkable that Bridgenorth was the place in which Richard Baxter, author of the "Saint's Rest," met with such decided opposition, that as he went out of the town, he shook off the dust of his feet as a testimony against them ; and, since that time, no preached gospel has prospered among them. The Dissenters and even the warm-hearted Methodists have hitherto laboured almost in vain. But who knows how soon the curse may be removed ? We keep encouraging Cox all that we possibly can, but he seems determined at present to leave. Unite your prayers, my dear friend, with ours, that he may not be permitted to desert this wilderness and solitary place, but that he may patiently wait till he rejoices over it as a peculiarly verdant spot in the garden of our Lord."

TO HIS SISTER.

Madeley, 21st Nov. 1817.

My dear Mary,

THE case of conscience with which your letter begins is such as would puzzle a much more expert casuist

than I ever expect to be ; and, therefore, after reading all that you have written upon the subject, as explanatory of your views and feelings, I feel more disposed to commend you in prayer to the teachings of God's most Holy Spirit, than attempt to darken counsel by words without knowledge. I am sensible, however, that this may originate in an unwillingness to meet a difficulty from a consciousness of the scantiness of my spiritual information, and from a fear of the consequent poor opinion you might entertain of me for my want of success, I will, therefore, hazard a few remarks. It has always struck me that the creature occupies an improper place when we consider it in any way essential to our good, when we fancy that there is any absolute and positive necessity for the presence of any one thing in order to constitute us happy. It was God's declaration to Abraham, "I am the Almighty [*the all-sufficient*] God ; walk before me, and be thou perfect." And St. Paul so fully realized this, that he lived, as it were, completely independent of the creature ; he found his God an all-sufficient portion, quite adequate of himself to satisfy the largest desires of his soul. He could, therefore, *take pleasure* in infirmities, in reproaches, in necessities, &c. ; for he experimentally found that, as his afflictions abounded, his consolations did much more abound. In a word, he discovered in his God a happiness which was not merely independent of the creature, but which flourished and abounded under circumstances most likely to interrupt or destroy it. The fact is, that the creature is only an *arbitrary channel*, the pipe, if I may so speak, which a God of love has been pleased to choose, in order to convey his benefits. The pipe is neither the benefit, nor the source ; and, of course, though it is conducive to our comfort, though it may in many respects be *subservient* to our welfare, yet it is by no means *essentially necessary*,

for God is the God of all consolation, whether intermediately or immediately conveyed, and should He, on any occasion, see fit to remove the medium, the same and even more abounding happiness *may* be received immediately from Himself; and since God is infinite in his wisdom and in his love, this *will* be so, provided it be for our good. And if we need not the former quantum of happiness, if it would prove injurious to us, is it not a mercy that it should be denied? But perhaps you will ask, How are we to know whether we love the creature too much or not? How is it to be ascertained whether we regard it as essential to our good, or merely subservient to it? This may be ascertained in two ways—1st, How do we feel when our channels are removed? Does it seem as though our all were gone? If after a prop has been removed from under us, we immediately fall, it is evident that our *whole weight* has been placed upon it; if we stagger and stumble, though by dexterity we may recover ourselves, and not actually fall, yet we show that *too much* of our weight was resting on it; but if, after its removal, we stand upright as before, it is manifest, as Archbishop Leighton observes, that we have been leaning not on our prop, but on an invisible arm for support. The application is easy. But I suggested another means of ascertaining the same point. What are our feelings under any probable expectations of the removal of our channel? This, however, is so closely allied with the former that it needs no separate enlargement or elucidation. It is evident that the man who is filled with alarm at the bare idea of the removal of his gold, is too much in love with it, and, more or less, is making it his god. And he who, with more specious refinement of taste, dreads the interruption of his social pleasures, or the removal of some of his wonted sources of good, follows but too closely in the same steps. God must be

owned and felt as our all in all. He must be regarded, not merely as our *supreme* good, but as our only good, as that which is *alone* necessary. In a word, all I have to say is summed up in those two expressive lines in the Methodist hymn-book,

“Lead me where I my heaven may find,
The heaven of loving Thee alone.”

About the end of the year 1817, Mr. Mortimer entertained serious thoughts of going out to New Zealand as a missionary, and for this end corresponded with the secretary of the “Church Missionary Society” on the subject; and it so happened that about this time also two New Zealand chiefs, Tooi and Teterree, arrived in England, and it was proposed that they should abide for awhile at Madeley, which they accordingly did. The providence of God, however, did not seem to open his way for removing to a far-distant land, and he acquiesced in the result with his usual loving submission to the will of God. The following letter to the writer gives some account of the way by which he was led to contemplate the step referred to:—

Madeley, Nov. 26th, 1817.

My dear Armstrong,
MANY incidents have occurred since it has pleased God to separate us, in which I should have regarded it as an exceedingly great comfort to my mind could I have consulted you, and obtained from you either your veto or procedas; but I think that I never felt the want of it more than at present. I hardly know whether I ought to puzzle you with a long detail, pro and con., of what has of late been passing in my mind, or to wait till I come to some conclusion. But as I

feel that I should unbosom my mind to you in the fullest freest manner, were you now sitting by my side, I will use the same freedom, though you are at a distance. You must know, then, that I have lately been exerting myself among my parishioners on behalf of the Church Missionary Society, have read in my different exposition-rooms the very interesting accounts published in their quarterly papers and missionary registers, and, to make myself somewhat master of the matters upon which I spoke, I began to go regularly through the whole of the volumes which they have hitherto published. A great sensation has been excited among my people. I thought we should do exceedingly little; but God has opened the hearts of my people, and I rejoice in the event. This, however, is not the only effect which has been produced. My own heart has been so completely won over to the missionary cause that I am inclined to think, I shall not easily be persuaded to remain quietly and cozily at home, while so much remains to be done abroad. The call to continue here must be much stronger than it has hitherto been, or my struggling spirit will be found to burst its ties and make its escape to more needed labours. I trust I shall not force my way; this, under no circumstances, can be desirable, but I think that hitherto my mind has leaned too much one way, and has been too ready to interpret the suggestions of some, and the oppositions of others, into providential intimations of its being the will of God, to hesitate and eventually to abandon my object; but now I feel very differently. In the spirit of sacrifice, with our lives in our hands, and almost our all of earthly good at stake, we shall hold ourselves ready to proceed whenever we can with any consistency make our escape. You will ask, perhaps, what are our plans? I have often thought of joining my very very dear friends at Honduras, but the unhealthiness of the climate, and the stings of

your musquitos quite deter my good wife, and she shrinks from your shore with feelings which I dare not any further attempt to correct. To speak honestly, I fear your climate would soon bring her to her grave, and therefore I should not think myself at all authorized to press the point further than I have already done. New Zealand is the place which we have in our minds, and though the inhabitants are cannibals, and though the ill treatment of the Europeans has exasperated them to a degree of determined retaliation, which might deter the mere worldly calculators from venturing to settle among them ; yet as we trust that the spirit of love and kindness will ever actuate us in our intercourse with them, we trust likewise that our gracious God will become a wall of fire round about us to keep them from injuring us. A very amiable, interesting, and truly pious young man, who has lately been through college, and is now waiting till he becomes of age for orders, has fully made up his mind to join us so soon as his friends can be persuaded to part with him. Ever since I have been in the parish the Lord has been pleased to knit his heart to me in a very singular way. His mind has been turned to New Zealand for nearly three years.

The whole circle of my friends, together with myself, feel much obliged to you for your communications to Mr. Pratt, which he has published in the last *Missionary Register*, October, 1817. They greatly interested us, and we could not help rejoicing in all the good which the good Lord is effecting through you. May all this be only the promise of a more abundant shower.

Letters passed at sea some time about the beginning of this year, between Mr. Mortimer and the editor, each asking, without knowing the intention of the other, that his friend would become sponsor for

his next-born child—a circumstance which explains the allusions made to the subject, in the three following extracts :—

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, June 1, 1818.

THE honour which my dear friends have conferred upon my unworthy name affected me greatly, and the more so, as within three or four weeks of the time your letter reached me, two other similar instances of the very great affection of my friends here had occurred. Unknown to me, many of them put their contributions together, and forwarded them to the Church Missionary Society, for the support of two African children, to be named after myself and my dear Mary; and a young man among the Quakers, to whom the Lord has made me (his most unworthy servant) a channel of good, has likewise taken my name. What shall I say to these tokens of love? I know not what to say—but that I am ashamed and confounded before God, to think that any mark of love and respect should be shown to me whom *He* sees as so abject and polluted; and as to my dear friends, all I can say is, the Lord reward them a thousand fold for all that their hearts contrive, and their loving conduct so fully expresses.

TO THE REV. THOS. MORTIMER.

Madeley, near Shiffnal, July 20, 1818.

My dear Thomas,
WE think of naming the dear little one Phœbe, a name much endeared to us, as borne by one dear relation now no more, and by another still reserved

to us, whom we sincerely love. It is a name likewise which has not as yet been introduced among us. We were thinking of joy and gladness, but this we have left to be, as we hope, long enjoyed by one already in our family, and to be in reserve in case it should be wanted for another, on whom we should rejoice to see even an equal portion of her parents' spirit. A servant of the church is what we claim for our little one, and may the claim be abundantly realized !

If Mrs. T. M. would not object to become one of the sponsors for our little girl, and would permit us to employ some one as her proxy, we should feel ourselves much obliged by her compliance. My dear Honduras friend has kindly consented to take upon him this charge for one, and we purpose applying to Mr. John Eyton, as the third. Perhaps you will be so good as drop me an early line, and thus set me an example I so much need.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Aug. 3, 1818.

WITH regard to myself I have nothing to write to you but a continued series of failure and disappointment ; and, if I might speak of the future from the present, I should say, that the Lord is calling me to remain at home rather than to go anywhere abroad. The state of the case is simply this :—When first I proposed myself as the servant of the Missionary Society, I did not apprehend anything like difficulty with regard to a supply for Madeley—the vicar, who is not resident, had always consulted the wishes of the people, and had given them the choice of their minister. No sooner, however, was it known by him that I had some thoughts of leaving, than he

declared, in the most positive terms, that he would not admit to a curacy a person of my recommending, and he quite wondered that I should ever think he would, or, in other words, he did not intend to have a person of my stamp. It soon, however, occurred to me, that if an application were made in behalf of my young but very dear friend, — — —, the vicar would, for the sake of his father, permit him to succeed me : this he in fact promised, but when he found out that the son was of a different stamp from the father, and that the wrong kind of person was thus most unintentionally selected, he drew back and would not take another step ; and Mr. — —, hurt at the whole procedure, declares that he will not, upon any consideration whatever, make another application, and thus matters are completely in *statu quo*. I dare not leave my people to an ungodly successor, and therefore the present intimation seems to be, “stand still.” I feel it a time of suspense, but I am quite persuaded that all is in the very best hands, and of course that all will be sweetly ordered for good. I need not request you to pray for us ; I am assured of your love, and love will necessarily lead you to a throne of grace on our behalf.

About a fortnight ago my dear Mary was confined, and safely delivered of a little girl, whom we purpose naming Phœbe, and may God grant she may prove a servant of the church, as that honoured individual whose name stands prominently distinguished in the Word of God—not, indeed, by becoming a lady preacher, as you designated Mrs. F——, in one of your letters, but in such a way as is becoming her sex ; and in how many blessed ways this is possible we shall neither of us be at a loss to determine. We purpose availing ourselves of your kind permission to employ you as one of the sponsors, and we feel ourselves much, very much obliged by your compliance with our wishes.

Indeed, everything which seems like bringing us nearer together affords us a degree of pleasure we cannot easily express.

The humility of my beloved friend was not only deep but uniform, and it was also most unfeigned. I believe no sentiments conveyed in his letters with regard to himself were more sincerely the utterance of his heart, than such as appear in the two following extracts; and a savour of which, indeed, runs more or less, through all his correspondence.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Oct. 5, 1818.

My dear Armstrong,

Yours of the 8th of August reached me yesterday evening, and afforded me much refreshment of spirit after the labours of the day, as your kind and interesting communications almost invariably do; but if they sometimes may fail in imparting refreshment, they are never wanting in interest and in solid instruction. The only effect sometimes produced, is in deeply humbling me, in abasing me before my friends, and in the presence of my God. I feel myself so wretched a sinner, and so completely unworthy of your least notice. Indeed, I sometimes think that if you could but see me instead of hearing from me—could we but renew our personal acquaintance—you would detect in me such evils as would almost make you ashamed of acknowledging me. In my letters, hurried as they generally are, you see me under assumed appearances. I step a little out of myself, sentiments are expressed, prayers and wishes are breathed forth, and statements likewise made, which are so very very far from being

habitual, that you can know but little of me in this way. Were you actually to know me, even all the joy of meeting an old friend would soon give way to some such exclamation as that uttered by Æneas at the sight of Hector, "Oh quantum mutatus ab illo." I thus write in consequence of the first paragraph in your letter, in which you speak of having looked over some old letters of mine. The reflections in which this re-perusal made you indulge quite startled me as I read them, and I cannot but still think that no small measure of hypocrisy must attach to my character, if my communications do really convey such sentiments to your mind as those which you express; for I dare not withhold from you the humbling confession that, gratified and thankful as I should be for the discovery, I cannot perceive the impress of truth on any of them. But I fear I shall tire as well as disgust you with so much about self, and therefore turn to some other subject.

TO THE SAME.

Madeley, December 29, 1818.

My dear Armstrong,

WITH respect to myself, I can say but little, excepting what must tend to humble me in the dust before the Lord and my fellow men. I am still stationary here, and from all that has transpired, both within and without, I feel now convinced that whatever the duty of others may be, mine is to remain at home; and, I think, I shall not easily be induced to make any further effort to make my escape. I am now quite content to remain quiet here, and while set aside by the Lord, as an instrument in whom he has no such pleasure, can adore him for the greatness of his

tender compassions, which intervened as an effectual barrier, and kept me from bringing chastisement upon myself and my family for my presumptuous folly, in thinking of stretching out my unhallowed hand in supporting a cause, which, perhaps, I should only have touched, to have impressed on it a mark of indelible disgrace.

But amidst these feelings which humble me in the dust, and even confound me before the Lord, I still find him most graciously condescending to visit me, and still perceive abundant tokens of his love in my parish, and in my family. All seems to wear a cheerful and exhilarating smile, and if ever I was convinced that my being hindered in my plans was from the Lord, I think it is now. The affection manifested by all classes among my dear people, when it was known that I had given up the idea of leaving them, was such as will long be remembered by me with gratitude towards my kind and loving God: for it is He, and He alone, who can thus give us the hearts of our people. O, may I serve in the Gospel of his Son more faithfully than I have hitherto done!

TO THE SAME.

Madeley, February 26, 1819.

My dear Armstrong,

IF I recollect right, I just alluded in my last to the very striking and unexpected change which has taken place in my brother —. The more I think of it the more am I filled with astonishment and gratitude. Had I been required to select an individual, which, in my estimation, was the least likely to become a trophy to the powerful grace of our Redeemer, — would have been the person

upon whom I should have fixed. The grace, however, of his so long despised Lord has at length triumphed, and he now delights to build up the faith which he once so malignantly endeavoured to destroy.

You will readily conceive that I have derived no small encouragement from these dealings of my gracious God with my dear brother. But the encouragement has been greatly increased by the change which has recently passed upon dear Tooi, one of my New Zealand guests. After they had set sail for New South Wales, in the *Baring*, the ship struck against a brake, and they were obliged to put again into port. During this interval, Tooi was taken dangerously ill, and, in the estimation of all who saw him, had not the least probability of recovery. This painful visitation, however, to his poor body, seems to have been the means of salvation to his soul. All the pious friends who surround him, speak of the change as most unequivocal; and Mr. Hall, who attended them while with me, and who is as far, as any one I know, from attempting to colour, speaks in decided terms of the divine change which he has experienced. Among other things in one of his letters, writing of Tooi, he says, "I cannot help mentioning one of his simple speeches, which I think will please you. 'When I in New South Wales my heart no good: I come to England, and hear the word of God, and, I think, O dear me, I want a new heart; I begin to pray to Jesus to give me a new heart. In my own country, I sin very much, and, when in South seaman, the sailors teach me to curse and swear—miserable work. But the blood of Jesus runs down my heart, and washes away my sins, and my heart feel comfortable and happy, and I no fear to die. Believe in Jesus is the way to go up to heaven, and be happy for ever with Jesus, and all Christian friends; (naming many, and you and your's amongst the number).'" O, my dear friend, how blessed is

true religion, and how touching is this simple account, which shows, I think, that dear Too! has become possessed of it.

TO THE SAME.

Madeley, May 3, 1819.

My dear Armstrong,

SINCE I last wrote to you, I have been called to pass through some painful and unexpected scenes. About twelve months ago my dear father began to decline very rapidly in his health, owing to some serious reverses which he experienced in his temporal concerns, and which preyed very much upon his mind; the full extent we are none of us able to determine, but one of my uncles and his son who were privy to many of his transactions, can distinctly reckon up £75,000 which came under their own observation. All these losses had their measure of effect upon his spirits; but, there was a lawsuit pending, and which had been commenced some months since, which, if determined against him, threatened to sweep away all that remained, and even to leave him insolvent. Of this he informed no one, but kept it working secretly within, till, at length, it proved too much for him, and his constitution irrecoverably gave way. On the day of his removal, indeed, he was unusually well; was out in the garden a great part of the forenoon, and very cheerful while taking his tea, but about seven in the evening he was seized with a fit of apoplexy, and he was a corpse by a little after nine. His death much affected me, and especially as I had my fears lest it should have been produced by a mere sorrow of the world; but when I joined my dear mother, I was much comforted by finding that the Lord's gracious intentions in all this

apparently severe discipline, were mercifully answered; that they produced in him a gradual weaning from the world, and an increased esteem and relish for the things which concerned his soul. And in this effect, I hope, that we are all, at least most of us, enabled to rejoice, though, in order to produce it, it was necessary that he should suffer the loss of almost all things. To think of his departed spirit, as happy with the Lord, affords to us a balm of consolation which thousands upon thousands could not effect without it.

But amidst all this wreck and ruin of property which I have gradually been called to witness, what abundant cause have I for gratitude that it has not come nigh me. How graciously has God been pleased to provide for me and mine! For though my family is large, and its wants are continually increasing, yet I have all and abound. I have ever yet had enough, and a little annually to spare; and I have no doubt but that, with a little frugality, I shall be able to put by a little more towards the settling of my dear children when they shall come of age. Had I known of the present posture of affairs, I might have done a little more for them, but I am very thankful that I have done what I have. And may the God of love so regulate my conduct for the future, that I may never, in any instance, unnecessarily encroach upon their due; for I feel the force of the apostolic observation: "He that provideth not for his own," &c.

The following is a deeply affecting letter; but, like many of David's Psalms, if it begins in complainings, it ends in praises.

TO THE SAME.

Madeley, July 3, 1819.

My dear Armstrong,

As to myself, I can say but little : I seem to be more of a loitering formalist than anything else. Many things which I began when I first entered upon my charge here have gradually dwindled into the merest nothings, and these have at length been given up. And most of those which are still continued seem to have lost that interest and power with which they were once accompanied. As to my own feelings and conduct in the midst of all, they are my shame and constant humiliation. I am so accustomed to see this gradual deterioration in many instances, that I almost invariably expect it in all others, and this makes me less earnest in prayer and less zealous in action. In all the coldness of apathy, I seem anticipating nothing but eventual failure in everything ; and then, when nothing further is to be done here, I as coldly anticipate a removal to some other scene, where similar efforts will be productive of similar results. These, my dear A., have been my general feelings for some months past. I have often paused to analyze my spirit and my conduct : sometimes I have been ready to imagine that my indifference argued a deadness to popularity and applause, and that while I was so content that others should see that I was nothing, I was gaining some increase of humility, and, of course, was making some little advancement in the Divine life. But within these few days, I have been awakened from my sleep of carnal security, and have been deeply humbled before my God on account of it. I see that, instead of stemming the torrent, I have too criminally suffered it to spread, till it has threatened

ruin to all the plain below. Instead of propping I have rather undermined the tottering fabric, and thus aided the natural decay from time and seasons. Had spirituality been cherished in my own soul—had patient self-denying labours been uniformly pursued—had ardent believing prayer been constantly offered—who can tell how much this tendency to deteriorate might have been counteracted? Who can tell, rather, what increase of prosperity might have now called forth my grateful praise? My motto, therefore, has now become that of the cheerful, believing and animated Apostle St. Paul. It is said of him, “He thanked God and took courage.” Instead of dejectedly witnessing this natural process, and as despondingly anticipating still more and more, I feel, through the grace of my Saviour, enabled thankfully to adore him for all the good which yet remains; and, with a measure of cheerful courage, to devote myself to my future work. And I cannot tell you the sweet peace which has been imparted to my distrusting mind, and the animated glow which has been diffused through my cold and apathetical heart; but to think that this blessed peace and love should have so long been strangers within my breast, is cause of my humiliation before my compassionate Redeemer. May my endeared friend never have similar cause of complaint!

TO HIS SISTER.

Madeley, Oct. 4, 1819.

My last informed you of the seeming health of our dear little Basil: on Monday last, we availed ourselves of a favourable opportunity of having him christened, and we all thought that, though a little fallen away, he was looking very well. On Wednesday,

however, he was attacked with infantine cholera morbus, and on the morning of yesterday his happy spirit burst its way to God. To us, indeed, the scene was very affecting; it was the first inroad death had been permitted to make among us, and his entrance spread a degree of awe upon our minds such as we had not known before. The strong feelings of affection likewise, and numerous endearing recollections, kept making us weep till, like David and his men, we seemed to have no more power to weep, and even all the grateful expressions which kept bursting from our thankful hearts, could only be uttered amidst our quickly flowing tears. These stronger feelings, however, have now somewhat subsided, and a holy calm of gratitude has regained its seats within our breasts: our dear little one has, indeed, fled from among us, but he has fled to a far happier place—fled to the arms and bosom of his ever-to-be-adored Redeemer; and oh! how quick, as well as blessed, the transition!

“ We scarce can say he’s gone,
Before his happy spirit takes
Its station near the throne.”

To-morrow, we think of committing his dear remains to the silent tomb. I have been selecting and marking out a suitable spot to be employed, should we continue here, for the successive members of our family, as they may be called from among us, and my prayer has been ascending to my blessed Redeemer that we may every one of us leave as firm a persuasion behind us of the safety of our eternal state, as our dear little Basil has. And, indeed, his removal has given me an increased confidence that this will be the case; for our united prayers for our dear children have ever been, that they might either live a holy life, or die an early death. My dear wife, though weak, is very mercifully supported in the

season of our trial ; she feels, and that at times very sensibly, but peaceful gratitude is still her constant companion : I say gratitude ; for it is not mere submission, it is the peaceful grateful adoration of that gracious God who is too wise to err, too good to be unkind ; and I am very thankful for all the support and consolation which our kind Saviour so mercifully affords her. I think of having a small head stone for my little boy, mentioning his name, the day of his death and his age, and, underneath, the following lines which I put down in my pocket book when you and I were at Enfield, little, indeed, imagining at the time that I should ever have a dear child of my own over whose grave they would be inscribed :—

“ On Life’s wide Ocean sorrowful and pained,
How many Voyagers their course perform ;
This little bark a kinder fate obtained,
It reached the Haven ere it met the storm.”

Mr. Mortimer very kindly received the writer’s son William (now a clergyman, and British chaplain at Valparaiso, in South America) into his family, to be educated with his own children, and it is to this child that allusion is made in the following letter addressed to him.

Madeley, February 28, 1820.

My dear Armstrong,

I HAVE entered into these details, conceiving that no communication can be more interesting to a father than those which concern an endeared child ; and happy shall I be if all my future communications be equally pleasing. Of this, however, I have but little expectations. Many and very painful fluctuations have I witnessed in my own children, and have heard of the children of others, and therefore my dear friend must not be surprised if my little charge should at

times disappoint our expectations or our wishes. Oh what lovely, what heavenly blossoms have I sometimes delightfully discovered in my eldest little boy ! He has seemed even ripening for glory, and that also so rapidly, that we have almost imagined that his stay would not be long among us. Tears of gratitude have stood in our eyes while we have seen the gracious evidences, or while we have been relating them to each other. In a few weeks, however, the blossoms and the fruit have almost totally disappeared, and have left us to sorrow in temporary disappointment, or to find comfort only in the cheering exhilaration of hope. Then, again, the winter has passed, and lovely spring has once more appeared. But it is all well ; the harvest of none of our labours is to be expected here ; it is in that blessed world above that we shall reap, provided that we faint not ; and what greater stimulus can we need to keep urging us forward even in the midst of every species of discouragement ?

William told me a few evenings ago that Mrs. Armstrong had received a letter from you, which kept her in doubt as to whether you would join her, or she you. I know so little of what would be for the best, that I would not attempt to influence you in one way or other. The greatest benefit which I can confer on my endeared friend is, to bring him and his concerns to One who loves him infinitely more than I can do, and whose infallible direction is promised in his holy word to the inquiring soul. It was the prayer of my kind friends, I am persuaded, which kept me in England when I had felt it my duty to take even most decided measures for leaving it. When they objected to my step, I almost invariably requested them to pray for providential hinderances, if my intentions were not in the divine order ; and I told them, if I knew anything of myself, I should not attempt either to break through

the hedge, or to overleap the wall. The kind Saviour heard their prayer, and I have never been so fully persuaded of anything as of this, that my being detained in England was completely of the Lord. Should my dear Armstrong be projecting that which is not in the will and order of his God, may the same merciful Saviour hedge up his way, and plant the piercing thorn at every step, to render his progress painful, and eventually to deter him! But should his removal be from God, then may all difficulties and impediments vanish completely from before him!

Mary joins me in kind love to yourself and Mr. Ditcher, and I remain,

My ever dear Friend,

Yours very affectionately,

G. MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Madeley, Dec. 22, 1820.

My dear Brother,

WE have named our little boy Herbert, after our old and mutual friend; and happy, indeed, should we think ourselves were he even in some small degree to resemble that saintly man. I give you his name, with the hope of its being inserted in your list of those whom you remember in your hours of intercession; and in the hope, likewise, that he will not be forgotten by your dear wife. He seems unusually well at present, better, we think, than any of our children have been at his age. The suddenness, however, both of the indisposition and removal of our little Basil, has made us consider the health and life of an infant as exceedingly uncertain in its tenure; and we hope we are enabled to leave him

completely in the best of hands. You may perhaps have heard, through Eliza, of the removal of dear Mr. Purton : you know his worth, his strong attachment to myself, and the right hand he was to me in everything in which I could in any way use him, and, therefore, are prepared to suppose what a loss has been sustained by myself and others. I do not like funeral sermons in general, but I thought I ought to take up my cross on such an occasion, and endeavour to hold up his uncommon, unobtrusive, and retiring excellence to the view of others, and then, at the same time, pay my own tribute of friendship which I felt I myself owed to him.

In parochial matters, and in my ministerial concerns, we go on much as usual. Mr. Purton's removal has put some extra burdens upon me, but they are not as yet too oppressive, and, if they should become so, the Lord, I doubt not, will give me some one who will share them with me. Attendance on church classes and expositions, nearly in *statu quo* ; and this, considering the tendency in everything to deteriorate, I consider as rather encouraging than otherwise. Our good friends and fellow-helpers, the Methodists, however, seem to be more prosperous than ourselves. The chapel at the Green has just been considerably enlarged, and there is some talk of its being opened in church hours, morning as well as evening, and some rumours of sacraments and christenings are now and then reaching my ears. As to myself, I dare say nothing : I am rather disposed to think that the morning service would be a benefit to the parish in inducing many poor to attend, who, through shame or idleness, would not come so far as to the church ; and, as they are my parishioners, I hope I should rejoice in their good, though this good should not be conveyed through myself. The sacrament and christenings, in the present state of Methodism, follow almost as

a matter of course, and therefore I am equally silent on this subject. All these things were not the original intention of the founder; but were I a Methodist myself, I do not know but that I should consider them as expedient, and almost as necessary parts of present Methodism: why then should I feel on these accounts? They are doing a great work. I find them most important auxiliaries in my own parish, and do sincerely wish them all that prosperity which, for their works' sake, they deserve. A few months ago, I began to pray for them, and have continued at stated times ever since; and though I never reckoned myself exceedingly stiff in my Churchmanship, I am certainly less so now than before. God permits, and, not only so, he most evidently owns and blesses; and why should we feel the spirit of Joshua, and pettishly, or enviously, or selfishly wish to forbid them?

TO THE REV. J. ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, Dec. 27, 1820.

My dear Friend,

* * * * *

I WAS very glad to hear, through my sister, of your servant Lucy, who came over for Mrs. A——, whom she saw at Mrs. W. A.——'s; she spoke of you in the most affectionate terms, and described, in her simple but strong manner, the change which had been effected in the settlement through your ministry among them. "Before massa came, many very bad; now, good, and love great Massa," and so on. Oh, my dear friend, amidst all the discouraging feelings arising from your not being able to do all you would, you should not forget what has already been done. We are most of us too sanguine in our expectations,

not suspecting that what exceeds the cool and sober calculation of tried and well-disciplined faith has too much to do with self, arises from self-confidence, and ends in self-humiliation. We are too apt, in imagination, to seize the magic wand of Harlequin, and suppose that every touch will effect wonders; but, to change the wilderness into the garden of the Lord, requires the enduring spirit of the toilsome labourer, the stones must be cleared, and the soil must again and again be turned: and even when the precious seed is safely deposited, the patience of our hope must succeed to the labour of our love. How long does it usually lie beneath the surface, and when the tender blade appears, how much longer the interval before the perfection of the fruit! so long, that my endeared friend may never live to see it in his own case: though he may sow, yet others may enter into his labours; yet will both he that sows and they that reap, rejoice together in that glorious and eternal harvest.

Since I began my letter, I have had a visit from our mutual friend, Mr. Cox. Since his residence in Shropshire, I have frequently had opportunities of seeing him, and it is with unfeigned pleasure that I have seen him evidently advancing in the best of things. I think, however, that I never saw him to so great advantage as now—the truly Christian minister and the warm and steady friend. He still continues at Bridgenorth, and has apparently lived through all the hostility and prejudice which his preaching and residence among them once excited. He begins also to see some important fruits of his labours. How cheering is all this! Well, my dear friend, let us catch the animating glow, and strive to live more for our loving Saviour and the great glory of his name.

Kind faithfulness towards our friends is a truly Christian grace—this grace the subject of this

memoir eminently possessed, of which the following letter is a proof :—

TO THE SAME.

Madeley, April 28, 1821.

My much endeared Friend,

THOUGH circumstances certainly appear against me, and give you just reason to suspect that no very overwhelming tide of affection flows towards my expatriated brother and fellow-labourer ; though I seem to have lost all the ardent, or the softer feelings of the friend, in the cold and apathetical conclusions of the mere calculator ; though like the callous brethren of the afflicted Joseph, I seem unconscious of your grief, and can, like them, selfishly sit down to eat and to drink, or rise up to consult with others, to decide your fate, and fix you in sorrow ;—though, I say, all these things appear against me, and though my friend is constrained to number me among the annoying trio, yet still I feel within me a pleasing conviction of real genuine affection, which enables me to rise above appearances, and which persuades me that I am not quite a stranger to that love which many waters cannot quench, and which the floods cannot drown. The fact is, my dear friend, that the decision to which you allude in your last was my painful and not my pleasant duty. I felt, I hope, something like the surgeon who has been called to perform some operation on the most beloved of his friends ; were he to hesitate, or were he to decline, how justly would he be answerable for all the painful consequences which might result : but while he proceeds, though steady to his point, though the fixedness of his eye seems to proclaim him devoid of pity, though his unshaking hand seems to indicate

no shrinking from his work of torture ; yet still the tenderest emotions may exist within, and to the discriminating eye may be seen in a thousand varying turns. I do not, indeed, wish you to give me credit for a perfect similarity to all this, and yet I do hope that when time has a little more sobered down the strength, and perhaps intensity, of feeling, you will feel more disposed to thank me for the thankless duty which my friendship for you enabled me to perform.

My sister and brother Holland are with me at present and have been here for some weeks past. Many, indeed, are the pleasures of endeared and social intercourse, and I feel truly thankful that we have been permitted to enjoy them. We have never met as a family since my sister was married, and, though there has been all along an interchange of thought and feeling through letters, yet we have found how far short all this comes of *vivâ voce* and personal communications and endearments. I have no doubt but that a similar result would be experienced, could you and I occasionally meet together. And when we consider the almost insuperable impediments which lie in the way of such a meeting, some feeling, perhaps, steals into the mind which would have us think somewhat hardly of the divine appointments. Let us, however, be thankful that, though we have not all the sweets of friendship, yet that so many are still reserved to us. And who can tell but that these may be increased, if we are only more faithful in bringing each other, with our mutually known concerns, to our compassionate God and Saviour ?

After speaking of the arduous duties of his parish, as oppressive to the flesh, the mind, and the spirits, he adds, in his usual heavenly strain, to the same friend :—

“ It is still very blessed to be engaged in any way for the blessed Saviour. This is, indeed, a

work which pays in the doing. I pray God I may love it even more and more. But, were it otherwise, were every step toilsome and thorny, were there no brook to drink of by the way to enable us to lift up our heads, were the yoke galling and the burden heavy, were the cross, instead of concealing a latent good, only cruciating, were the cup of sorrows divested of all sweets and only filled with strongest bitters; still we have enough of stimulus arising from the glorious prospect of that blessedness above to inspirit our souls, and to enable us to toil up the most arduous ascent, and not only to drag on our wearied feet, but to lift them up with all the alacrity of cheerful obedience; for the joy which is set before us, we may well endure the cross, and, like our blessed Master, despise the shame. O, my dear Armstrong, may we both of us live more with heaven in our eye, and with a lively feeling of our Saviour's love in our hearts! And then every murmur will be hushed, and nothing be heard from our joyful lips but the language of thanksgiving and praise."

I hope the children of my late endeared friend will forgive the following little notice of a father's practice and of the habits of his children in their juvenile days:—

"Your letter, received yesterday evening, speaks somewhat at large on pocket money. I think it probable, from what you there say, that threepence a week will be less than you would choose; if so, I will alter, though I think that threepence altogether unearned is quite sufficient. I do not give a single penny to my own altogether gratuitously—*i. e.*, independent of their own conduct and exertions; but still, while William was with me, I gave most liberal inducements to him and them, that they might readily gain sixpence each weekly, and have sometimes gone as far as a shilling, and even more. Two of my children have some of their earnings in the

Savings' Bank ; one has a guinea and another has £1 3s. Indeed, my —— boy is always scheming so largely that he has only a few shillings in hand, and these are devoted towards making a present of the new Life of Mr. Fletcher to a poor lad, who, a few weeks since, had behaved generously to him. But this his excess of generosity arises, I think, more from his ability to acquire, than anything else. "Oh," he says, "I will soon earn it;" and in earnest he begins, and soon does. But then, he is always poor, and unless I can snare him into something like saving habits, I fear he will always be so. ——, who has a guinea in the bank, is as generous as ——, nay, has the greater appearance of generosity ; for he has always something by him, and brings it out whenever anything benevolent is proposed ; while ——, being always behind hand, has to gain his before he can give it. But all my children have habits of giving ; some are careful, but none are penurious, and I hope never will become so.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Madeley, June 1, 1822.

My dear Friend,

It afforded me great pleasure to see, on Tuesday last, your kind friend, Colonel Arthur [now Sir George Arthur, Bart. and Governor of Bombay], who arrived at Liverpool on the preceding Friday. He was accompanied by his lady, three children, and two servants, all of them in good health, though Mrs. Arthur and the children bore the usual paleness which Europeans so readily discover in the countenances of West Indian residents. I felt much gratified by the colonel's urbanity of manners, and had great pleasure in showing him and his

lady all the lions of the place. He seemed greatly to like our neat church and rural quiet churchyard, and the very ground appeared in his view to be more than ordinarily consecrated by the residence of the venerable Fletcher. He gave me much interesting detail respecting Honduras, its church, its schools, its people, and its minister; and of the last, he forgot not to mention his difficulties, his battles, and his eventual successes. He spoke also of his health, and described him (though perhaps he would not in this respect receive any great superabundance of thanks for his pains), as being peculiarly suited to bear all the labours of his arduous post, and that a change of place, however it might recreate the spirit, was by no means necessary for the continuance of his health. Now, I need scarcely tell you that all this was very refreshing to my spirit. I am not permitted to see you, and yet such have been the singular circumstances which have brought me in contact with those who have long lived in the Bay of Honduras, that I have been favoured with details almost as lively and circumstantial as an actual visit could have afforded me. And all the accounts strengthen in me the conviction that my endeared friend is in his own real, identical, proper post—the one by Heaven's signature stamped with appointment and approbation too. May the Saviour who has appointed and approved, still bind him to it by his constraining love!

The colonel was very kind in his inquiries respecting William; I sent to Mr. Thurgar for him, and the counsels he gave him were very affectionate and appropriate. He left with him a sovereign when he parted from us. He seemed particularly anxious for his welfare, and was very desirous of gleaning everything encouraging that he might have the satisfaction of communicating it to you—a satisfaction evidently very strong.

Last night, I received a letter from that very excellent and very pious man, Mr. Francis Hall, who resided some months in my parish, as the companion of the New Zealanders, and who went with them to New Zealand. His whole conduct, while among us, left an indelible impression of the genuine piety which so humbly but gracefully dwelt within him. Every recollection of the dear good man is refreshing to my spirit. But I wander from my point. I received from him, yesterday, a letter which ought to make us all truly thankful that we have been providentially kept here, instead of being suffered to go, as we had once intended, along with himself or others to this inhospitable shore. He begins with congratulating us on this point, and illustrates his congratulation with such a narration of discouragement, connected with the state of the mission, as would convince every unprejudiced mind that a family such as mine has no business there. A time possibly may come when the signs may become more favourable; but certainly they are most discouraging now.

I hope I am thankful to God, as the only source of our good, for the state of things in my own parish. To say there was an outpouring of the Spirit upon us, would be using language by far too strong, and yet some gracious drops have descended—the dew has been resting upon us. Our classes increase—the public means are better attended; our Sunday schools are more than doubled, and a spirit of hearing generally prevails. And I feel the more grateful for all this, as I have all along expected that a seven years' residence among them would produce a listlessness and indifference bordering on satiety; but, though this term is now attained within a few days, yet there seems no want of attention and no diminution in interest. The hearts of the dear people are still given to me, and, as such, they still bear with and love me. And if old things are said in their

hearing, they appear to come home to them with a new power, and that power I would gratefully acknowledge is from above : to the grace, therefore, of my Redeemer, I would ascribe the praise. And I do still cherish a hope that, so long as he shall be pleased to continue me here, he will graciously command that the barrel of meal shall not waste, nor the cruse of oil fail ; that neither matter nor unction shall be wanting in my humble ministrations. Humble they, indeed, are and always will be : the little treasure which I bear, is in an earthen, a cracked earthen vessel. But I hope I am still content, so long as the excellency of the power may be seen of God and not of man. Here, my dear friend, is the grand point—we nothing ; Christ all. Oh, blessed feeling ! Never are we so truly happy as when we most fully realize it.

We all unite in kind love to yourself and Mrs. A., and I remain,

My dear Friend,

Yours ever sincerely,

G. M.

The friend to whom the following extract of a letter to the editor refers, was one whom Mr. Mortimer had strongly urged to turn his attention towards the service of the sanctuary. The extract exhibits so beautiful a picture of a good man that I cannot prevail upon myself to omit it, and yet, not to offend the retiring feelings of the excellent individual alluded to—he being yet alive—I suppress his name, though to himself and some few of his friends the name will not be unknown. I hope he will forgive me this wrong which I have committed for the sake of others. In a note which the editor received from this gentleman, forwarding to him several of the letters which he had received from Mr. Mortimer, he says, “ ‘In honour preferring one another,’ seemed to be one of his (Mr. M.’s) constant rules of

action. For myself, I may most unaffectedly say, that while I feel grateful to God for the affection of such a friend for so many years, I equally feel my own utter unworthiness of such a privilege and blessing."

"Two evenings ago, I received a letter from my excellent friend, —, late of —. He has at length applied for orders, and was admitted deacon, two Sundays since, by the venerable Bishop of Norwich. Mr. Horne of Christ Church, Newgate-street, whose work on the Scriptures you have no doubt seen reviewed, was admitted by the Bishop of London three years since, and these two together with myself were a trio of friends meeting in Mr. Butterworth's class. Orders were at one time the furthest from all our thoughts, and yet have we been gradually led forward, and the third has at length joined us in the blessed and honourable employ. I much regret that he did not break through his snares and impediments when, about seven years ago, I strongly urged him to the point; for he would then have not only spent seven more years in the more immediate work of the sanctuary, but would have saved himself many painful exercises and many severe losses.

* * * * *

"But oh, how I admire the man! If he shone in prosperity, how much more in adversity! No murmur ever escapes him. He does, indeed, glorify his God in the fires. His altered circumstances make no alteration in the man, unless, indeed, they have induced greater spirituality of mind, more complete deadness to the world, and more unreserved surrender of all his affections and powers to the service of his God. But here I am backward to speak; for he shone so conspicuously before, that I find it difficult to determine which is stronger of the two lights, both so strong that few could bear with them a momentary comparison. Oh, may *our* lights, my dear friend, so shine in every alteration of our circumstances,

that we also may, like him, bring glory to our God!"

At the beginning of the year 1823, it pleased God to deprive the church of the valuable labours of the Rev. John Eyton, Vicar of Wellington, to whom Mr. Mortimer was exceedingly attached. About seven weeks before his removal, he left home with the intention of wintering at the Isle of Wight, but the weather becoming very cold he was obliged to remain at Portsmouth. The children being all at home, he did not wish Mrs. Eyton to accompany him; but a few days before his death, she received an intimation that he wished to see her, and though she set off the very day she received this information, she did not arrive till some hours after his departure. In reference to this painful event, Mr. Mortimer, in a letter to his sister, says,

"The death of Mr. Eyton has filled us with a degree of consternation and surprise which I find it difficult to express. In what a changing world do we live, and how many evils does that part of our punishment "death" introduce among us. Prayer seems at present our only refuge, especially with regard to his bereaved people. The delicate and very difficult duty of preaching the funeral sermon has been assigned to me: the flesh would dispose me to decline were I to attend to its dictates; but I dare not listen. I owe so much to my endeared and highly honoured friend, that I feel I must proceed. Let me, however, entreat the assistance of your prayers."

Some time during last year Mr. Mortimer was induced to undertake the editorship of a monthly publication for young persons. He refers to this engagement in the following letter:—

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Madeley, Feb. 13, 1823.

My dear Brother,

I AM obliged to you for thinking of me in reference to my monthly engagements. I can hardly expect that you should enter with any very lively interest into this matter, though, I can assure you, your kind assistance would prove a very acceptable service both to myself and my readers; nor would the time be altogether lost, if the matter were considered in sole reference to yourself; at least I should so conclude, from what I have observed with respect to my own mind and habits, and I very greatly regret that, for so many years, I suffered my feelings to prevail over my better judgment, and cause me to neglect the throwing in of my mite into some channel of usefulness. But I do not blame others, knowing how very unwillingly I was pressed into the service myself. I do not expect that my friends should, by any touch of my poor leaden wand, start into active and willing contributors. Had I Orpheus-like powers, the trees and stones might follow me; but I possess none of these magical or touchingly persuasive means, and therefore, though, as a point of duty, I every now and then turn an entreating eye, and raise a feeble supplicating voice, both the priest and the Levite are afraid of messing themselves in my poor concerns, and prudently pass over to the other side. I would not, however, ungratefully involve all in this sweeping and indiscriminate crimination. A Samaritan or two have kindly pitied me, and for their equally unexpected and unwearied act of friendship, I feel myself peculiarly indebted. But why all this enumeration? Should I not honestly confess that it is not altogether without

reference to yourself? I am not a stranger to my good brother's Samaritan-like feelings, and a distant hope is cherished by me, that he will yet pour in of his truly welcome supplies.

T. L., I should think, would at present pass quite as good an examination as his brother B., but I would not recommend him to be over hasty in applying for orders, nor indeed does he feel thus disposed himself. Young men, I think, sadly err in this matter; they hasten into the ministry far too soon, and repent of their haste all through their subsequent years. But perhaps it is hardly fair to ascribe all the blame to them: it originates, in great part, with those who bear the expense of their education, and who are glad of the first opportunity which presents itself of getting them off. But T. L. supports himself, and, therefore, the burden and the advantage both fall, as they ought, upon the same individual, and he so feels the desirableness of improving the present time, that he prefers waiting a little longer. Another pupil who is reading with me, a very nice young man, supports himself in a similar way; and I do not intend, for the future, to superintend the studies of any who do not, in some way or other, pursue the same method. And

I remain, my dear Brother,

Yours very affectionately,

G. M.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Madeley, Feb. 5, 1824.

My dear Thomas,

* * * * * Matters
 proceed among us pretty much as usual. My people
 are kind, our congregations good, classes very fair,
 and attendance on the weekly expositions pleasingly

increasing. As to myself, I can say but little ; sometimes I am enabled to live in the spirit of the petition,

“ Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, which lowly waits thy call ;”

and then my peace flows smooth and tranquil as a river ; then all my affections take their proper channel, and are directed to a holy spiritual end. But, alas ! too generally I find my feelings and conduct better characterized by complaint than exultation, and have too much reason to say,

“ Yet hind’rances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.”

But I still keep fixing my eye upon the beauteous light, even when furthest from it, and most ardently do I sigh after its most blessed repose. Well, perhaps, after all my failures, I may still become habitually possessed of it ; and indeed without it, I feel that I shall never enjoy anything like true and substantial rest. A minister without the inward grace, and that also in a more than usual measure, is of all others a character most to be pitied—I mean of all other Christians ; for in order to instruct others, he must of course be more advanced in knowledge, and consequently will be called to a far stricter account. Besides, the whole routine of his employments, carrying with them the exterior of sanctity, are apt to impress, not only others, but himself also, with fallacious hopes respecting the safety of his state. The constant repetition also of his duties has a strong tendency to render the spiritual impression on himself less and less vivid, till at length the pious feeling, in many instances, is entirely absent, and he detects himself half hypocritically acting or performing a part, attempting to raise emotion in others to which he is

so much a stranger himself. These, my dear brother, are our snares—at least they are mine; but I hope I not only perceive them, but am watching against them. And my comfort is, that amidst all my consciousness of weakness, it is still my privilege to rely on an all-sufficient Saviour.

You kindly speak in your letter of your being able to assist me in my editorial labours, by furnishing me with accounts connected with the different societies. I fear, however, that the work will not proceed beyond the present volume. Its sale, I am thankful to state, has increased since it was placed in my hands, and is still increasing; but it will not cover the attendant expenditure—at least not so much so, as to make it worth the publisher's while to continue. Its discontinuance, however, will prove no great loss to me. I edit the numbers of the present volume for £2. 10s. a number, and, when my monthly expenses are deducted, I have only about £1 each remaining. My object, however, is not gain, but a desire of being in some way useful; and as a work of the kind seems desirable, I shall feel a little regret that it should cease. But perhaps, after it stops, some London bookseller will venture upon something of a similar kind, and, if so, it will then, in all probability, succeed.

* * * * *

We all unite in sincerest love to yourself, Mrs. T. M., and my dear niece, and

I remain, my dear Thomas,
Your affectionate Brother,
GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Madeley, Dec. 1, 1824.

My dear Brother,

* * * * *

I am afraid, from your intimations respecting your being

in quest of a morning service, that Mr. Pratt has failed in substantiating his claim; if so, I shall be much concerned. Retired from the emoluments of a former occupation, he will possibly feel this diminution in point of income; but for such a servant in the house of our God, I trust that not mere adequacy, but even the munificence of our merciful Lord, is in abundant reserve.

You inquire concerning my health. It has been far from well ever since my return from G——, strong as I seemed while there; no sooner did I enter upon my parochial duties, than I began to fail, and in about a fortnight, I was nearly as ill as ever. This induced me to lay the whole matter before Mr. Burton, and to request him to relieve my mind with an assurance that, in case I should be under the necessity of leaving, he would kindly indulge the parishioners with a suitable person in my stead. His kindness has removed my difficulties, and left me at full liberty to leave my work in more efficient hands. I have had an application for the curacy from a gentleman who strikes me as being very suitable, and Mr. Burton has accepted of his services. One difficulty, however, is in the way. He holds a living in the diocese of Worcester; but, being peculiarly circumstanced, he expects that the bishop will permit him to hold it in conjunction with Madeley, and to divide his time between them, his curate sharing the twofold duty with him. Should his application to the bishop not succeed, he has recommended to me another person, who seems equally eligible with himself; but with this latter person I have had no communication.

As to myself, I am of course in uncertainty; but I feel confident, that as I have hitherto been guided by the wisdom and goodness of my condescending God, so he will still point out to me the way in which I should go.

You speak of the mine of paper and print, and, like too many others, comfort yourself with considering that your work is but a little one. But good, my brother, beware, beware! Three services on a Sabbath, occasional weekly ministrations, and numerous official employments, should almost entirely exclude every kind of preparation for the press. With kindest love &c.,

Believe me, my dear Thomas,

Your ever affectionate Brother,

GEORGE.

In the spring of 1825, Mr. Mortimer visited his London friends, one of whom writes as follows:—

“Your dear brother appeared so full of love and tenderness, and, at the same time, so interested himself in everything that appeared to interest us, that we could not help wishing for a much longer enjoyment. I heard him preach but once: his sermon was truly edifying. I will transcribe a brief outline of it, as you may find it a word of consolation in some season of sorrow. Matt. xv. 28, ‘O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.’ The advantages resulting from strong faith were pointed out in four important particulars; viz.—I. It yields to no discouragement. II. It bears and even overcomes the most humiliating discoveries. III. It receives the strongest marks of the Saviour’s approbation. IV. It is put into eventual possession of every needful good. Each of these points was marked out as strikingly illustrated in this affecting and interesting narrative.”

His brother, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, has kindly furnished me with the following communication respecting the same sermon:—

“On Sunday, the 27th March, 1825, my beloved

brother preached for me at my lecture at St. Olave's, Southwark. I shall never forget that sermon. Being the only church at that time usually open in the Borough for Sunday evening service, there was generally a large attendance, and that evening the church was crowded. On entering the pulpit, my brother's diminutive figure excited attention; and, in some, produced a smile. When, however, he had composed himself in the pulpit, his fine countenance, beaming with intelligence, evidently inspired some with respect, who, at first, had looked up with indifference, if not with seorn. His announcement of his text was most solemn and yet most tender; 'O woman, great is thy faith: be it unto thee even as thou wilt.' From that moment the silence of death reigned; and, after a few minutes, every eye seemed fixed upon the preacher, and every ear listening to his voice. The scoffer soon discovered that the preacher was no ordinary man: the candid inquirer felt interested in the subject: the timid and weak believer took courage: and the mourner drank in the water of life, with the eagerness of the thirsty soul. Many a time, during subsequent years, have the tenderest and most grateful reference been made to that sermon by those who were accustomed to converse with me on the great concerns of their souls. Though nearly twenty years have rolled away since that memorable night, the recollection of my beloved brother, of the touching words that fell from his lips, and the 'unction of the Holy One,' which evidently attended them, is still vivid and delightful, and will, I doubt not, accompany me to my grave."

Intimation has already been given, in a letter to his brother, of Mr. Mortimer's entertaining thoughts of leaving Madeley, owing to the declining state of his health. The following several letters refer to

that event and to arrangements for filling up his important post in that parish.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Yardley, near Birmingham, Sept. 12, 1825.

My dear Friend,

YOUR very kind and acceptable letter reached me three or four weeks since; and I should have answered it much earlier had I not been in some uncertainty as to my proximate movements; and I thought I would wait till something definite should have transpired. I have been here very nearly seven months, and was thinking of returning to Madeley in about a month from the present time; but it is now arranged that we should continue here till the middle of February. From what you mention in your letter, I should suppose that you have been informed that I had left Madeley altogether, but this is not the case; I have only *exchanged* duties with the vicar of this place, who has been, like myself, out of health for some months past, and who thought that a complete change of sphere and situation would prove beneficial to him. He and his family, therefore, reside in the vicarage at Madeley, and myself and family here; both of us having left our furniture, library, &c., &c., for each other's accommodation. The duties in this place being light, as compared with Madeley, and the air exceedingly salubrious, I have found great benefit from the change, and am pretty nearly as well as I was before I began to fail; the whole of my family, also, have found their health considerably improved; so that in this point of view we have reason to be thankful for the exchange. And I hope, also, that the change of ministrations will be beneficial to both our parishes. I hear of an

increased attention being produced at Madeley, and I ought to acknowledge with gratitude the acceptance with which I am favoured here.

You mention in your letter that your engagement in your present curacy will terminate early in 1827. I read that part of your letter to Mr. Gwyther (the gentleman with whom I have exchanged duties), who was over here a few days ago, and he said, "Could we not contrive between us to keep the curacy open for Mr. C. till he should be able to take it?"

Our present arrangement will, if we are spared, bring us to the middle of February, 1826, which is only a year short of the time when you will be released from your present charge. Now, if we could manage so as to supply till then, would you like to undertake the charge of the parish, provided the incumbent would admit you, which, from what I have lately ascertained, I think could easily be managed? Since I saw you I have engaged with an assistant, but merely *pro tempore*; the expense of which is to be principally borne by the parishioners. The sum allowed to him will be £100 a year; towards which I myself give £30, on condition of being occasionally absent, should my health require it, at the sea or elsewhere. The value of my curacy is full £100 a year besides the house. You will perceive, then, that matters are now made much easier for you, should you think of fixing your lot among the Madeley people, and I am confident that the arrangement would be highly gratifying to them.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Yardley, February 21, 1826.

My dear Friend,
THOUGH I fully intended to have answered your very

kind letter within the time that you specified, yet, as it bears date October 15, I find that I have exceeded the proposed interval *by more than a month*. So much for my *friendship*. Had it been a letter *on business*, I have little hesitation in saying that it would have been duly despatched; and, had there been a dozen of this kind, I think I might venture to assert the same. But my friends, and those also the most intimate and endeared, are too generally neglected; and many are the kind reproofs which my remissness thus draws upon me. You, indeed, my dear friend, have, *in silence*, borne with all; and this ought to have made me more cautious in giving you fresh occasions of pain. But nothing seems of sufficient influence to correct the inveteracy of my habit; and, therefore, I must still, I fear, keep confessing my reiterated faults, and as often keep throwing myself upon the kind forgiveness and forbearance of my friends.

I am still, as you will perceive from my date, at Yardley, and, from a fresh arrangement, our exchange will be prolonged from March till the latter end of July next. Nothing has as yet been done about an assistant curate for Madeley. About a fortnight ago, I was congratulating myself on the acquisition of a very desirable fellow-helper, the Rev. A. B——, who had consented to join with me in the duties of the parish, and had engaged the residence of our late departed friend Mrs. E——; but some obstacles have since arisen, so that I fear we shall now lose him. Should he decline, I shall not be over anxious in making any permanent arrangement with any one else until my return in July, by which time I should hope you will be able to speak somewhat more definitely as to your own movements, as there will be only about six months to the time of your own projected removal. The impediments which have been thrown in the way of every negotiation which I have entered

into for so many months past, incline me to think that it is more than possible the situation may, after all, be reserved for my endeared friend. But of the future how little, or rather, how completely nothing, are we permitted to know; and if we busy ourselves in the shrewdest guesses, or the most cool and sober calculations, how generally are we disappointed! It is our wisdom, therefore, to be more occupied with the duties which more immediately devolve upon us at the present, than with speculations about the *probabilities* of more remote and distant periods.

In the foregoing page, I mentioned the name of dear Mrs. E——, and I had no sooner done this than the recollection of all that transpired between us, during your short visit to us at Madeley, passed vividly through my mind. What a painful winding up of W—— matters! But yet, in many respects, how merciful! * * * With respect, however, to the endeared individual so lately severed from her important charge, I have nothing to say, but what is encouraging: most clearly, most satisfactorily, had she been latterly ripening for that blessed world of spirits. And as to the dear family which she has left behind, “let us not sorrow as those without hope.” They are beloved by many for their parent’s sake, and, in a qualified use of the term, we may, perhaps, state the same respecting their parent’s faithful and condescending God. For He will, no doubt, remember them peculiarly for good, and that for their parent’s sake; for the good inheritance of their anxious desires and their holy fervent prayers, will, sooner or later, be abundantly possessed. We were truly thankful to hear of dear Mrs. C——’s gradual amendment in health; and though it may not be commensurate with our naturally impatient and restless desires, yet every increase of so invaluable a blessing should call forth our grateful praise. We beg to unite in very

kindest and Christian regards to her, yourself, and family, and I remain,

My dear Friend,

Yours very sincerely,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Yardley, June 20, 1826.

My dear Brother,

FROM what you must have perceived of the evident inclining of my mind while you were here, you will not be much surprised at the contents of the accompanying circular. I have long paused, and, I hope, deliberately weighed, as well as sincerely prayed, and now I must leave the result in the overruling hands of an all-wise and ever-gracious God. This I am thankful to state, that I am at present enabled to do, with a measure of calm and peaceful reliance, which I did not at all anticipate.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF MADELEY.

Yardley, June 19, 1826.

My much-endear'd Parishioners,

WHEN I left Madeley, in consequence of the delicate state of my health, I had fully intended to have re-joined you in a few months. Various circumstances, however, induced me to accept the proposals made at different times by Mr. Gwyther, for lengthening the period of our exchange: and now that this period is nearly terminated, I regret to be under the necessity of stating, that I feel so strongly my total inadequacy to resume my wonted station among you, that I dare not venture upon it.

My health has indeed, through the blessing of God, upon the diminution of my parochial duties, been considerably amended. It is the opinion, however, of all my more intimate friends, that, should I return to my charge, I shall in a few weeks sink under the pressure of those numerous parochial cares and duties which before so materially injured me. I have, therefore, felt constrained to resign my situation; and have just written to Mr. Burton, stating to him, that I shall vacate the Curacy at Michaelmas next.

I have not mentioned to him anything respecting my successor, leaving a matter so materially affecting yourselves to your own superior judgment. I hope, however, that the principal inhabitants of the parish will lose no time in making a proper application to him; and from the repeated proofs which I have had of his kind feeling towards you, I have no doubt but that he will comply with any request which they may see fit to make to him.

As to my own future movements I am altogether ignorant. I trust, however, that the same gracious God, who guided my steps among you, will still appoint for me my future path: and with regard to yourselves, a people who will never cease to be remembered by me with feelings of the strongest affection, I do most sincerely pray that a pastor may be given to you who shall, in all respects, answer your most sanguine wishes: and thus supply my own numerous and often-lamented deficiencies.

Believe me to remain,

Your very affectionate though unworthy Minister,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

The above was also sent to his friend, the Rev. John Cooper, accompanied by the following letter:—

Yardley, June 26, 1826.

My dear Friend,

I FEEL that I ought not any longer to keep you in ignorance of my recent decision respecting Madeley, though from what my brother has told me as to inquiries made for you in London, I have no expectation of the situation being really desirable to you. Nor, indeed, if it were so, would the time of your leaving your present charge admit of your accepting it; for some one will, no doubt, be immediately engaged, and to whom I would surrender as soon as might be required. Our own movements, as I have expressed in the accompanying circular, are quite uncertain; my wife, however, seems strongly to incline towards the neighbourhood of Clifton, in which spot she wishes to be permanently established. It is probable, therefore, that we shall bend our steps thither, and when somewhat established I will try to obtain some light permanent duty in the neighbourhood. "Que Dieu nous dirige," is the frequent aspiration of my too solicitous mind—*too* solicitous; for if I knew all the gracious intentions of a God of love concerning us, I should peacefully leave everything to his all-wise disposal, without the least degree of restlessness or fear.

With respect to dear Madeley, I need scarcely add, that should you know any one who strikes you as being suitable, and to whom the situation would be agreeable, I should feel obliged by your mentioning it to him, and getting him to communicate with Mr. G—— on the subject.

We beg our very kindest and Christian regards to yourself and Mrs. C., and, with much affection,

Believe me, my dear Friend,

Yours very sincerely,

G. M.

After receiving the above with its enclosed circular, Mr. Cooper wrote to his friend as follows :—

Wherwell, June 29, 1826.

My dear Friend,

I WAS not prepared for the intelligence contained in your very kind letter of the 26th, having hoped, from the improvement of your health at the date of your previous letter, that you would shortly return to your important charge at Madeley, and that you might have continued there many years, an instrument of blessing others, and being *increasingly* blessed yourself in your work. But, I doubt not, all is well and wisely ordered, and will add my affectionate though feeble prayers that you may be divinely directed in all things.

Your letter, the end of February last, left it doubtful, whether Mr. A. B—— might not have finally determined to become your assistant in the parish ; and, prior to your last favour, I was looking to hear from you next month, to know how this matter had terminated, in order that I might judge whether the expectation of being associated with you, which I had not entirely relinquished, might not be realized. I now beg to state, that, owing to the inquiries of a beloved clerical brother, two curacies have been offered to me within the present month, both of which I have declined. And now, my dear friend, I put it to you, whether you think Madeley is such a post as would suit one with such slender ministerial qualifications as I deeply feel that I possess ; and whether you think your parishioners would be disposed to receive me favourably ? If you do, I leave myself in God's hand and yours, desiring that *He* may do with me as seemeth good in His sight ; and requesting *you* to take such steps as you may judge proper. The diffi-

culty as to the time of resigning my present cure may probably be got over soon after Michaelmas; my vicar having said, when last I saw him, that he would release me on reasonable notice, if anything eligible should be offered to me: still I wish to remain in my present sphere as long as I conveniently can. Having said thus much, I will only add that Madeley has been regarded by me for many years as a spot peculiarly sacred; it is still more endeared to me by the consideration that my beloved and highly esteemed friend has been labouring for ten years in that favoured scene of the apostolical Fletcher's ministry.

I wait with interest, but not with any anxiety, to hear from you the result of my present communication. Believe me ever,

My dear Friend,

Yours very affectionately,

JOHN COOPER.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Yardley, July 11, 1826.

My dear Brother,

You will be glad to hear that dear Cooper has expressed a wish to succeed me at Madeley; and, in consequence, an application has been made by myself and the parishioners on his behalf, which has been most favourably received, and Mr. Burton has nominated him to succeed me. Most truly thankful do I feel that it has pleased God to give to the dear people such a man. May he long be continued to them, and may very blessed days be still in reserve for that honoured spot.

My visit among them was highly gratifying to myself, and I hope I may say not unacceptable to them. I never witnessed in them such overflowings

of kindest feelings, and, what I hardly anticipated, while they manifested affectionate regrets, I do not recollect a single instance in which they censured or chode; but, on the contrary, seemed to think that the step, though painful, was necessary.

Our own plans are still somewhat uncertain. We think, however, of moving towards Bristol, and of fixing somewhere within a mile or two of the city, and have written to George Yate to engage us a ready-furnished house for about a month. We expect to leave this place the 30th of August.

But I have said nothing of dear Mr. Butterworth's removal, on which your last letter principally dwelt. I felt surprised and pained beyond my ordinary feelings on such occasions; for almost all that I possess spiritually, I owe, under God, to him. But after all, he is not lost to me, for I trust I shall rejoin him ere long; and, even during the short interval of apparent separation, who can tell how near he may still be to me, and how materially he may still be permitted to help me? But, however this may be, Jesus remains the same, and I trust that the removal of every endeared medium of good may be the means of uniting me more fully to Him.

Our kindest love to yourself and family, to my dear mother, Eliza, &c.; and

I remain,

Your ever affectionate Brother,

GEORGE.

The *letter* from which the following extract is made, is chiefly in reference to the providing means for an assistant-curate at Madeley; towards which, Mr. Mortimer proposed to furnish £10 per annum, and also a further sum of £10 per annum to aid the Curate's Poor Fund, for relieving the sick and distressed poor of the populous parish of Madeley; and it is due to Mr. M.'s kindness and benevolence to

state, that during the period of his friend's curacy, he generously contributed each year the proposed amount for the poor; and for three years (during which time only an assistant curate was employed), the like sum towards the other object named.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Yardley, July 31, 1826.

My dear Friend,

OUR way towards Bristol appears to be opening. A very singular circumstance connected with it has just occurred. It seems to us all to be too pantomimic—too magical—to be true. But yet, what cannot the God of wisdom and of love effect! We are striving to wait, as you expressed yourself in a former letter about Madeley, “with interest but without anxiety” to see the result. Oh, what a comfort it is to feel calmly assured that, while we are leaving ourselves in God's hands, all must eventually be well. Mary unites with me in kindest regards to yourself and dear Mrs. C——, and

I remain, my dear Friend,

Yours, very sincerely,

G. M.

TO THE SAME.

Horfield, near Bristol, October 18, 1826.

My very dear Friend,

HAD not circumstances of various kinds interfered, you would ere this have seen me at Wherwell; but, as I had no control over these, and kept expecting that in a few more days I should be able to write to

you definitely, I hope you will not too harshly censure me, when I tell you at length that my projected visit, like too many of my projections, has come to nothing, and that it will not be in my power to see you before you leave. But, after all, your removal is not to a distant country, and many may be the circumstances which the kind Providence of God shall permit for our future intercourse. You speak, indeed, of a kind of necessity for conference and consultation at the present juncture. Of this, however, I am far from being convinced; for I think a stranger always proceeds best with the least previous acquaintance with the minutiae of characters and proceedings. A general idea is quite necessary; but everything that is circumstantial creates a prejudice either to the advantage or disadvantage of the parties concerned. The fresh unbiassed inspection brings us, for the most part, nearest the truth. Every one with whom I converse, who has any knowledge of you, joins with me in thankfulness to God that it has pleased Him to direct your steps to Madeley; most fully does it seem to have been, from beginning to end, from Him; to Him, therefore, may we ever give the praise. And may you, my much-endearred friend, be so fully qualified for your important charge; may the barrel of meal also granted for your dear people's supply waste not, nor the cruse of oil fail; or, in other words, may matter and unction be so abundantly imparted, and so graciously continued, that the time may never come in which your ministrations may prove burdensome to yourself, or either uninteresting or unedifying to your hearers. With kindest regards, I remain,

Yours, ever affectionately,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer's life has now been brought down to the close of his services at Madeley, where he had

been resident pastor for about ten years. In taking a review of this period, we find him to have abounded in the great duties of his office—in works of faith and labours of love. What with his Sunday duties, his classes, his expositions, his schools, his pastoral visits, and his manifold acts of charity and kindness to the poor, in a parish containing very nearly six thousand souls, with his weakly constitution, and by no means robust health, the wonder is that he was enabled to carry on so arduous a course for so long a time. Madeley has been long and highly favoured ; it is to be hoped that the people have both appreciated and improved their privileges. Mr. Mortimer met with much kindness, encouragement, and acceptance in the diligent pursuit of his self-denying career in that parish, and the decade of his services there was no doubt attended with much usefulness, though the extent of it may never be known until the great day shall reveal it. He met also with much that was trying and perplexing to him ; much to wound his loving spirit ; much to grieve his affectionate heart ; much to prove his faith and try his patience ; but he neither flinched from duty, nor swerved from the line of conduct which became him as a minister of the Established Church ; and, what is more, he treated neither opposition in the spirit of retaliation, nor opposers in a spirit of harshness or severity. He was eminently a man of peace, a man of love, a man of placability. The commencement of his services in the parish was attended with great difficulties. Considerable irregularities had been practised by his predecessors ; in their steps, in this respect, he was determined not to tread ; and though he felt himself bound to resist all entreaty on this subject, to the offending of many, yet was it his prayer, his study, his endeavour to conciliate all. His steady though moderate Churchmanship was, perhaps, always more or less a ground of offence in a parish which had long been under the influence of Method

ism ; but wherever good sense and piety prevailed his motives were respected, and his conduct appreciated.

It was on the manifestation of some unhallowed zeal of party spirit that the following addresses were printed and circulated in his parish, and which exhibit the very moderate and conciliatory spirit of their truly Christian author.

ADDRESS OF THE MINISTER OF MADELEY TO SUCH OF
THE INHABITANTS OF COALBROOKDALE AND ITS
VICINITY, AS DO NOT CONSIDER THEMSELVES
MEMBERS OF THE ESTABLISHED CHURCH.

Vicarage, February 21, 1822.

My endeared Parishioners,

It has lately appeared to me an indispensable duty to visit more extensively my parish, and to devote myself more fully to other branches of my ministerial office. In the course of my visits I found a strong regret expressed by many, that it was not in their power to connect themselves either with me as their minister, or with the Established Church as their religious communion: and that this, their inability, arose principally from the great distance of the parish church from their respective abodes. This difficulty I have endeavoured partially to remove by beginning an exposition on alternate Monday evenings:* and I hope soon to be able still further

* It must not be understood, however, from this statement, that I wished to invite to these expositions only such individuals as are mentioned above, I must candidly confess that it was not altogether without reference to yourselves. I hoped that by these occasional meetings we should come somewhat nearer into contact: and that, as a consequence, feelings of love and of kindness might more diffusively prevail. It afforded me, therefore, real pleasure to see so many of you kindly giving me the meeting on the two evenings on which I have been in your neighbourhood.

to meet their wishes by assembling with them every other Sunday morning, on a plan similar to that now adopted at the Ironbridge school-room on the Sabbath evenings.

I feel a little apprehensive, however, lest these my proceedings should be considered by some as intentionally interfering with other modes and places of worship already adopted and attended in your neighbourhood; and lest my motives should be so far misconstrued, as to be identified with narrow-minded prejudice, or with intolerant hostility.

It should be remembered, however, that all persons have, and cannot help having, their preferences; and likewise, that these preferences may be openly shown by them, and even occasionally employed in influencing others, without the least hostility towards those who continue in another persuasion. And I can appeal with the greatest confidence to my own conduct during nearly seven years' residence among you, as a proof of this assertion. For though I have uniformly shown a decided preference towards the Established Church, yet I am not aware of having discovered, in a single instance, the least opposition or hostility towards any individual of another communion, merely as such. Much, indeed, on my first coming into the parish, was unhappily advanced to the contrary; but I was determined to take no notice of such remarks, assured that they had no foundation in myself, and that, when my line of conduct should be better understood, they would gradually die away, and a different feeling be eventually adopted. This different feeling has, I am happy to state, long been cherished by many; and it was from a strong desire that nothing contrary to it should prevail in consequence of my present ministerial proceedings, that I have been induced to send you this circular address.

Oh, let me then, as your minister, entreat you not to

regard me with a misgiving or suspecting mind ; but from the fulness of a loving and a Christian heart to wish and to supplicate for me abundant success. And be not hasty in censuring either myself or others for attachment to our venerable and established forms. Give to us what you feel entitled to demand for yourselves ; I mean the right of preference. And amidst certain shades of difference, let brotherly love not only continue among us, but let it abound yet more and more. And with regard to myself, I do most sincerely pray God that no feeling may be cherished by me, no single expression uttered, and no conduct whatever pursued, which may, in any respect, tend to its diminution.

With feelings, then, of unfeigned affection, believe me, my much-endear'd Parishioners,

Your sincerely devoted Friend and Minister,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

ADDRESS OF THE MINISTER OF MADELEY TO THE INHABITANTS OF MADELEY WOOD AND ITS VICINITY.

Vicarage, March 23, 1822.

My endeared Parishioners,

THE very kind reception given to the Address which I circulated among the inhabitants of Coalbrookdale and its vicinity, and the feelings of mutual love and affection it has been the means of eliciting, encourage me to hope that a similar appeal to yourselves will be attended with equally beneficial results.

The principal reason of my now addressing you, is, that I have very painfully witnessed, within the short space of two or three weeks, a great increase of party spirit arising from the measures recently adopted towards forming and carrying on a Sunday school separate and distinct from that which has so

long been established among us. The natural consequences of such procedures, I am willing to hope, you did not sufficiently estimate, or I can hardly imagine you would so hastily, and at such a time, have adopted them. You are sensible, I think, that my wish is for peace ; that my great desire is, that love may not only prevail, but abound more and more ; and that I am striving to pursue that line of conduct, which, as a consistent minister of the Established Church, devolves upon me, so as not to give the least unnecessary offence to others. Permit me, then, to ask, whether these recent measures are at all likely to produce such pacific results ? Do they not rather tend to range more decidedly than ever under distinct and separate parties, not only the superintendents and teachers, but likewise the parents of the children themselves ? Do they not in some measure force persons to declare themselves on one side or other, and that not merely in opinion, but likewise in decisive action ? And are not the individuals, thus compelled to declare themselves, regarded with suspicion by those who move in contrary directions ? I would inquire, then, is all this calculated to keep the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace ? And are those individuals our best friends who are most earnest in this work of alienation ? I mean no personal allusions, I assure you, to any individual among you : I hope I very sincerely love you all ; and I wish that bonds of union may be multiplied, which may bring us closer and closer together, instead of these cords of separation which, drawing in other directions, will every day remove us to a greater and yet greater distance.

Permit me also to ask whether this is the time for such exertions ? If indeed your minister were sleeping at his post ; if he were lying down, and loving to slumber ; if the schools happened to be on the decline in respect of numbers, or in regard to

the insufficiency of superintendents or teachers; if scarcely anything were going forward adequate to the necessities of the parish; then, indeed, such exertions might be called for. But how contrary is all this to the real state of the case! It is at a time when the schools are so crowded as to render it impossible to instruct them in the usual place: it is at a time when, to afford greater facilities of instruction, the larger schools are being divided into twenty or thirty minor schools, and these so situated as to be almost at the door of every child in the parish, and so arranged as to admit of every one being taught who is capable of instruction. You will readily perceive, then, that the stir which is making at present, is by no means called for in the existing necessities of the case. To what, then, must it be attributed? It is commonly reported that it arises from a fear entertained by some, lest my present plans and procedures should attach too many children to the Established Church, and thus eventually make them Churchmen instead of Methodists. This reason, however, I feel I ought by no means to admit; for, whatever may be said of others, the Methodists of the parish of Madeley have long made it their boast that they were firm in their attachment to our venerable Church: and so strong has been their attachment, that the majority of them would never listen to any proposals of having their services so conducted as at all to interfere with the services of the church, and would never permit the sacrament to be administered in their chapels; and there are many who feel a secret satisfaction in being able to state, that they have never yet partaken of the sacred ordinance, excepting from a clergyman; and they are still determined that no one shall ever make this their consistent glorying to be in vain.* It is

* It has been strangely imagined, and even reported by some, that I do not wish those who consider themselves

with peculiar satisfaction, that I consider my relation to such individuals ; and I assure you, I rejoice over you as my parishioners ; I point you out as an example to others ; and I hope we shall never see the time when the parishioners, and more especially the spiritual sons and daughters of the venerable and apostolic Mr. Fletcher, shall cease to be identified with that Church of which he was so bright an ornament, as well as minister. I feel, therefore, that it would be the height of injustice to suppose, that the mass of such of my people as are termed Methodists have any fear of their children becoming members of the Established Church ; nay, they would rather rejoice in it ;—they rejoice in it even now ;—and some of them go so far as even to recommend it. They tell their children, in the fulness of their Catholic spirit, that their own attachment to the people with whom they are joined, never arose from dissatisfaction to the Church, but from a natural love to the private means which their own people at that time so exclusively possessed. But they add, that as these same private means are now offered to them in connexion with the Established Church, they would advise them to join themselves with its respected members ; and hence it is, that not a few

Methodists to join with the rest of my people in partaking of the sacrament, and that I object likewise to administer it to them at their own houses, when unable to attend the church. I feel pleasure in availing myself of this opportunity of assuring them, that such statements are altogether erroneous. My heart rejoices to see them whenever they attend : for it reminds me of that general assembly in heaven, where all party distinctions will be lost in one common feeling of love, and when we shall all join in sweetest unison in singing that new and never-ending song. My feelings also are similar when kneeling around their beds of sickness, and consecrating those elements of which we are about to partake in remembrance of that Redeemer who has taught us so emphatically that his disciples should love one another.

among our classes are the sons and daughters of such honoured individuals. I say honoured, for who can withhold from such the proper meed of approbation; for such heal the breaches of our Zion, they build up its waste places; they repair the desolations of many generations.

I am aware, however, that the same extent of feeling is not cherished by all. Some prefer their own communion, their own instructors, and classes. But I have heard such with the greatest candour acknowledge, that their predilection arose merely from the circumstance that they happened to receive their first religious good among them; and that notwithstanding this their preference, they very highly respect the Church, and that they wish its ministers abundant success in their very important work. And this I am persuaded is the feeling of ninety-nine out of a hundred of the Methodists who compose my parish. The welcome they invariably give me when I enter their houses or cottages; the smile of approbation which brightens on their countenance when we exchange salutations as we pass; and the liberality which they discover in all points of possible difference whenever they are accidentally touched upon: all these things convince me that they have no hostility either to the Church or to myself, and of course that they would not willingly enter upon any plan which might have the least semblance of opposition.

To what, then, some will still ask, must these procedures connected with the schools be attributed? I feel, I confess, somewhat at a loss to determine. I hope, however, that they have arisen merely from a well-meant, though certainly an ill-timed, zeal—a zeal, likewise, which has a direct tendency, though not previously estimated, to promote disunion among us, and a diminution of loving Christian feelings. But whatever may have been the cause of these

procedures, I do hope, that the serious evils which are beginning as a consequence to break forth, will not only be checked, but entirely subside ; and that all parties, superintendents, teachers, and parents, will each in their respective stations be ready to show that they are not among the last to bring about so desirable an issue.

And now, with very sincere affection, believe me, my much-endear'd Parishioners,

Your faithful Friend and Minister,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

The following simple narrative, related by his attached and faithful servant Fanny, also beautifully displays the very kind and earnest, though very decided, character of the excellent pastor of Madeley.

“Some of the beer shops at the Iron Bridge used to be kept open very late at night, and master was determined to put a stop to their being open later than ten o'clock. He used to go to them, and turn out all the men that were drinking in them after that time. This enraged some of these men so much, that they declared they would kill master ; for they said, ‘they were determined that no parson should interfere with them.’ Some of master’s friends heard of this, and told him, and tried to persuade him not to go to the Iron Bridge the next night ; and Mr. and Mrs. Thomas did not wish him to go ; and we all begged him to stay at home that night ; but he told us he was not at all afraid of the men, and when I said that they would be sure to do him some harm, he said, ‘Why, Fanny, they have no power over me to hurt me ; the Almighty is above them.’ So master went to the public house, and saw the very men that had threatened to kill him, and he talked to them for a long time, and told them that they ought to have been at home with their families, and that he

hoped he should never see them there again. He spoke so kindly, that they all listened to him, and never offered to hurt him; and when he had done talking to them, they told him, that they had fully determined to make an attack upon him that night, but that *then* they felt as if they had no power to hurt him. So master shook hands with them all, and then they all took off their hats and wished him 'safe home,' and 'long life to him.' And they were never there again after ten o'clock; and I think what master said to them then, did one or two of them so much good, that they afterwards became pious."

Mr. Mortimer was equally desirous of putting a stop to the desecration of the Lord's day by the bargemen on the River Severn, and, for this purpose, he tried every means to prevent the barges from sailing on the Sunday. In doing this, he experienced great opposition from some of the barge owners, who purposely, as it appeared, kept their vessels locked at Coalport at the latter end of the week, and released them on the Sunday. At length Mr. M. was compelled to take them before the magistrates, and have them fined, by which means he succeeded in entirely putting a stop to this desecration.

He exerted himself also to have the law enforced against keeping open the public houses and beer shops during the time of divine service.

He took pains to prevent the children from playing about the roads and fields on the Sunday, and to secure the orderly behaviour of the Sunday scholars in going to and returning from the Sunday schools. There were at one period six hundred children in the different schools in the parish of Madeley.

The class meetings consisted of six; one for women, conducted by Mrs. Mortimer, and the other five by Mr. M. Once a quarter, the six classes met at one place. Mr. Mortimer's object in having these class

meetings, though he evidently considered them as auxiliary to the public ordinances of religion, was to prevent the serious members of his congregation from joining the Methodists, which he had constantly found to be the case at Wellington.

The following token of affectionate esteem was, no doubt, very acceptable to the feelings of Mr. Mortimer, not so much from the worth of it, as from the motive which gave rise to it—a motive at once honourable to the hearts of the donors and to the character of the receiver. This token was a handsome octavo Bible, bound in morocco, inscribed on one side,

“To the Rev. George Mortimer, M.A.

A Token of Christian Regard

From the Male Class, meeting under his care at Lincoln-hill,
1817.”

And on the other side,

“With a sincere desire that the rich promises contained herein may be his consolation through life, and his support in death.”

The following anecdote may, perhaps, be more suitably introduced here than elsewhere, because, in all probability, it was during his residence at Madeley that the fact recorded took place, though it was not related to his daughter, who communicated it to me, before the winter of 1842—3, during a sleigh-drive with her father, while descending a hill, which was in a dangerous state, owing to its slipperiness and to there being no barrier on the one side which was the edge of a precipice.

“K—— and I (and perhaps a third person, but I am not sure about that) were travelling from Wellington to Madeley in a post chaise. When we were about to descend a precipitous hill, something seemed to say to me, ‘Pray, you are in danger.’ I resisted

the impression, and said to myself, it is all nonsense; I will not give way to superstitious fears. Again the warning was impressed on my mind, and I then paused and lifted up my heart in prayer to God. I had no sooner done so, than I heard the postillion contending with his horses, which were plunging into the hedge on one side of the road; then they dashed to the other side, and it appeared as though we should have been precipitated over the side of the hill; but we reached the bottom in safety. I then said to K——, ‘I will tell you what has been passing in my mind,’ and related to him all the circumstances. K—— then told me, that just at the same time, as he supposed from my description of the spot, the same thing was suggested to his mind, and that at first he repelled the suggestion, but afterwards yielded to it; but that he had not the honesty to confess the circumstance till I had done so. I know K—— well, and feel perfectly assured that he would tell me nothing but the truth; and from the remarkable circumstance of the suggestion being made to the minds of both of us, I cannot, but believe it was an intimation from above of our danger and of the necessity of prayer. For, although his angels are always at hand to succour us in danger, yet God has been pleased to make prayer a necessary means for obtaining their aid. When I am in my grave, tell this for the benefit of others as an encouragement to prayer.”

My dear young friend and god-daughter adds, “I was very much impressed by the charge with which my dear father concluded, and, that I might be the better able to fulfil it, I wrote down the whole relation when I returned home, of which the above is a copy.”

I very gladly comply with a hope expressed by Mr. Mortimer’s eldest daughter that I will insert in the memoir of her dear father, a letter addressed to

her by him when she was about ten years of age ; and, as it was written during his residence at Madeley, I insert it here before we take leave of that place :—

“ We returned to Madeley on the evening of last Thursday week ; and I am thankful to state that we have all of us received considerable benefit from our journey. Your brothers and sisters seemed to enjoy themselves exceedingly. The latter part of the time we were joined by your uncle, who spent about eight days with us ; and having hired a car for that time capable of holding eight or nine persons, we were enabled to see all that was worth seeing in the neighbourhood. We often wished that you and C—— had been with us in our excursions ; but more particularly while we were going over the castle of Aberconway, for it struck us as conveying one of the most perfect ideas of both the extent and uses of a castle of any we could recollect to have seen. The town also is surrounded by a strong and turretted wall, and gives a good notion of a walled city, such as we read of as connected with former times.

“ We greatly prefer Glan y don to Barmouth. It is about six miles from Abergeley, in Denbighshire, North Wales. It is situated in a delightful recess termed Llandrillo Bay, and the scenery all around is picturesque in the extreme. Such a pleasing combination of the sublime and beautiful I have seldom seen. The sea-shore, however, after all, presented us with the chief attractions. I collected and fixed the names of many of our English shells, and that also in a state far more perfect than before. I began also a collection of marine plants. These I shall have pleasure in showing to you when you return home. You will be surprised, perhaps, when I tell you that they amount to upwards of sixty different sorts, and these are exceedingly few in comparison of those I should have met with had we been there a longer time, or had we waited for the equinoctial

winds, which, perhaps you know, bring the greatest quantity of marine substances to the shore, tearing them from the rocks to which they adhere and grow.

“A—— begins to learn the names of a few of the more common shells, and was much pleased with making an incipient collection. He has purchased some plain cards, and, after dividing them by pencil marks into regular departments, he pasted his specimens upon them; and I think you will say, they look tolerably well.

“Your aunt —— stopped with us about a fortnight after you left us, and I accompanied her up to London. The only coach, which we could with any convenience go by, was principally occupied by nine convicts, who were being conveyed from Shrewsbury to London, previous to transportation; and, during the night, two of them were in the coach with your aunt and myself. These were two of the most noted pick-pockets belonging to a Shrewsbury gang, and, as you will readily suppose, we were not at first much disposed to relish their company. But, as they were ironed and exceedingly well-behaved, we soon got reconciled to them, and were not a little interested in the observation of this novel description of character. It presented, however, a melancholy admixture of ingenuity and depravity.

“You will be sorry to hear that during our absence at the sea, poor Mr. P—— died. He dropped down suddenly while standing in the rope-walk, and never spoke afterwards. He was advanced in years and his death was expected; but still, in such an uncertain world as this, who can be secure? May we all be fully prepared when our summons shall arrive.

“You inquire concerning H. He began his letters while we were at Glan y don; but I cannot say any great things as to his proficiency. Within these few days we have permitted him to dine at our table, and he has behaved so very well that we intend he should

continue to do so for the future. L. and P., for nearly a month past, have been introduced to our morning family prayer, and I am happy to state that they conduct themselves with much propriety."

After spending about eighteen months at Yardley, near Birmingham, exchanging duties with the vicar of that parish, Mr. Mortimer finally left Madeley and removed to Clifton, August 30, 1826; but the situation not being in accordance with his retired habits, he took a house at Horfield, whither he removed on the 10th of October of the same year. From this place was written the letter of which the following is an extract, bearing date, January 17, 1827.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG, BUENOS AYRES.

FROM my brother, who joined us here the day after the arrival of your letter, I was rejoiced to find that Mrs. Armstrong and your family had arrived in safety; for though your frequent voyages must have familiarized *you* in some degree to danger, yet *we* who encounter nothing beyond the minor and comparatively trivial perils by land, feel a something approaching to *wondering* gratitude at your seemingly hairbreadth escapes. But possibly I misjudge my endeared friend. The observation which he has thus had "of the works of the Lord and of his wonders in the deep" has called forth his augmented tribute of praise. And I trust that being once more surrounded by his dear family, his comforts will thicken around him, and his sun of prosperity will become brighter and brighter, and that, if consistent with the divine will, it may set again no more.

By the commencement of my letter, you will perceive that *I* have been wandering as well as yourself; and, considering the difference of our locomotive

powers, I am almost disposed to regard my own movements as the most astonishing. Madeley I have entirely given up, and left in the hands of my dear friend Cooper, than whom, I know not any one more suited to the place. He is, I find, very acceptable. I can say but little at present of myself: for my *first* object in settling here was the health of myself and family, which has already, I am thankful to say, been considerably improved. And now I am waiting for the first eligible employment which shall present itself in Bristol, that my renewed health and strength may be devoted to the glory of Him who has mercifully restored them, and to the benefit, I trust, of those around me. But though I have not as yet any settled employment, I am almost constantly engaged twice on the Sabbath, and, were I not resolutely to refuse, I should frequently be requested to take a third service.

TO THE SAME.

Horfield, near Bristol, May 23, 1827.

My much-endear'd Friend,
FOR with these appellations I must address you, though the long intervals which I suffer to transpire between my addresses may perhaps induce the suspicion that they are not the legitimate expressions of the heart. But as this is the general, not to say the universal, character of my correspondence, and as you must, by this time, have had sufficient opportunities of discovering my weak points, I will comfort myself with the hope, that though you find me tardy, yet that you will not regard me as insincere.

Your letter of the 18th of August last was conveyed, I presume, through some private hand, and did not reach me till some months after its date. It

contained, as you will perhaps recollect, the painful accounts of the bereavements which you have lately been called to endure, in the loss of your two most beloved daughters; and to one of your disposition and habits—one so affectionate, and domestic, and in every sense paternal—the dispensation must have been one of no ordinary suffering; and yet so sweetly do the feelings of the true Christian combine with those of the sorrowing parent, that I almost envy you the power which you so blessedly possess; an attainment to which I look up, when I consider it in reference to yourself, with admiring gratitude; but which, when I advert to, in contrast to my own imperfect and limited experience, humbles me in the dust. Hitherto, indeed, I have had but little affliction in my family; yet that little has not been borne with that meek and patient submission—with that deadness to the world and that detachment from the creature—which ought to characterize the child of God. But if I so readily faint in the day of comparatively minor sorrows, how can I be expected to stand in the day of increased and lengthened suffering—the *evil* day, asked for by Satanic malignity, and rendered but too necessary in order to bring before me the latent evils of my own unsanctified heart? Still, however, the divine panoply has been mercifully provided; and what should hinder me from becoming strong in the Lord and in the power of his might? I will therefore hope in his mercy. I will expect, that should sufferings await me, such as those with which my endeared friend has been visited, I may still be enabled to glorify my God in the day of my visitations; and then all will be well. For sanctified sorrow not only loses all its pungent and corrosive, and deadly qualities, and thus leaves our neutralized minds in the possession of calm and settled peace; but it has reference also to that happy and eternal state above, where all our light and

momentary afflictions shall be succeeded by that inconceivable weight of glory which shall suffer neither diminution nor end.

Mr. Mortimer's next engagement in the duties of his sacred office, was at St. Mary le Port, Bristol, first undertaken temporarily during the serious illness of the regular minister, the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, which lasted for some months, and afterwards sharing the services with him for a year, before his going to the curacy of Hutton. He entered upon this duty for the first time, on Sunday, December 10, 1826, and continued in the discharge of it until the end of September, 1828. In this sphere he seems to have laboured with peculiar pleasure, acceptance, and usefulness; his talents as a preacher appear to have been better appreciated, and his services more valued, than in any other situation that he filled either before or afterwards; and, speaking after human judgment, I cannot help regretting that ever he felt it to be his duty to leave a field of so much promise, and one which he was so well calculated to improve and cultivate; and, if I do not greatly mistake, his own mind was not entirely free from feelings of regret on this subject. Of his adaptation to the place and of the benefits resulting from his ministry there, he was not himself insensible. He thus writes to his sister, Mrs. Holland, August 5, 1828 :—

“In my ministerial duties it has pleased the Lord to give me a degree of acceptance among my present charge which I was never favoured with before. At Madeley, indeed, the attendance was good, and as much of interest was kept up and spiritual benefit conveyed, as kept my naturally anxious and misgiving mind from quite sinking; but in Bristol it has been far otherwise. The attendance at church has greatly increased; the affection of the people seems to be given me in an unusual degree; and I do hope the blessing

of the Lord keeps bringing home the word with power to their hearts."

He makes reference also to his labours at St. Mary le Port, in a letter to the Rev. John Cooper, in terms which sufficiently indicate his own feelings and sentiments, and which are plainly expressive of his own judgment upon a comparative view of his services at Bristol with those performed elsewhere.

Hutton, near Cross, Somersetshire, Feb. 4, 1829.

My much-endear'd Friend,

I AM quite ready to acknowledge my faults ; and lest, through forgetfulness, I should in a similar manner offend in this instance also, I am determined to despatch my communication at once. You kindly allude to gratification received from this source in time past. Such hints coming even from an indifferent quarter, always frighten me ; they make me fancy that something will of course be expected for the future ; and knowing so fully the mere business-like strain in which I am generally accustomed to write, and my want of spirituality when I touch upon serious subjects, I have such a shrinking, not to say horror and dread of letters of mere friendship, that while intending to pay my just and lawful debts in this department, I keep insensibly postponing their discharge, till I fancy my answers would be out of date, and would fain sit down with a quiet and contented mind. Creditors, however, are those merciless kind of beings that it is no easy matter to escape out of their hands, and ever and anon some upbraiding or threatening communication appears in due form before me. Not, however, that I could be so wanting in urbane feelings, as to speak in such terms of Madeley despatches ; they are, of course, the merest and most gentle of all mementos—all lapses of time are so graciously

overlooked, and the most unblushing halts on the part of the most notorious offender are rather implied than expressed. You will therefore be kindly pleased to accept my most humble and grateful acknowledgments for such unmerited mercy; and hoping for ever to profit by such benignity, I now beg leave to conclude my lengthened exordium.

As you appear to have seen my good friend Y——, you have no doubt heard from him most of the particulars connected with my recent change. I do, indeed, most fully believe, that I am in the spot to which I have been most evidently directed of the Lord; and in respect to outward comfort and suitableness of employment, I suppose I should hardly find another situation equally eligible; *but, after all, I cannot help regretting the termination of my Maryle Port engagements.* Much kindness have I received in various forms from my Madeley people—much also, and most strongly expressed, from my temporary charge at Yardley; *but I never seemed to live so fully in the hearts of any of my people as those, from whom unavoidable circumstances have so recently separated me.* I am persuaded, however, that all is right both for me and for them; and if developing circumstances should not reveal this to the eye of sense, yet that faith which brings its luminous atmosphere around the results of cautious procedure and humble dependence will cheer the mind with its present assurance, till it shall conduct us to that world where, without the least shadow of a misgiving, we shall acknowledge that our guiding and gracious Saviour “hath done all things well.” My outward path has indeed, for some time past, been in many respects somewhat mysterious and painfully perplexing; but such are frequently the movements even of those who not only have the cloudy pillar to guide them, but who also are careful to follow its guidance. And, even allowing that

ourselves have not thus followed with this undeviating step, still we have the privilege of penitent return; and, from whatever point we may retrace our wandering step, we see the same heavenly guidance before us, waiting to conduct us onward in the unerring way.

I feel much obliged for your interesting allusion to Madeley procedures; your dispensary, infant-school, and clerical meeting, have all of them, not only the approval of my judgment, but of my heart. . . . And therefore I do, in all respects, most sincerely rejoice that the kind and gratifying permission of which you speak was ever given to me. My fear, however, is, lest you should be doing too much, encouraged by that *half*-untrue and sadly delusive maxim, "Better to wear away than to rust away." I would rather have you patronise that far more prudential substitute suggested by the biographer of Leigh Richmond, "I labour less that I may labour longer."

I do indeed most sincerely rejoice with you in the blessed testimony afforded to you by your endeared and dying sister, to the faithfulness of our gracious and Omnipotent Redeemer. How few are the families where the leavening influence of true religion has been more extensively or more blessedly experienced!

We had not heard of the arrival of our Ceylon friends till your last reached us. Most truly rejoiced shall we be to be permitted to meet them; but the notorious offender has some draw-back to his anticipated pleasure—a four or five years' *halt* keeps haunting his perturbed mind. Nor let your gifted men of punctuality smile, as they read these compunctious movements—these reiterated confessions,—lest our insulted spirits spring from beneath the ignominious tread, and, elate with all the consciousness of our newly acquired powers, hold ourselves in readiness to repel the charge and to retaliate the affront.

You have heard, I suppose, of my having taken three pupils to instruct with my own children ; my time, as you can readily imagine, is far from sluggishly employed ; my health, however, is, and has been for some time past, through God's blessing, unusually good. Within the last three weeks, I have been a little threatened with a return of Madeley feelings, but this has been through attempting too much.

Our united and very kindest love attends Mrs. C. yourself, and family, and

I remain, my dear Friend,

Yours, ever affectionately,

G. MORTIMER.

The next step in the life of my endeared friend, which comes under our notice, is one which filled all his friends with surprise—one which they could not contemplate without much concern—one, the expediency of which, they could none of them fully perceive—one, indeed, which they could not but consider as uncalled for and unnecessary. I refer to his leaving England, and proceeding with his family to settle in Canada. At an earlier period of his life he appears to have been animated with a pure and holy zeal for the cause of missions to the heathen, and would, if his way had been open, most gladly have entered upon that self-denying service. But now he was not stimulated by such a motive ; indeed, he can hardly be said to have made even ministerial duties his chief object : it was not to seek a new fortune in the vineyard of Christ, but to improve his worldly fortune for the temporal benefit of his children. I do not presume to censure Mr. Mortimer for this step, though I agree with many of his friends in considering it a very questionable measure. He was not like a man in needy circumstances ; Providence had supplied him with a very comfortable

independent income ; one perfectly adequate to provide for all the reasonable wants of his family, and to enable him to place out his children in suitable situations, as they grew up ; much more so, if I do not greatly mistake, and with much greater satisfaction, too, than he has been able to do in Canada. Where the object is the cause of God, I should be among the first to recommend a man to leave his home, his friends, and his country, and go to the very ends of the earth, if called to such a service ; and I see no reason why men of business, if their disposition lead to it, though they possess even good properties, should not expatriate themselves for the purpose of commerce, or the increase of their fortune ; but I hesitate as to granting the same liberty to the minister of Jesus Christ, especially where it has pleased his heavenly Father to furnish him with the necessary supplies of life in a tolerably competent measure. It is clearly the duty of a clergyman, as it is that of a layman, to make such provision for his family, in the event of his removal from them, as his circumstances will permit ; but to make this the first object of consideration in determining upon an important movement in life—in leaving one's own country and settling in another—does seem to me not very warrantable. Upon these considerations, I cannot, I confess, perfectly concur with my late beloved friend in the measure under contemplation. No doubt he was fully satisfied in his own mind of the propriety of the step on which he had determined, and that the accomplishment of it was in accordance with the path of duty and the order of Providence.

But let Mr. Mortimer speak for himself. Four, out of the five following letters, touch more or less upon the subject, and explain his views of the measure and of the desirableness of it. In the dark view taken in some of these letters of the prospects of

his native country, the writer of them by no means stood alone; and though commerce seems to have recovered itself, and the prosperity of the nation has assumed a more promising aspect, yet the encouragement given to Popery by the State on the one hand, and the movement in the church towards the increase of its ranks, and the augmentation of its influence on the other; the unmanageable state of pauperism, and the ungovernable, and, I fear, to any considerable extent, the unimprovable condition of the peasantry and the poor of our great cities, cannot be contemplated by the Christian patriot without fear, alarm, and consternation. We are evidently in the state of a volcano, and everything seems to indicate a no very distant eruption, which may rase the foundations of the Church and State, and scatter misery and wretchedness, rapine and bloodshed, murder and destruction, over the face of the land. The elements of some general convulsion are preparing with a rapid progress; and awful, it is to be feared, will be the catastrophe, if, by timely repentance, the blow which threatens us, and which undoubtedly we deserve, be not averted.*

* "Unquestionably our aristocratical manners and habits have made us and the poor two distinct and unsympathising bodies; and, from want of sympathy, I fear the transition to enmity is but too easy when distress embitters the feelings, and the sight of others in luxury makes that distress still more intolerable. This is the plague-spot to my mind in our whole state of society, which must be removed, or the whole must perish. And under God it is for the clergy to come forward boldly, and begin to combat it. If you read Isaiah iii., v., and xxxii.; Jeremiah v., xxii., and xxx.; Amos iv.; Habakkuk ii.; and the Epistle of St. James, written to the same people a little before the second destruction of Jerusalem, you will be struck, I think, with the close resemblance of our own state to that of the Jews."—*Dr. Arnold's Letters*, vol. i. p. 286.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Hutton, near Cross, Somersetshire,
Nov. 1830.

My dear Armstrong,

I do indeed feel myself much obliged to you for kindly breaking through the impediments which my lengthened silence put in the way of our renewed intercourse. I often reproached myself for not writing; and yet there seemed such an awkwardness in recommencing, that I fear I should never have had courage to combat with it. But your truly welcome letter has opened my way, and I most gladly avail myself of the unexpected facility. But before I proceed to other matters, I ought to assure you that yours is not any personal or any peculiar or isolated case. All my friends, and even relatives, are successively neglected; and if it were not that so many of them are touched with a similar feeling of kindness with yourself, and ever and anon renew the needful impulse, I should soon be forsaken by them all, and find myself, what I so richly deserve, "a desolate old man."

All your topics of communication cheer me. I truly rejoice with you in the erection of the church. It was a noble emprise, characteristic of my endeared friend, and peculiarly owned and blessed of his God; of its extent of good, eternity will alone unfold. Your account also of your dear children was read by me with much interest, and with real gratitude. How faithful is God. In the spirit of the Levite you have thrown up your inheritance among your brethren. And some of us, not sufficiently aware of the nature or extent of your faith, and but little called to tread in similar paths, were inwardly dreading some disastrous shock. But the whirlwind, the earthquake, and the fire, were only the creatures of our own

imagination ; while all that is real is " the still small voice " of our God, proclaiming, as is usual with him, to those who can trust him, his goodness, and his love. May the same goodness attend all the other branches of your dear family. And may you and your beloved wife be long spared to them, to the church, and the world.

I know your friendly feeling would prompt you to enquire respecting our several movements. But where shall I begin? All is and all has been well with us ; and yet much has been transpiring which we little anticipated. The calls of our family have induced struggling and self-denial. My curate could not be retained. The tutor for my children, when he left for college, has not been replaced. First, his duties devolved on me ; then the extra care of three pupils. Removing, too, has been attended with loss. And various other matters have all been tending toward the same point. But still I would reiterate the declaration—all is and has been well with us. To some spirits, struggling and difficulty is absolutely necessary. Like stagnant waters, they must be shaken, or they will acquire the evils consequent on inactivity.

I have for some years past been endeavouring to feel my way as to a settlement in one of our colonies ; having little expectation of being able to settle my children at all advantageously in England. All I wished for was something in the shape of ministerial duty, without much regard to the emolument, but as a kind of satisfaction that I was not going out of the way of usefulness. But my inquiries were fruitless. Indeed my friends were not over anxious about my success. They mostly inclined to my remaining in England ; and therefore did not, I believe, at all exert themselves. Now I begin to fancy that I am getting too old for such an experiment. Though possibly should anything desirable present itself, I

should not wonder at my old feelings reviving. But I should not now be tempted, I think, with anything short of a chaplaincy ; and these are so far from being come-at-able, that I consider my emigrating schemes as at an end. My views, however, with regard to my own country are still the same. I was never a national croaker ; and have, I think, always been disposed to look at the bright side. Still I can anticipate nothing but rapidly increasing distress, and not very far distant ruin. And this has almost invariably been the case with great commercial nations. The influx of extraneous wealth, producing such increase of population, and such extent of luxury, and when these arrive at a certain point, other countries, other markets, successfully compete, and eventually surpass. At one of these points we are already arrived, and the retrograde impulse is beginning to be most painfully felt. All classes, indeed, are much suffering at present ; and had it not pleased God to have given us a popular king and a most plenteous harvest, it is most generally believed that a revolution would ere this have taken place. Many, I know, are still dreading it. A letter which I received but a few days since from a General, a father of one of my pupils, is strongly expressive of the feelings which still prevail in the metropolis. To add to other causes of apprehension, we have just received the account of the resignation of the Wellington ministry. All is indeed perplexity. But still the Lord Omnipotent reigneth ; all is in his hands. And possibly what we are dreading is only the small cloud of needless apprehension, which will either soon blow over, or only discharge itself in unexpected and undeserved mercies. But why should I allude to public events ; for, with letters from your friends, you receive, no doubt, a budget of the public papers, which bring all these matters before you in all their diversified aspects and bearings.

As to my ministerial employments, I feel on the whole comfortably engaged. My sphere is but small; and my success not very apparent; and yet circumstances seem to require my continuance; nor does any moving of the cloud point out any other place. I therefore go labouring on; and should it please God to fix me eventually in some other situation, I shall find all the benefit from my past exertion; for I make a point of preparing one new sermon every week.

Mrs. G. M. unites with me in very kindest remembrance to yourself and dear Mrs. A.

And I remain, my much endeared Friend,

Yours, ever sincerely,

G. M.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Hutton, January, 1831.

My dear Friend,

I AM much obliged by your kind and prompt communication respecting the removal of poor Mr. Burton, your vicar. I am afraid it will prove the precursor of many difficulties, both with regard to yourself and beloved Madeley. We must look, however, beyond these probable perplexities with that steady eye of faith on the promises and perfections of our ever faithful God, which shall enable us not only eventually, but at each successive movement, to feel the grateful persuasion that all is well. I hear from Mrs. D. W——, that Mr. B—— gives her some encouragement to hope that your continuance there is more than probable. Should any aid be required under such an arrangement, I shall be happy to continue the £10 yearly which I have already devoted to this object, and I beg you will not feel the least scruple in the transfer.

I have been, with much contrivance, plotting an arrangement for you in conjunction with myself and Mr. H——, but one or two matters would not, I fear, fall in with your wishes, and therefore I have let this slip. I have written however to a dear friend to be on the look out for you, and shall try to call in other aid, as well as keep an observant eye myself. I feel persuaded that mercy is still in reserve for my much endeared friend. Mrs. M—— unites with me in very kindest regards to yourself, Mrs. C——, and your family, and

I remain,

Yours, ever affectionately,

G. MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Hutton, Aug. 9, 1831.

My dear Friend,

I DID, indeed, intimate to Miss P. my intention to write to you at an early opportunity, and I am quite ashamed and sorry that I should have delayed doing this so long. Your very kind and most interesting letter, received a few days since, has not only opened my eyes, but warmed my heart; and, even were I disposed any longer to postpone, I should find it somewhat difficult to do it.

I do, indeed, most sincerely rejoice with you in all the goodness and mercy which have attended you during your residence in Madeley.

You kindly and delicately suppose that the incipient attentions showed you, on your first going there, were in some measure from their kindly feelings towards myself. Possibly, the glowing descriptions of a friend might have prepared the minds of many for

expectation, and have procured for you the more than ordinary courtesies of introduction. But such expectations would have terminated in all the vexation of contrast, had there not been that suitableness in my dear friend which I had supposed, and which the parishioners were in no way backward to discover. It is with much gratitude to our God and Saviour that I look back on the whole of the past transaction: the circumstances which seemed indispensably to require my own separation from the dear people of Madeley; their hopelessness respecting a suitable successor; your willingness to accept the charge; the kind vicar's willing consent; and the long interval of reciprocal endearment which has since been experienced—one so cordial, and so thorough * * * and, surely, that most munificent and touching act of their kindly feeling and high respect which they showed you on your departure, is no small proof of the accuracy of my supposition.

“Hitherto hath the Lord helped me,” may be the encouraging motto of my friend. And greatly will it rejoice me to hear that in his new, and yet more extensive sphere of labour, the same distinguishing mercy from on high attends him: you go accompanied with many prayers, and encouraged with many a cheering recollection of the past; and, what is more comforting, I will freely acknowledge, to my own mind, you go onward with a humble sense of your own nothingness; surprised at the results of mercy which you see; pausing, not in self-congratulation, but in lowly gratitude, to survey and express them.

* * * * *

The account which you give of the new vicar is very encouraging, and answers, in all respects, to the other testimonies which have reached me.

The times seem peculiarly perilous, both politically and ecclesiastically; though I was never given to

"croak," yet I cannot but feel that we are on the eve of danger. God only can avert it, and in Him is my hope; but *out* of Him everything seems gloomy and foreboding. Could my dear wife see and feel with myself, I think it probable, that I should make some effort to escape from all this stormy wind and tempest, to some one or other of our colonial shores, and there endeavour to establish my family under more auspicious promises than those afforded by our native land: for the mercantile day of England has long been declining, and with our increasing population no very cheering prospects can be cherished.* My way, however, is not yet clear; and till my path is opened, I feel no desire to proceed. With your own large family, thoughts of the future will no doubt, at times, be attempting anxiously to intrude. But I know full well the accustomed sobriety of your mind, and can easily imagine how quietly and peacefully you leave these bewildering anticipations with Him who has encouraged us to cast all our care upon Himself. In this, as in other respects, may I ever be endeavouring to follow you.

We are truly glad to hear of Mrs. C.'s amended health, and of the comfort which you have in your residence and situation. It seems, indeed, in all respects, the very place for you, and long may you and your beloved wife be spared to

* At the date of this letter, the public mind was much agitated by the question of Parliamentary Reform, and an alarming spirit of lawlessness prevailed in many parts of the kingdom. In a few weeks after this was written, the city of Bristol was for about two days in the hands of a numerous mob; setting all authority at defiance, and committing the most fearful depredations, burnings, &c. These events, happening within a few miles of Mr. M.'s residence, would doubtless increase his forebodings as to his native land, and his desire to remove to a foreign scene of ministerial labour.

reside among them. Our united and very kind regards attend you both, and all the members of your dear family.

Believe me ever to remain,

Your very sincerely attached,

G. M.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Hutton, March 6, 1832.

My dear Friend,

I BELIEVE you are almost the only one to whom this peculiar and endearing appellation is considered by me as truly belonging, who has not as yet been made acquainted with my intended movements. Had it been at all practicable, I should have taken you in my way, in my late lengthened tour to Hull, Raithby, and London; but circumstances would not then admit this, and I cannot now indulge the hope. A similar tour, about eight years since, found you in Liverpool, and my residence in Shropshire; and then I was permitted to enjoy with you a few hours. But much as my spirit has always been refreshed with the pleasing and profitable intercourse with yourself, a few hours lately would have been particularly valued by me; for I know not whether such may ever again, in this world, be afforded me; my late tour having been a leave-taking visit previous to my finally leaving this country for Ohio.

I know not what your views may be on the subject of emigration, for I do not recollect to have touched upon it in any of our conversations. My own mind, however, has, for many years past, been directed towards it, and I have only been waiting for the most eligible opportunity of putting my plans into execution. My three sons go with me in the first

instance, and in a few months after, my dear wife and three daughters. Our mutual friend, the Rev. Josiah Pratt, has written to Bishops Chase and McIlvaine, about ministerial employment, and I expect to hear from them soon. But, I understand, there is a great want of Episcopalian ministers throughout the United States; they are, therefore, gladly welcomed, and handsomely supported, so that I have no grounds to fear in this respect. The climate also of the State, to which I am intending to proceed, is considered as very fine and healthy, and living is little more than one half of what it is even in country places here. In addition to these advantages, I hope, with God's blessing, to find remunerating employment, and suitable settlement for my children—a matter which has been long perplexing me, and of which there is certainly no prospect in this country. I had intended at first to have made an extensive purchase of uncultivated land, which, in the inland States, is selling for two or three dollars an acre; but this plan I have relinquished; for my ministerial avocations, and the settlement of my children, together with the enjoyment of suitable society, were hardly compatible with a situation surrounded by uncultivated districts. I am thinking of sailing from Liverpool, in preference to Bristol, as I hear that the accommodations are much superior, and the time of sailing more certain. Do you know any friend there to whom you could obligingly write yourself, or recommend to me to apply to, who would be so good as, first to make enquiries about the packets, and *finally bargain* for me? I wish to sail as soon as I can after Easter-day, April 22; and I want five cabin places, for myself, three sons, and a pupil, or protégé. During your residence in the vicinity of Liverpool you may, probably, have become acquainted with some persons now resident in America, to whom an introduction

might prove to me of considerable service. It is, indeed, held forth as the land of liberty, prosperity, and religion ; but there is no place in which we shall not find the need of friends ; and, especially, will they be valuable in a strange land. If, then, you could obligingly help me in this matter, I should feel much indebted to you. I am particularly desirous of getting my books exempted from duty, if I possibly could. I have diminished these, with many a shrinking feeling, to about one-third of their number ; but, even now, there are four hundred weight, and the duty is one shilling and three pence per pound, on *bound* volumes, the chief of which mine are. Books are, in fact, my implements of trade ; almost all of them either ministerial or scholastic ; and as the common artisan is permitted to take his tools, why should not the minister and tutor his ? Perhaps, the justness of this would be allowed on our arrival at New York, if I could be put in the way of obtaining it.

Strange and startling, perhaps, as my projected movements may seem to you on their announcement, I shall not venture to ask you whether revolving months or years may induce my Madeley successor to follow my steps. Unprepared, however, as he may be, at present, for such a scheme, even in imagination, it would be no matter of surprise to me, should he, ere long, be as fully persuaded as myself of its expediency. Beneficed clergymen, who have charges they cannot without much cost, either of feeling, or temporal sacrifice, detach themselves from, may see it their bounden duty to remain ; those, also, who have connexions which may help to settle their children in after life, or those who have only one or two children to provide for—these may still linger in their once prosperous, and ever endeared country ; but the unbeneficed—unpatronized heads of large families must, I fear, sooner or later

decamp. "Our hive" (as our mutual friend Mr. Pratt, observed to me) "is too full, and we must lead out our respective swarms." But may the God of providence and grace ever guide us, and, wherever we either go or remain, may He both "bless us, and make us a blessing." Our very kindest love attends yourself, dear Mrs. C., and your family, and I remain,

My dear Friend,

Yours, ever sincerely,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Hutton, June 6, 1832.

My endeared Friend,

I LEAVE Hutton to day for Bristol, and expect to go on board the brig *Active* for New York, to-morrow; and, as my only remaining means of communication, I take up my pen to bid you adieu. Had I sailed from Liverpool, as I was once intending, I should certainly have endeavoured to have spent a few hours with yourself and family; but the expenses of travelling and of conveying luggage so far across the country, together with the higher charges in the Liverpool vessels, obliged me to consult my purse rather than my feelings; and I am persuaded that my endeared friend will not be the first to censure me.

We are now proceeding to Upper Canada by the way of the United States; and though the climate is somewhat colder in winter, and hotter in summer, than our own, it is considered as very fine and healthy. To myself also it has this no small recommendation, that it is under British Government, and is principally inhabited by British settlers.

I have used all endeavours to procure ministerial

employment there, but as yet in vain. Our present leading men are too liberal to give support to any religious object; and the Canada company prefer the recommendations which arise from local knowledge and representations. But on this latter account, I still hope, that when I arrive there, I shall not be long before I hear of some situation or other in which I may be usefully employed. Some desirable introductions to residents have been kindly afforded me.

The want of religious instruction is almost the only drawback from the Canadas. In many instances persons are thirty or forty miles from a place of worship. This, however, is no small call on the superabundant labourers among ourselves; and I do expect, that ere long this call will be fully regarded.

And now my endeared friend, what shall I say as to all the comfort—the unmixed satisfaction—which, for so many years, I have been permitted to enjoy in our occasional intercourse? To our gracious and faithful Redeemer let us give all the praise! And may we ever be looking forward to the time, when the friendship of earth shall be followed by the blissful and never terminating enjoyments of heaven.

Mrs. G. M. begs to be united with me in kindest remembrances to yourself, Mrs. C., and family, and

I remain, my endeared Friend,

Yours, ever sincerely,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer and his three sons set sail on the 11th of June, 1832. He gave an account of his passage to America, of his reception in Canada, and of his first impressions and expectations there, in the following letters to Mrs. Mortimer.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Aug. 6, 200 miles from a Port.

JUNE 12th, Tuesday, 9 o'clock. Driven from the cabin by disposition to sickness, I write on deck on one of the hen coops. Last night all of us fell giddy and beginning to be squeamish—took the brandy in sips and all were immediately relieved.—Herbert also lost his head-ach. Our nightly abode was, I confess, an uninviting concern. When I lay down I seemed as though I should be suffocated and was obliged to rise up in haste, but soon got reconciled, and managed, at last, to get off and slept pretty well till five. The wind has been favourable ever since we sailed, the captain in good spirits, nothing could be better. At nine, yesterday evening, we cast anchor; the captain, in consequence of the haziness of the weather, being afraid of proceeding, lest, not being in open sea, he should run foul of land; we resumed operations, however, between two and three. The ship remaining stationary was the cause of the close and confined sensations which we had on getting into our berths at night; for when the vessel is in motion there is no want of fresh air and no feeling of oppression. I am again, my dearest Mary, on deck. I have just been humming over three or four times my favourite verse,

“ O may I ne’er forget,
The goodness of the Lord;
Nor ever want a tongue to spread,
His loudest praise abroad.”

Ah! we called upon him in our trouble, and he hath delivered us out of our distress: we could, therefore, “praise the Lord for his goodness and for his

wonderful works which he showeth to the children of men." I had scarcely finished writing the contents of the first side of my sheet, when the wind began to veer round, and blowing from the west with great violence, the ship heaved and rolled to such a degree, that the whole of the passengers, without exception, were taken so suddenly and so distressingly ill, that they were obliged to dash, as quickly as possible, to their beds—no time for undressing, and none, of course, for arranging our little alleviations and preventives against sickness. Our party were all differently affected, but all suffered much for about twelve hours. Arthur was quite unconscious of what he did—Cecil occasionally incoherent—Herbert very quiet, but at times greatly suffering. Indeed, I had serious thoughts, whether we should ever recover; but I lay musing, and praying, and casting the weight of my oppressed spirits on my covenant God in Christ Jesus, and soon had a most blessed state of peace.

Sunday, June 17, 12 noon. We have just had service on deck—an interesting scene, and seemingly not unacceptable to the auditors, who, in pleasing and attentive groups, were lying, or rather sitting, round me. We had three or four good singers. Hymn,

"God moves in a mysterious way."

Text, Gen. xii. 1. The deck presents quite a Sabbath scene, most of the men either reading or quietly sitting. God openly honoured. Wind greatly against us, out nearly a week and only 200 or 300 miles from land; but I have no restlessness, indeed scarcely a wish; peace more than usual. On deck we fared but badly, the spray besprinkled most in their turn. One wave, more unmannerly than the rest, drenched the mate, soaked the captain, and soused myself and Cecil and Herbert. We shook ourselves as well as we could, and sat quietly till we were dry. The mate says he has been thirty-one voyages and never knew

such rough weather at this season of the year. In the evening, all was calm and we ate in quietness, and with good appetite, a meat supper, followed by biscuit and cheese, and supported by our good bottled porter.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Brig *Active*, August 13, 1832.

THIS day week, I forwarded to you by the ship *Science*, Greenock, three letters, written at different times during our voyage. After reading my third it seemed so vapid and uninteresting that I determined to discontinue my journal, and, of course, my extracts from it; for, though many things seem interesting to us in our isolated and pent-up situation, yet, when soberly reviewed, they amount to a mere nothing. As, however, we are now approaching the shore, I am desirous of having a letter nearly finished that I may forward it as soon as possible after our arrival, should it please God to permit us to reach the much longed-for shore. The last week has been one of much anxiety and perplexity to most of the passengers. The ship we spoke with told us we were out in our reckoning, and this communication proved but too true. We thought we were within 200 miles of land, but it then appeared we were distant between 500 and 600. Our provisions and our water had already begun to fail, and many on board had been reduced to very short allowance. Judge, then, of the feelings which prevailed when our actual distance was ascertained. The *Science*, indeed, spared us half a barrel of flour, but what was this for our increasing necessities? The privations, therefore, have daily become greater, and, to such a degree has murmuring and dissatisfaction prevailed, that a mutiny by many is daily expected. The Lord, however, is in this, as in

everything else, the all-sufficient God, and he will still continue to protect and to bless us. And, indeed, since I last wrote to you, we have had many and most striking instances of his watchful and paternal care. On one occasion we were exposed to the most terrific storm of thunder and lightning, which we had ever witnessed, and its nearness was so great, that we appeared in immediate danger of being shattered to pieces. Upon the most accurate calculation, it was at one time only a quarter of a mile distant, and if it had actually passed over our vessel, loaded so extensively with iron, the consequences would, in all probability, have been fatal to us all. During the last week we fell in with the fog, and one of the West India Island hurricanes, terrific and awful beyond previous conception: it must be witnessed to be fully understood. Towards its close I ventured upon deck, and truly thankful was I to learn that no damage had been sustained, no mast shattered, not a single leak sprung. Some, indeed, attributed this to the tightness and excellence of our fine little vessel, overlooking the goodness and faithfulness of our God. Ah, how it grieves me to the heart to see the loving-kindness of our God so generally lavished upon us in vain! But the confinement of a ship calls into exercise almost every latent quality of the mind; the secrets of hearts are indeed most fully revealed, though the exhibition is by no means gratifying. In many respects, however, it is useful, and I feel very thankful for it as it regards our little party. Habits and dispositions have unfolded of which I had scarcely the least idea, but which discovery will materially influence me as to the steps which should be taken in reference to my future movements and the eventual disposal of my children. We are now, I believe, about 100 miles from land, and it is well that we are no more; for most of our comforts have failed us in the cabin, and we are brought under allowance as to

water, and they speak of this as to other provisions ; so that we manage, as you may suppose, but badly ; and were we to continue much longer in our present state, I fear that our health would materially and even permanently suffer. But we make the most of what remains, and keep cheering ourselves with the hope that it will not be for long : the wind, however, is far from favourable, and we proceed with great slowness. Nine weeks to-day have we been out at sea—I should rather say, since we set sail—and few calculated upon a longer time than five or six weeks ; so that it is not surprising many among us are beginning to suffer. But, as I mentioned, hope sustains us, and the God of love and mercy will, in his own good time, extricate us out of all our troubles.

Delaware River, August, 1832.

WE are at length, dearest Mary, through the good providence of God, brought about midway up the river on which the city of Philadelphia stands ; but, in consequence of the cholera still prevailing there, we shall be obliged to perform a short quarantine of two or three days in a place about twelve miles on this side of it, and after that we may possibly be detained, previous to our passing the Custom House, for a day or two longer. In less than a week, however, from the present time we are hoping to proceed to New York, and thence on our Canada journey. Like the great Apostle we should thank God and take courage. Many have been his tender mercies towards us, and I feel a calm and blessed power to resign all the future into his hands. We have just passed a most beautiful village (Newcastle), built completely in the English style ; but everything now is so fresh and novel that we view it with tenfold interest. We are all, thank God, in very good health,

and the cholera has considerably abated at New York. I should hope we are running no risk in proceeding in our intended line, and, indeed, no prudence would be any sufficient safeguard, for I hear that it has spread to very many of the surrounding places, and therefore there is no possibility of getting entirely out of its way; but that God, who directed our steps through the United States, will, I am confident, preserve us. I have been reading twice with great attention a small work of Dr. Granville, which has thrown great light upon my mind, both as to the origin, treatment, and prevention of the disease. It was given by Mr. Grant to Arthur, and I consider it quite providential that it was thrown in my way.

Philadelphia, August 22.

AND so, my Mary, through the mercy of my God, we are brought at length to the long-wished-for shore, and the thrilling feelings of pleasure which we experienced as we stepped once more on land were half delirious—it seemed scarcely a reality. In a short time, however, the delirium of joy subsided into a most delightful state of peaceful gratitude. We came here yesterday afternoon, and soon began to reconnoitre; passing from street to street in rapid succession, and for the first time since I left England I was thoroughly tired, but at the cost of my poor bleeding toes, which were so sore that I could hardly put on my shoes, but on they went, and a little after five I awoke our party to proceed on fresh adventures. The first exploit was in the captain's boat, which he kindly lent to us, and a fine rowing we had across the Delaware to a small island near the State of New Jersey, where three of the young people enjoyed a most delightful bath. On our return to breakfast such a scene of rapacity was exhibited as

would have astonished even an indulgent and ever apologetic mother. The captain had previously talked of a good blowing out, but now we experienced it. Your half-famished eldest son has, I think, taken precedence, but we were none of us far behind him, with such relish did we apply to the abundant and novel and delicious fare which was set before us.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

York, Upper Canada, Sept. 21, 1832.

NOTHING as yet has been determined respecting myself. The bishop was absent on a long tour of visitation, but I obtained a letter of introduction to Archdeacon Strachan, through Captain Fitzgibbon; and His Excellency the Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, having heard of my arrival, expressed a wish that I do wait upon him. Both he and the archdeacon behaved with great kindness, and mentioned places which they thought desirable; but I wait for the advice of the bishop, to whom I have written on the subject. I am disposed; however, to fix on Hamilton, a rising village near Ancaster, beautifully situated, and bidding fair to become the third town in the province, York and Kingston only taking precedence. No church, indeed, is as yet built—service is performed in the Court House—but one is fixed on. My salary will be £100 sterling, a rectory house, forty acres of cleared land, besides some—I forget the quantity—uncleared, and the sum I may obtain by letting the pews. The Governor and his lady are both truly pious. I dined with them on Tuesday and spent a most pleasant evening. The archdeacon is uncommonly friendly; our whole party took tea with him on Saturday evening, and I have called on him since.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Thornhill, near York, Oct. 8, 1832.

I do not wish to raise your expectations in any improper way, but I still think I ought in justice to say, that I think you will be tolerably pleased with the situation in which I have been led to settle. There is, indeed, no fixed salary, and perhaps nothing beyond £40 or £50—the sum given by the congregation—may be obtained by me. But the Bishop and Governor both expect that I shall receive from the clergy reserves £100 more, and, if so, this £150 will be very fair. As to the distance (only thirteen miles from York) it has a decided preference over Hutton, and the society is in my estimation far superior, and mostly English. The church is small, but the attendance good, far more than the Hutton average. They appear also quite pleased with my coming, as my predecessor, though a learned man and a great orientalist, had no aptness for parochial engagements. I forgot to mention that the spot and neighbourhood is considered most healthy. If the young folks are desirous of seeing their future location, they may look into a map of Canada, and they will see a road leading from York to Simcoe Lake, directly north; this is called, George Street Road, each side of which is cleared for the space of two or three fields. It is on this road that Thornhill is situated. I intimated in my last letter that I had some thoughts of building a house to be ready to receive you on your arrival, but you will be glad to hear, that I have entirely given up all idea of it; it never will do, at least for me, and therefore I have made my continuance here depend on the trustees of Thornhill Church, allowing me £40 or £50 per

annum, and their providing me at a moderate rate a house suitable for my family, some time before the 10th of June next, 1833, at which time, through God's blessing, I hope to see you all here. And surely he *will* preserve you ; not a box, or package, or anything has been lost, everything brought safe over the perilous ocean and the intervening space, and shall not the same faithful God of love preserve my Mary and all her accompanying charge ? I will, therefore, trust, and not be afraid.

I received a message from the Governor last night, in which he tells me, I may depend on having the £100 he mentioned to me. He is peculiarly kind and a great blessing to the province. The people seem very desirous of detaining me ; Messrs.—assure me that some house sufficiently large shall be provided.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Thornhill, near York, Nov. 4, 1832.

TO-DAY, dearest Mary, when I arose, I found the first snow lying on the ground, and, as the thermometer now indicates, that we are fast approaching our Canadian winter. I have staid at home to-day to get matters more fully in order, that I may meet it as pleasantly as I can. A few days previously I quitted my cold, smoky sitting room, and took up my quarters in my favourite bed room, removing into it my books, boxes, and in fact everything, except the chairs and one table, which I have left below to receive company when they shall honour me with their visits ; which, in spite of my bachelorship, and the non-attractions of my place, they feel themselves bound in courtesy to do. Think not, however, that I freeze my visitors, for I too well

remember the cold rooms into which I have been ushered myself, while in England. Mrs. Crosby, therefore, has received a strict charge to keep up a fire from ten to five, and when visitors are expected a semi-mountain of logs is added to the pile. My bed room has been greatly improved by nailing up three of the bedding wrappers (and which, for the purpose, I found a most invaluable treasure), against three of the windows, so as to exclude all the searching, piercing, cold winds and air, which, I hear, penetrates so bleakly when the winter fully sets in; for this aforesaid bed room of mine has no fewer than four windows; for the Canadians, not being taxed for their lights, think they can never have enough, and hence we are broiled in summer and frozen in winter, as the concomitants of our delectable liberty. I have now, therefore, as you will perceive, only one window remaining; but this is quite enough, and you would join me in my conclusion had you to-day seen the snow forcing its way by some unaccountable means through some imperceptible apertures, so as quite to wet some clothes which for a few minutes I had incautiously placed under the window. My removal to the bed room was the day before yesterday, and the two last nights were the only two in which I slept comfortably. I got an extra blanket that was of no perceptible benefit; a second counterpane was added to the weight of the superincumbent clothes, but not apparently to the warmth: I then slept in a pair of silk stockings; but these also, though the best of all my auxiliaries, were not adequate, and I was therefore obliged to put over these a pair of my worsted warm socks; but even then I had a chilly feeling towards morning. Since, however, I have been sitting constantly in my room, and have had a fire there, and a good one too, all the day long, lighted before I rise, and left burning with renewed logs when I go to rest: with all these helps

and adjuncts I do now exceedingly well, but what I shall do in the real winter I know not. Now the thermometer is not lower than 20° or 25° below freezing point in the night, but then it is frequently 10° or 12° below zero, and once last year it was 29° below it. Perhaps I shall have recourse to the Russian fashion, and sleep with the feather bed over me, or between the blankets, but even then, poor nosey and its neighbours will receive no benefit, and the gentlemen, I suppose, will complain of the injustice done to them, while all the other parts are so cozy, and they are left to bounce against the icy formations produced by the moisture from the breath; but, as little Herbert would say, we must breathe, and so poor nosey and company must take their chance. I think I have not, as yet, alluded to one of the chief Canadian annoyances, the amazing prevalence of the house fly. All places swarm with them, and the most respectable persons, who feel the annoyance greatly, quite despair of getting rid of them. In a few days, however, I effected a clearance, and afterwards only a comparatively few stragglers made their appearance, which were daily removed; and this must be done, if you would have any comfort. I took up a volume in boards at a lady's here, which had been lying on its side on the shelves, and when I touched it it was so rough with the abundance of their excrement, that I wondered what kind of ~~excrement~~ it was covered with, till I examined and discovered the cause of the evil. Gauze or muslin covers most of their things, but as to the mass of them, they are filthy beyond endurance; and then the creatures keep buzzing about you incessantly, and keep you in a continual fidget with their intolerable tickling. Then, again, they almost cover your plate while you are eating, and as to indulging in a siesta, that is impossible. If a loaf of bread is left uncovered a short space, its surface

binding

is so eaten as to appear quite grated ; and all other articles are laid by them under similar contribution, though it may not be quite so discernible. I guess that my Mary will be equally zealous with myself in attempting this clearance.

Mr. — has just been here ; he is one of the trustees of Thornhill Church. To him and his associates the Governor has this day made over 600 acres for the use and benefit of the minister out of the clergy reserves. These they will perhaps exchange for half the number of acres near the church, situated on the George Street Road, and when the exchange shall be effected, they will proceed with the house. You have heard about the long and still unsettled disputes about the Clergy Reserves. In Mr. Pitt's administration, a certain portion of the land was reserved for the clergy in each township ; but the Presbyterians of the Scotch Church and the other denominations have lately put in their claim, and since the litigation commenced, nothing has been done, no lands, in any case here, I believe, have been assigned. His Excellency wrote to Lord Goderich, and has just obtained from him permission to assign lands to such clergy as at present are just being fixed in their respective districts. Sir John is now acting upon this permission ; some lands belonging to the clergy reserves have been sold to form a fund, in hand, and out of this he builds the parsonage house. We are much indebted to the Governor, Sir John Colborne, for his perseverance, without which no adequate provision for ministers of our church could have been made, for none of our congregations would hear a word about contributions as long as there was a chance of the clergy reserves being obtained.

Oh, how glad I am, my Mary, we came here, instead of going to the United States, and that the good providence of God directed us to this country. Depend upon it, we shall never regret the step we

have taken, every day convinces me of its expediency, in every point of view. May the same God of love who brought us safe and directed us, as the pioneers of our little party, bless, preserve, and keep those that remain, and bring you through every perplexity and trial to this land of his peculiar smile.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Thornhill, Nov. 8, 1832.

I have for the last two or three weeks been expecting another letter from Locking, and supposing that it would contain various things which I should like to touch upon in reply; but, as the roads keep me at home for a day or two, I am unwilling to let this state of leisure pass by. Yesterday, I returned from York, having been conveyed there and back by the kindness of a lady in this place, the weather just held up for the time. Had we been a day later it would have been terrific work, but I live in hopes his Excellency the Governor will mend the great north road on which Thornhill stands. Sir John has commenced operations both in the town and neighbourhood of York, and his success there encourages hope in this, though the sum to be raised for the purpose is £20,000. My reception among the great in York was gratifying—the condescension and kindness of all parties quite surprises me. My abode was at the hospitable bishop's, who in this, as well as in all other respects, is a truly Christian bishop: he pressed me to lengthen my stay, and was almost hurt that I did not comply. His chaplain is a true Christian, and of very pleasing manners. When he found that Arthur was residing in York, he offered me his kind attentions on his behalf, and before I left he

mentioned him also to the bishop. I was much struck with the pious solemnity with which he put the licence for Thornhill into my hands; it seemed a real committal of souls to my charge, so different from the matter-of-course transactions which I had in all other instances witnessed. Sir John's party I joined in the evening, dinner six o'clock, not much in this respect to my liking; but everything else connected with the visit most agreeable. He has received permission from Lord Goodrich to proceed with the projected plans for settling the clergy, and he tells me he will make the commencing trial with myself. When it is more fully and definitely known to me, I will report to you; but what I gather at present is, that he will give me as incumbent 300 acres of land, forty of which shall be cleared at his expense, and a suitable house erected; and he thinks all can be done with ease for your reception, on or about the 10th of June. He does not promise me a salary, but, till this be accomplished, the bishop will try to give me at the rate of £100 per annum. He however cannot engage. The people promise me £50 per annum: they are very kind to me, and show me the greatest attention. The congregation increases, and though I am not forward to speak upon such subjects, I do feel that the situation is important, and the Lord has much work for me in this place. My heart also is in some measure in my work; I feel it blessed; its former anxieties and oppressiveness are astonishingly removed, and thus the Lord has at length granted unto me what I almost regarded as impossible; so that the anticipated wilderness has been made to smile and blossom as the rose—the peace and blessedness within having shed its transforming influence all around. I had often read the 45th of the Madeley Hymns in reference to the future, but I little thought how completely it

would be realized. The hymn begins with, "That man no guard or weapon needs," and the last three verses you will perhaps excuse my transcribing—

"His love possessing I am blest,
Secure whatever things may come;
Whether I go to east or west,
With him I shall be still at home.

If placed beneath the northern pole,
Though winter reigns with rigour there;
His gracious beams would cheer my soul
And make a spring throughout the year.

Or if the desert's sun-burnt soil
My lonely dwelling ere should prove,
His presence would support my toil,
Whose smile is life, whose name is love."

Many of the Irish Protestant clergy are coming out in the spring, with large quotas of their flocks, driven out as they are by the violence of those who refuse to pay the church tithes. I met one of this description the other evening at the bishop's, a warm-hearted and spiritually minded Irishman; his details were most affecting, but highly interesting, and I thought I could see a striking providence in their being thus compelled to flee at this present time to a country where they were so particularly needed, and where their own temporal comforts would be so materially increased. The good bishop quite rejoiced over his anticipated treasure.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Thornhill, January 18, 1833.

* * * The delight of a warm bed the Canadian can fully appreciate. The other morning

the thermometer stood 18° below zero, or 50° below freezing point, and during last night I conceive it must have been much lower: it is now near the middle of the day, and the glass is only 1° above zero, and yet, difficult as you may feel it to credit me, it seems to me a mere nothing. I can hardly imagine that I am in the midst of a Canadian winter, that horrible and terrible of previous anticipation: the fact is, that the severe weather only lasts for two or three days at a time, which is far different from a continuous season of four or five months, and though sharp and searching in itself, yet fire, clothing, and due attention, bring all to a common English temperature; and then the air is so cheering and bracing that you smile cheerily, rather than feel oppressively. But, in reality, I can hardly proceed in my description, not for want of words but of ink; for it not only freezes in the ink glass while on the table, but after I place it on the hearth and thaw it, the pen-full freezes while I am writing; so that I am obliged to stop ever and anon to thaw it in the pen, and yet with this acme of congelating miseries, I smile and laugh and go battling on; but all this sounds worse than it really is, so do not be alarmed.

ON EMIGRATION.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

I FEEL somewhat puzzled as to what I ought to say with regard to emigration. As to agriculture, employment can easily be procured in the upper province, and the wages are good; but the state of destitution in which some of the families arrive is very distressing, and keeps them back for a considerable time. I cannot recommend any family to come out unless they have £9 a head for each

individual. It happened to one young man who had paid £1. 15s. for his passage to Quebec, and yet with one and another charge he had only a few shillings left out of £12. At Kingston I heard of a family of emigrants whose baggage was sold by auction to enable them to find the money to proceed to the agricultural districts. If emigrants can proceed with their baggage, and a few shillings in their pockets, they soon feel thankful for their altered circumstances. As to the two men and their families, I must leave it to your decision, and to influence them as you judge best. If they come, it should be as early as possible: leave England in February and get to Quebec in March.

TO MRS. MORTIMER.

Thornhill, Jan. 18, 1833.

As to emigration I feel at a loss what to write. There is in fact hardly a man living but in some way or other may succeed in this fine country, and yet there is scarcely a man who may not fail and suffer disappointment, so that I dread recommending; but were I in the condition of nineteen out of twenty, I would make every effort to come out. Most have to rough it for about a year; few need do this much longer; that is, if thoughtful, prudent, and moral: their wilderness soon begins to smile, and comforts one after another crowd around them. I must turn to my log-book for something to say on this score. "Of all settlers the medical profession seems to have least encouragement; they are worse off than even ministers; for in this country the population is so scattered, and the roads so impracticable, that they slave and toil beyond all endurance for a scanty pittance, and finding so small a remuneration,

they are obliged to merge their professional engagements into those of the largely cultivated farm. Should they speculate on more extensive practice and larger returns in some of the towns there, so many have anticipated them, that they half starve before they can get into practice, and, after paying dear for their rashness, are compelled to return to the country, and to rough it like others in employments for which their previous habits have but little qualified them. Another evil is that all the three branches are here united, there not being a sufficient call to admit of a division; and then, again, we are all so healthy, excepting, indeed, the whiskey drinkers, who die by inches, but who have no peculiar *penchant* for bitter drugs; so that had it not been for the cholera, which so extensively visited us, I fear the medical gentlemen must have had no great cause to congratulate themselves on their speculations. The best description of settlers are young persons with or without families, married or single, who can command about £1000 in cash, and have about £80 or £100 per annum, on which they can regularly calculate. These can purchase a fair quantity of land in cultivated districts, where there is good society and English comforts; can build their house ample, commodious, and well-looking; and can realize from their farm what will enable them to live as gentlemen. I know two or three families of this description, in this neighbourhood, who have freely exhibited their finances before me, and they are just what I have noticed above. And if these do well, much more those whose income is larger. Such are the settlers we most need, for improvements follow so fast in their train. Capital and taste are in their case combined, and their respective neighbourhoods start into notice and comfort." As to young men of the more respectable order, they must be willing to go into trade, and in

this they have abundant encouragement, not so much in specific trade as in the keeping of stores, both wholesale and retail, and to such they give a salary for five or six years, and then either take them into partnership, or else set them up in some country store, furnishing them with goods on easy terms to begin with. Farming will not do for young men of this description, till they are of age to farm for themselves, and then they may begin, if they have a small capital to purchase land and stock it. They want very little of any previous training; the advice of some friend or neighbour on the spot is quite adequate, if he be of any tolerable capacity. As to settlers I can say little beyond what I have intimated before. With £10 or £12 a head, they need not hesitate a moment. The principal thing is raising sufficient money to bring them far enough into the country, and without this it is almost cruelty to to say a word to induce them to leave England.

To finish these remarks on emigration, from one who knew what it was from his own experience, I shall add one other short extract from a letter dated Feb. 21, 1835, addressed to Mrs. D. Whitmore:—

But with all this improvement in society and literature, the matter of emigration puzzles me more than ever. Produce is sadly falling; my wheat I sold last year for 4s. 3d. a bushel; the same sample would now fetch only 2s. 6d., and all other farming produce of course in the same ratio. Farmers, therefore, are crying out that they shall now be ruined. Stores also abound so greatly, that a very small profit can be obtained, where competition is so great. Fortunes, therefore, are not, as they once were, so easily procured; and most classes of emigrants are sadly disappointed. Those who come out with ample means will easily succeed; for living is so cheap,

and capital wanted, and amply remunerating interest in various ways obtained. But then, again, those who already have fortunes, or ample means, will mostly prefer the good old country, and well they may.

TO MISS E. FORD.

Lockport, State of New York,
May 1, 1833.

My dear Madam,

It was very unexpectedly but most joyously that I received your kind communication respecting the sailing of the *Bristol*,* and I lost no time in leaving Thornhill for New York. I am now on my way thither, and hope to find a few leisure intervals during my journey to fill my sheet, reserving merely a small space for a postscript, that I may communicate, should all be well, the tidings of the safe arrival of the endeared party: they have much occupied my thoughts of late, and, sometimes, with too much of anxious solicitude, for which I have as often felt reproved; for such has been God's mercy to us hitherto, that it is not merely infirmity, but positive sin to be distrustful of his faithfulness and love. I feel much indebted to you and Miss Ford, for your peculiar kindness to my dear Mary. I am never surcharged with feeling, I wish it were my habit; but still great kindness quite affects me, and as requital will be ever out of my power, I must look to the beneficent and faithful retributor above, and would give vent to the utterance of my heart in the language of the holy and grateful apostle, "The

* This vessel sailed from Bristol the 22nd April, 1833, bound to New York, having on board Mrs. Mortimer and her three daughters as passengers.

Lord grant that you may both find mercy of the Lord," and especially "in that day."

Your kind present of the newspapers, &c., will be very acceptable, and yet, perhaps you are hardly aware of the extent of either our political or literary information. We have two monthly magazines published in York, and three or four newspapers, and from New York we have two weekly newspapers, designed expressly for English readers—the *Albion* and the *Emigrant*, full of English news and English literature; so that in a month or six weeks, we have all the cream of the London and country news, as well as the best of the lighter articles from the British periodicals. The *Edinburgh* and *Quarterly Reviews* are reprinted at two-thirds of the English price; also the *Christian Observer*, and other standard and monthly and quarterly works. Messrs. Harper, also, in New York, reprint the best of the English works in the *Family Library*, at three and sixpence each, executed like Murray's, and their series amounts already to fifty-three volumes. Another series is furnished by Lee and Carey, at Philadelphia, and a third of a religious sort at Boston; so that in a few months, when I can spare a few pounds, I hope to be able to furnish my family with an extent of literature far beyond my capabilities in England. Among my own congregation we have also a book society, well supported and well supplied; we are, therefore, not a little chagrined when your boasting Englishers think of us as in a semi-barbaric land of literary destitution: for we not only feel ourselves a part of the great nation, but regard ourselves on nearly an equal footing as to the comforts and luxuries, while in many respects we feel that we have the most decided advantage, so we warn you not to treat us either politically or personally with scorn.

On the day I left York, government despatches had just arrived, which announced the dismissal of

our two Crown Officers, the Attorney and Solicitor General, owing, it is supposed, to too great freedom in debate in our House of Assembly—the ferment it excited was almost ludicrous—“*delenda est Carthago*” was emphatically pronounced. The Whig Ministry must be annihilated. The province, though hardly prepared for such a measure, must at once be severed—such despotism could not be endured. I acted, as I generally do on such occasions, as pacificator, and smilingly quoted the well known lines of old Dr. Byron, in the conclusion of his *Bedlamite*—

“ Kill your enemies’, kill a fool’s head of your own,
They’ll die of themselves, if you let them alone.”

It is whispered also that our excellent and deserving governor (Sir John Colborne) has not escaped censure; this I am truly grieved to hear, for his services cannot be too highly estimated, and our province is indebted to him beyond all expression. I fear, however, that his removal is not very remote; he is too pious, and too tame a politician, to give satisfaction to the administration at home; but my contracting limits oblige me hastily to conclude, and to assure yourself and Miss Ford how truly I remain,

Yours, gratefully,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

P.S. June 6, New York. Yesterday the dear party arrived all in health and safety. Never did I feel more truly thankful.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Rochester, State of New York,
May 2, 1833.

* * * * * Your
fame, my frater, has long ago reached this far distant
province, and I ought gratefully to acknowledge that

it has, in more instances than one, proved the passport to gracious and kindly reception. It was to this, I think, that my boys were principally indebted for the footing they obtained in Kingston, and many other little turning points of good are pleasingly associated in my mind with the high estimate and kind feeling, which has been cherished towards you as a minister, or an author. Once, indeed, it appeared rather the precursor of evil; for our good bishop, previous to my introduction, fancied that I was the *actual man*; the great Mr. Mortimer himself, the author, the distinguished preacher in London. And many a congratulation had he cherished within, to think that he had obtained so goodly a fish in his Canadian net. "Then you are not Mr. Mortimer from London, the author." "No, my lord, his brother." "Oh, only his brother!" was the consolatory adjunct; and the dismayed little man was left in his own littleness, unpatronized, unbefriended, to make his own way; and to this day is, in all probability, reaping the bitter fruits of the unhappy prepossession; for, though his self-complacency keeps him from concluding, that his diocesan regards him as a mere blank, yet he cannot but be aware that the rich prize still remains in the wheel, and which he had fondly imagined had been proclaimed as his very own.

My ministerial matters, however, notwithstanding this inauspicious commencement, are pleasingly progressive. My salary has been fixed by our good governor at £100 per annum; £20, or £25, I obtain from the rental of pews; a house is provided for me by my congregation, free of expense; and I have a promise of some good glebe land, which, in a few years, will be of considerable value. My people are kind; ministrations seemingly acceptable; church and expositions well attended; temporal matters encouraging;

living cheap ; and two tolerably advantageous purchases secured for the children ; so that the good hand of the Lord appears to be resting upon me. Indeed, never for a moment, that I recollect, have I repented of my step since I have been here. Once or twice, during our voyage, "when no small tempest lay upon us," when the raging billows seemed on the point of ingulphing us, so great did my responsibility seem, as connected with the immortal souls of my little unprepared party, that I almost wished that I had never ventured on the perilous step. But, never for a moment, since our arrival here, have I had the least cause to retrace ; and my only regret is, that I did not proceed before. But, perhaps, all is right, as to time also ; and, indeed, when I glance upon some few of the deterring circumstances which intervened to retard me, I cannot doubt but that these also were from the Lord ; that the deed, the time, the place, have all been under the direction of an agency superior to our own ; and what a comfort does this assurance impart !

I forgot to mention, in my last, how much I felt obliged to Mr. Hartwell Horne, for the sundry introductions, and other tokens of kindness, which his parcel conveyed to me, just on the eve of my departure from England. Be so obliging as to convey to him my sincere thanks.

As to tuition, I have, I believe, myself altogether done with it. Hundreds of pleasant hours has it, in various ways, procured me, and during some few of the weeks I have been in Canada, have my classical studies been resumed with peculiar interest. This, partly for their own sake, and partly as a preparation for any opening that might arise in the college, or elsewhere. But I have now taken my final leave, not in dudgeon, nor with painful regret ;

but in calm surrender to the will of a superior power. Dear King, was, I think, in his kind and affectionate counsel in the matter, quite wrong ; such employments are not so much my duty as my snare. The scales have at length fallen from my eyes, and though I cannot say, I can now see clearly, yet I see enough to convince me that, for the residue of my short life, I ought to give myself wholly to my one grand and absorbing avocation. Let, therefore, collegiate honours be sought and enjoyed by others. With these altered views, perhaps, were I permitted to gain the ear of an endeared relative, whom you well know, I should whisper certain cautionary monitions in reference to similar points ; for though from his endeared lips the confessed "weakness of his heart" has had a charm and a persuasive influence which won my full approval, yet now that the syren notes can no longer bewilder me, I see, as in my own case, the snare rather than the duty, and the couplet of the almost forgotten Dryden, in which he cautions the aspirant parson, chimes in with my own overlate, but salutary musings :

"Those who contend for place and high degree,
Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee."

Whisper, then, in my stead, in some auspicious moment, to this endeared individual what I am so desirous to convey ; but mind that you whisper it in tenderness and love.

But my sheet is filling up so fast, that I have hardly left myself room to assure you of the interest which I still, and I hope, ever shall feel in all the concerns—personal, domestic, and ministerial—of my endeared brother. His opportunities of leisure are so few, that I must not often expect any direct communications, but whenever conveyed they will be most grateful. Accept then yourself, and convey

to our dear mother, Eliza, and all your beloved family, the sincere and warmest love of your ever attached brother.

GEORGE.

TO MRS. D. WHITMORE.

Thornhill, near York, Upper Canada,
August 18, 1833.

My dear Madam,

WE were much indebted to you for your last most kind and welcome letter: most joyfully was it received and opened, and with peculiar interest were its instructive and interesting contents perused. So long and so closely written a letter, however, must, we fear, have been sadly trying to your eyes; and we fear this the more, as we learn from Miss E. Ford, that you have recently been experiencing somewhat of failure in your sight. We know how peculiarly trying this circumstance must prove to one, whose enjoyments have been so principally derived from this source; and we tremble at the least intimation of its probable diminution. But we would still say in the language of the man of God, "But the Lord is able to give you much more than this." And, from what you have experienced under past seasons of privation and discipline, you may still expect that, should God be pleased to try you yet further in this most painful visitation, he will not withhold from you that superabounding grace, which in its blessed issue of spiritual and eternal good is more than tantamount to the most valued of our other joys. My endeared mother, as you well know, has been called to the acuteness of the same trial with yourself; but, O, how sweetly does she bear it—so cheerfully resigned—so peacefully yielding all to the

wise and loving discipline of her kind and compassionate Lord, saying, in the language of her favourite hymn :—

“ All that I prized below is gone,
Yet, Father, still Thy will be done.”

But to return to your letter. Your decision respecting York (now Toronto), exactly corresponds with that adopted by ourselves ; and, therefore, we have no intention of going there ; nor, indeed, any present intention of fixing in any other place, though many outward circumstances are far from being inviting. We are sadly cramped together in a wooden frame house, consisting of only four rooms, and these, owing to the badness of their construction, peculiarly hot and oppressive in summer and more than usually cold in winter. Nearly half of our things too are unpacked, and our landing and other places crowded and littered by the boxes and trunks, which contain them ; in short an air of untidiness and discomfort meets our long-trained English eye, wherever we turn it, and, at times, our heart almost sickens at the sight ; and, were it not for the counteracting influence of better feelings, we should adopt some hasty measure to accomplish a retreat into some situation, which might authorize the expectation of somewhat more of outward comfort. On Mrs. M's. arrival we were in hopes of being settled in a far more suitable abode, and had, in fact, engaged to take it ; but its distance from the church and the mass of our population was so great, and so many other inconveniences attended it, that we decided on remaining for the present where we now are. They promise, indeed, to build for us a small house near the church, which is to be ready by spring ; but their promises have hitherto been so fallacious, that I hardly know how to trust to them, and the plan

of the building is so small, that I am not without strong misgivings, lest we should feel it our duty to decline it. And if so we must either build for ourselves, (seldom either a wise or lucrative act), or else, in true Canadian style, must turn out and seek other quarters. The people, indeed, are kind to us, and the attendance on my ministry is far from discouraging; but if they so little prize the residence and settled ministrations of a clergyman among them, as to refuse to accommodate him with a plain and commodious residence,—while for themselves many of them have built elegant and spacious mansions,—they must not be surprised, if their miscalculating selfishness terminate in his withdrawing from among them.

Our temporal matters are encouraging; for living here is so cheap, that our income is far more than adequate to our regular demands. I have purchased two cultivated farms of 100 and 105 acres, with clearances of forty and sixty acres respectively, and out of my savings have already paid off the first instalment of £250, and in a few days hence shall pay £150 more; in all, £400; so that, through God's blessing, we are already beginning to reap the benefit of our expensive removal, and, without being over sanguine, we may perhaps indulge a hope, that still further mercies are in reserve, if not for ourselves, still for our dear children. We are very rapidly advancing as a province. God has been very gracious to us in our Lieutenant-Governor, Sir John Colborne, a pious, discreet, and sound intentioned man. Capital also is gradually finding its way among us; so that we are beginning to attract the notice of our jealous neighbours, who see the rudiments of a vast empire rising up close beside them. And, hitherto, we have been singularly prospered. A radical party, however, of considerable strength is, as you will perceive by the public prints, beginning to trouble us: it is

headed by the discontented worthless ———. Without this drawback, we might almost be tempted to exclaim, "O nimium fortunati." But I must conclude. Our kindest and united love attends yourself and all your party, and

Believe me,

Yours, ever gratefully,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

It is not without considerable hesitation that I have determined to insert the letter which follows in the Memoir of Mr. Mortimer, not only because he might not himself have fully concurred in the publication of it, but because there may be a difference of opinion as to the expediency of it. The subject, however, is, in my mind, one of such importance to the interests of the church in Canada, that I should not think I had done my duty were I to exclude it; and I am happy to say that, so far as the subject itself is concerned, I have the full concurrence of some who, from their experience in the ecclesiastical affairs of Canada, are fully competent to give counsel in the case, and who perfectly agree with myself in thinking that a much larger spirit of liberality is necessary, not only to the extension, but also to the support and prosperity of the existing church in that country.

There can be no greater benefit to a community, nothing to contribute more to its general well-being, than an adequately supported and efficient church establishment. It is the foundation of everything really good and great, useful and advantageous, honourable and praiseworthy. It is the grand means of promoting religion and morality, peace and good order, charity and good-will, kindness and sympathy between the different ranks in society, diligence and industry, subordination and allegiance

to the powers that be: in a word, everything that can make a nation happy and prosperous in itself, and respected by neighbouring countries. The duty, therefore, of making strenuous efforts for the accomplishment of so desirable a purpose must be apparent to all who feel the paramount necessity of religion, and to all such, perhaps, it may be apparent; but the difficulties of every infant colony are urged in bar against it. These difficulties are fully admitted, and due allowance made for them; neither is it the intention of the writer to say one unkind or unreasonable word on the subject; his design is rather to encourage for the future than to condemn for the past, feeling, as he does, very forcibly, the circumstances of trial and privation with which the settlers of new colonies are for the most part surrounded. Bodily support—food and raiment—must necessarily be had in the first place; but, except to this, I should be disposed to say, that to no other could a provision for religion be second; for not more necessary is food and raiment to the body than the offices of religion to the soul: indeed, the supply of these wants is equally necessary, and where they are not simultaneously provided for, but where the former is over and exclusively cared for, it is more than likely that the latter will be neglected for years to come. Under the difficulties, however, in which emigrants to a newly formed colony find themselves, it seems, in the first place, the plain duty of every state to provide for the support of religion in their infant settlements, or, where this is withheld, it clearly becomes the duty of private Christians, possessed of wealth and competency, either individually or incorporated into societies, to afford, as far as may be, the aid required.

Happily for Canada much has been done for it in this way; first by the state, and now by the contributions of a more private and voluntary kind, and

especially by the venerable Society for the Propagation of the gospel. But a country ought not to be always looking to and depending upon such adventitious assistance; she ought *at some time* to rise above eleemosynary aid, and make an effort to provide for her own spiritual wants. The enquiry then naturally arises, Whether Canada is, or is not, become of sufficient age, or standing, or competency, to take upon herself the responsibility of supporting for her own use and benefit the services and ordinances of religion? I should unhesitatingly reply, that it is more than time that a beginning were made to throw off the state of childhood and reliance, and to assume that of manhood and independence. But are there to be found in Canada more than *a very few* towns, and those too only of the first class, that have taken upon themselves to provide altogether for their own church establishments? Wherefore? Because there are not more that are capable of doing so? I fear this would not be found to be the real state of the case. Mr Mortimer's statement is much more likely to be the correct and faithful one. I feel assured that there are many towns or townships which might have done much more than they have towards this great and honourable work. What! shall the Presbyterians, the Independents, the Roman Catholics, in towns of a second-rate class, support entirely their own churches and ministers, and shall Episcopalians constitute the lagging party, the one most backward in this most blessed and holy work;—nay, shall the American Episcopalians, dwelling on the very borders of Canada, and therefore little differing in their circumstances from those living in the colony, support their own religious establishments, and shall the English Episcopalians be found deficient? Surely this does not speak much either for the liberality or the churchmanship of our Canadian countrymen. If we claim a pre-

eminence for the reformed and catholic Church of England, all the members of that Church should be pre-eminent in their attachment to, and zealous in their support of it; they should not be behind any others in their gifts and graces, waiting for the coming of the Lord Jesus Christ.

Let every reader, then, of Mr. Mortimer's Life, ask himself, have I done what I could? Have I contributed liberally, with a willing mind, according to my ability, towards the erection, enlargement, or in giving comfort and convenience, and a suitable appearance to my church? Do I dwell in my ceiled house, while the house of God lies waste? Am I anxious to see all things about the house of God and the services of religion done decently and in order? And do I take my share in the management of the secular affairs of the church? Am I sufficiently anxious to promote the comfort and well-being of my pastor? If he have sown unto me *spiritual things*, is it a great matter that he should reap my *temporal things*? More than persuaded, confident I am, that if every member of the church of England in Canada would seriously lay this subject to heart and urge upon himself the great duties connected with it, much more would be done there to promote her interests, and to make her independent of all extraneous aid. All might contribute more than they do; some in money, some in lands, and they who could give neither, might give of the produce of their lands, or the fruits of their labour, or occasionally their labours to assist in tilling their pastor's grounds, or in planting and cultivating their gardens. Depend upon it, that he who feels adequately the real benefits and blessings of being taught in the word, *will minister unto him that teacheth in all good things*. Pastors should not be unreasonable, and, if they be right-minded, they will have no wish to lay unnecessary burdens upon their people: but

their people, if their minds be duly influenced by religion, will be as desirous to provide for them, free of all charitable support, as to maintain their own families in perfect independence.

Besides, the good Churchmen of Canada should really consider the many and great calls now made upon that source from whence their church receives its chief support; I mean, the Society for Propagating the Gospel. It has only been by renewed efforts and extraordinary exertions that the society has been able to maintain so great an expenditure in Canada; perhaps, too, at the expense of withholding very important help from other needy parts of our extensive colonial possessions; and it is not reasonable, nor generous, nor just, to require assistance one moment beyond what is absolutely necessary. Every township, therefore, in the colony should begin, with as little delay as possible, to make its own provision for the public worship of God.

Verily, earnestly do I pray that the foregoing remarks, together with the letter of my late dear friend, which has elicited them, may be kindly received, deeply felt, and earnestly followed, not only by good resolutions, but by personal and immediate exertions for the gradual accomplishment of a work so truly honourable to those who promote it, so fraught with blessings to generations yet unborn, and so full of glory to God.

TO MISS E. FORD.

Thornhill, near York, Upper Canada,
Oct. 17, 1833.

My dear Madam,

* * * * *

You express your surprise at the reluctant support afforded to ministers. This is partly to be ascribed

to that selfishness which is so sadly prevalent in our fallen nature; they can build (commodious and even sumptuous) houses for their own prosperous families; they can call, out of their perpetually increasing means, comforts of every description; but, to their minister, they can calmly and gravely say, "Oh, you must wait patiently, and in time all will be right; we have had to wait before you; it is quite impossible to force matters in Canada," and so on. And then, in the spirit of that affected benevolence which prompted that hypocritical wish, "be ye warmed and be ye clothed," they point us to eventual comforts, and care not to make the least sacrifice which may conduce to the attainment of the end. In regard to house, to salary, and to everything pecuniary, I have experienced scarcely anything but disappointments, and at times I feel a little piqued at the contrast between their warm expressions of regard, and their unwillingness to contribute to the comforts of my family; for, as to myself I care but little; but still I would not wish to be hard upon them, for though they have property, very few have money, and as soon as they procure this, they sink it in the further cultivation or stocking of their farms. And then, again, they have that admirable loop-hole for escape—the clergy reserves, which seemed to promise everything, but have done scarcely anything; a broken reed, which is perpetually piercing those who lean on it with sorrow; but which affords our people so ready an excuse for refusing to come forward to our aid; so that of all classes of emigrants, ministers, in a pecuniary point of view, are by far the worst off: they cannot, with propriety, go into the woods, for they must fix in the more populous and more cultivated districts, where land of course is high, and thus one of the chief sources of prosperity is cut off; and, as to trade, from this of course they are excluded, but still they are the class of settlers most needed.

And, in the midst of occasional pique and disappointment, I cannot but feel thankful to God who directed my steps to this country, and who, by the property which he has previously given to me, gives me the prospect of enjoying, in this land of cheapness, a great increase both of comfort and temporal prosperity. At present, indeed, we are anything but outwardly comfortable: the house we formerly mentioned was found too inconvenient, and therefore given up, and we are still in the lodging I occupied previous to the arrival of my family.

TO THE REV. THOMAS MORTIMER.

Thornhill, Toronto, Upper Canada,
July 14, 1835.

My much-endear'd Brother,

WE were in some measure prepared for the communication conveyed to us by your letter of the 20th of April, and which reached us yesterday evening; for our Shropshire friend had heard the report of our beloved mother's departure, and had made allusion to it in communications received some weeks since. Well, her happy, holy spirit, is at length released. Fulness of days has been granted to her, and, though they have not been unattended with labour and sorrow, yet has her kind Saviour been with her, and as much of outward alleviation and inward serenity and peace have been experienced by her as her circumstances and state of body would admit of. And now has she entered into the fulness of her gracious reward, and her sainted name must ever be inhaled as the precious perfumed ointment, by all who know how to estimate her deep, consistent, and exalted piety. And where shall we now look for her fellow? For the race of the distinguished and peculiar few seems now to have become extinct. In vain shall we

look for a Cooper, a Rogers, a Fletcher, a Lefevre, or one like our equally distinguished mother. A prophet indeed is no where so little esteemed as among his own kindred. And yet I am persuaded that there is that in the heart of my endeared brother, which will fully respond to the encomiums which have thus unintentionally escaped me. * * *

Your letter bears the goodly inscription of "Thornhill Parsonage;" but, alas! it is a sound without locality. It exists in my kind brother's imagination, but nowhere else. A house indeed has long been talked of, and was at length erected, but a mere laical abode. But I am happy to say that matters are now likely to be on a proper footing. I have purchased four acres of land (at £50 an acre!!) near the church, for which the Lieutenant-Governor in Council has consented to allow me an equivalent in wild land, as well as for a sum not exceeding £500 for the erection of a parsonage. And operations have commenced, but when they shall be terminated I know not. The lumber must be sawn and seasoned, and continue seasoning till next spring, and we are told that a finished habitation will be ready for us in the fall of the next year, October the 1st, 1836. But what a distant period! my hand misgives me while I write it; for my whitened locks and weakly frame point to a far different abode. May my affection combine with my judgment, and may my short residue of days be so numbered by me, that wisdom's lessons may both diligently and effectually be learnt!

When I sat down I was purposing a tolerably close imitation of your own very lengthy (eleven-lined!) epistle, and was about to find some convincing, or at least plausible, reason for my shabbiness. Happily, however, my pen has kept sliding on; and finding myself so near the conclusion of the third side of my closely written sheet, I may assure you with a

tolerably fair and unblushing front, of our unabated and most affectionate regards to yourself and all your endeared family, and not least, those of your sincerely devoted brother,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

P.S. Our kindest love also to all our endeared relatives.

TO MRS. D. WHITMORE.

Thornhill, August 21, 1835.

* * * * * Your account of dear Mr. ——'s increasing infirmities, and their necessary effect on yourself and Mr. G. W., has given rise to many a pensive, perhaps I ought to say, melancholy, feeling. Indeed, I hardly dare think of the breaking up of connexions, comforts, health, and so on. My foolish heart too frequently deceives itself with delusive hopes. I say, too generally, "I shall die in my nest"—the soft downy nest of easy pleasant dissolution. But when anything reminds me of the thorn, the sharp-pointed, piercing thorn, which is mostly found there, then I start, and my spirit almost sinks within me; and I have little either of manly fortitude, or of Christian magnanimity; at least, the subject is so unwelcome, that I rather turn from it, than submissively await it. At times, indeed, I feel willing that the taking down, the unpinning of the tabernacle, and the loosening of all its cords, should take place under any circumstances which my gracious God shall appoint, and I feel a persuasion that his faithful love will so adjust everything, that he will in nowise "suffer me to be tempted above what I shall be able" to bear; and it is to this point that I have of late so frequently directed my

prayers, that all the preparatory circumstances of death, the undoing of that which has been inexpediently or criminally pursued, the pulling down of vain and worldly hopes, the detaching of the soul from even the last of its too-much-clinged-to objects, the patient endurance of the bodily evils which, as the precursors of death, in some shape or other await me; that all these may be so met, and so peacefully and cheerfully borne, that, instead of grieving the Spirit of my God by any unhallowed feelings, I may surrender everything with cheerfulness, and endure all in his blessed order. For the melancholy fact must not be withheld from you, that, after all I have known, and felt, and preached, I shrink from very many of the circumstances attendant on dissolution: and what, perhaps, will surprise you more, and what I am still more ashamed to be obliged to acknowledge, is, that I am frequently conscious of a kind of latent infidelity, as to the reality of the coming world. I do not absolutely disbelieve; for revelation assures, and all my reasoning confirms, and yet it is one of those points on which I am constrained to say,—“Lord, I believe, help thou my unbelief.” But how I have ventured to touch upon these topics I hardly know; for I carefully keep them from my own self, hardly daring to acknowledge their existence; and I am so ashamed of them, that I keep them still more carefully from others. And yet it has produced a strange relief to me, thus explicitly to advert to them; it has given to them more precision of shape and locality; I see with more distinctness what my enemies really are, and I seem encouraged to hope that, by the grace of God, even these may be overcome: and I trust also, that, by thus unfolding these weaknesses of my nature, I shall awaken in my kind friend that degree of sympathy, which shall call forth from her an occasional prayer on my behalf. I never

more needed prayer, nor never so much estimated its value, as I have done of late; it is truly wondrous in all the branches and bearings of its beneficial influence.

But I must turn to other matters. I often think of your self-imposed silence when we were leaving England, evidently not approving of our step, and yet not wishing to enter into any enlarged reasoning or discussion; and I as often think, was my endeared friend right in her non-approval? I am ready to acknowledge, that we were never so out in our calculation as in many of the results of our Canadian migration; and in the estimation of observant friends we must appear, I should think, to have strangely missed our path. And yet so marked are all the leading circumstances which have transpired, that we cannot, for a moment, question either the permissive or the appointing mercy of our God. It has been of essential benefit to myself; it has been of especial good to—also; her views and feelings have undergone a most material change, so that I quite marvel at the wise and gracious process; and in various ways has the removal been beneficial to our children. But all this is hidden from outward observation; no one perceives either the needs-be, or the result, but the outward appearance it is which puzzles them—all is completely in contrast with our former selves, and so little in accordance with our property and with what we have a kind of right to expect in the shape of accommodation from our parishioners. We would, indeed, without much difficulty, should we see it to be our duty, bring ourselves into altered circumstances; we could retrace at once our migratory steps and reach our native land richer by, at least, a thousand pounds than when we left it. We could also leave our present unaccommodating people, purchase or build on some advantageously situated spot, retire from the peculiar awkwardnesses of Canadian

ministrations, and more privately exercise, without cost to any, the exposition of God's word, and the visiting of the sick and needy. We might also build, at once, in this place, at our own cost, and, without pecuniary regret, let slip a few hundreds of pounds on the impolitic speculation of procuring somewhat more of suitable and becoming accommodation. We might dash also through some others of our temporary unseemlinesses, and be able to write in an altered and more gratifying strain to our now wondering friends—might encourage our sons, for example, to launch out into avocations, or attempt other branches, which, while they have more appearance of gentility, would only sap the foundation of their future respectability and comfort. We might do all this and much more, and pride would suggest its partial or total performance; but we should be either forcing our way, or premature in our movements. Grace and duty bid us calmly and patiently to await God's time; and we are not without hope, that he will at length bring us into his wealthy place. All is well: with our hearts, we can say so, and with this conviction, we may and ought to be content. And I say this, not to justify our procedures (for this really has become to us a very small matter), but to bring an endeared friend into a more correct estimate of what is actually passing among us—to show her that, while discomfort appears to be in some respects outwardly surrounding our little edifice, much of God's blessing, with peaceful acquiescence and comfort, is still found within.

I need make no mention of the termination of our endeared mother's earthly career, on whose account we are at present in mourning; we have heard no particulars of her last moments, nor, indeed, are these necessary in order to assure us that her end was blessed. You and ourselves have known her in her married life, and in her widowed state. But even in

this her limited sphere, we have seen her as a most distinguished and honoured servant of the Lord ; but, from all I have heard and read, almost all the brilliancy conspicuous in her unmarried life was then suffering an eclipse ; and so those of the brightest and most dazzling rays of the Miss Richie of former times, were nearly forgotten in the conjugal and domesticated Mrs. Mortimer. Her life, you know perhaps, is in the course of publication, and I shall look for it with much interest. I fear, however, that it will be wanting in incident, though her diary, which she has kept for many years, may supply much of unexpected material. Her published letters I read many years since with peculiar pleasure. * * *

* * * * *

Yours,

My dear Madam, ever gratefully obliged,
GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO MISS E. FORD.

Thornhill, July 28, 1836.

My dear Madam,

I AM becoming so sadly neglectful of my duties, as a correspondent, that I not only richly deserve from my friends their censure, but a total discontinuance of their kind communications. To yourself and respected sister, however, my neglect assumes the aspect of ingratitude ; you have so diversified and heaped on me your kind and delicate attentions. I can say so little that is apologetic, that I will not make the attempt ; but, as in my approach to a Higher Power, I would at once acknowledge the fulness of my delinquency, and solicit from your united kindly feelings that indulgence which I am in nowise entitled to expect. I trust, however, that

your forbearance will not be exercised in vain, and that it will be long before I again trespass to a similar extent.

But though I have no apology to offer for my long silence, it may in some measure be accounted for in the present uncertain state of our affairs; for I have long been hoping that something definite would arise, and I was unwilling to write to you before. But week passed on after week, and we are still in statu quo. The B——s have probably informed you of our intention to remove to some other situation, for the sphere is exceedingly limited, and the church-people unusually few; so that, after a four years' trial, I should hardly feel justified in spending my little residuum of strength in a spot where the deficiency of proportionate result is so great. Our accommodation, too, in our confined lodgings, are far from suitable, and all our personal attempts, as well as expectations from others to amend them, have hitherto failed. This minor matter, indeed, would not, of itself, have been sufficiently strong, to induce us to remove, but, taken in conjunction with all the other matters, I have, at length, felt it my duty either to fix in some other mission, as our cures are here denominated, or else to retire altogether from public to more private engagement. I have written to our good bishop on the subject, expressing a preference for the vicinity of our children, or some more southerly and more genial part of the province near the lake shores. He has kindly promised to do all in his power to meet my wishes, but he has not hitherto been able to succeed, and we are waiting the result of his further endeavours. You have heard enough, I doubt not, of our political affairs to need any enlargement on this point. Very nearly, indeed, were we on the point of provincial ruin. But through God's mercy the decision and good sense of the Lieutenant-Governor

have saved us from anything immediate, and, I hope, also, from ultimate evil; for there is a strong conservative feeling brought into exercise, which is not very likely soon to subside. In our last Parliament, which the Lieutenant-Governor dissolved, there was a large Radical majority; but from the recent return for the ensuing Parliament, out of sixty-two members forty-four are Conservative, and only eighteen Radical; so that we have good reason to expect an amended state of things. It will be months and years, however, before we attain to a sound, healthy, and flourishing state; for emigration is very nearly at a stand; capitalists, of course, have no courage to venture among such a set of revolutionary ruffians. The less monied, who are compelled to go somewhere, proceed to the States to the far west by hundreds and thousands. Labourers and mechanics not only turn aside from us, but leave us after settling among us from want of employment, or, rather, from want of money to pay them for their labour. Toronto, for months past, has had quite an appearance of gloom; so many shops shut up, and so little trade done; and other towns complain in like manner. Farming, too, where farming labour is paid for, is so losing a concern, that, if it were not absolutely necessary for the supply of their family in country places, there is scarcely a gentleman but would give it up. I have annually lost by mine—little indeed, but still, lost; and the general cry among my neighbours is, Nothing is to be got by farming. Indeed, were it not for the comparative poverty of the settlers, the tide of emigration would soon set homewards: but, to realize the means of return would, on a general scale, be impossible; were they to attempt to sell, no sufficient number of purchasers could be obtained, and the sum realized would go but a little way towards living in the same style in England; so tarry they

must. Still, the hearts of many are turning towards their beloved country, and they would soon rejoin their friends if they could.

TO MRS. WHITMORE.

Thornhill, near Toronto, Upper Canada,
November, 12, 1836.

* * * * * During most of the time since I last wrote to you, we have been in great uncertainty concerning our movements. At one time I felt so sinking under my ministerial duties, combined with the peculiarities of the climate, that my wife and Cecil were strongly urgent on me to retire from all public and obligatory duty, and to do no more than what my strength or spirits would enable me occasionally and privately to attend to. With this intention, after inspecting numerous places, we made a purchase in the salubrious and delightful district of Niagara, and were just on the point of removing thither; but, on inspection, the title did not appear satisfactory, and, at the suggestion of the solicitor, I did not complete the purchase. While, however, this matter was pending, my people, at a public meeting, strongly expressed their hope, that I would not adhere to my intentions of removal, and so unanimously and affectionately pressed my continuance among them, that I at length consented; and have since made arrangements for building a house at my own expense, on some land I had previously purchased near the church, and am intending now to go on with as much prudence as I can; but still to go on, and to die, if it please God, in the harness. Of late, however, the Lord has been pleased so to enable me to use appropriate exercise in the open air, and so to husband my little strength, that all the

unfavourable symptoms under which I was labouring some few months ago, have altogether disappeared; and with present adequacy of physical powers and with more than usual encouragement in spirit, I am proceeding with my work, and trust all will be well.

After speaking of his family, he adds,

* * * * * Much have we, indeed, of God's temporal smile, nor is the light of his gracious countenance withheld. All, all is love, and we would not only submissively, but gratefully adore. Permit me to assure you of our best wishes for the months or years, which may yet be in reserve, may they prove pre-eminently the best! "For such power belongeth unto God;" and believe me,

Yours, my dear Madam, very sincerely,

G. MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer left England in part to avoid the storms and tempests which overhung that country, little thinking that in attempting to avoid a *possible* danger, he ran into an *actual* one; so very dim is our foresight and so weak our power of resistance. A destructive rebellion took place in Canada in 1837, which, from his residence being on one of the main roads to Toronto, whither the rioters were proceeding, put even the personal safety of his family in great jeopardy. He refers especially to this event in the following letter:—

TO MRS. HOLLAND.

Thornhill, April 3, 1838.

You kindly allude to the circumstance of apparent danger in which we have been placed during our recent revolt, but God has been very merciful to us,

and, not merely screened us under the sheltering wing of his good providence, but graciously kept our minds in sweet serenity and peace. You may judge of the apparent peril to which we were exposed, when I tell you, that on the afternoon of the evening on which they (the rebels) proceeded to Toronto, two parties passed our door, the one consisting of 200, and the other of 300 persons ; and were, under God's providence, kept from the execution of their murderous and destructive designs against the persons and houses of the more loyal and opulent, merely in consequence of their being obliged to hurry past us to Toronto two or three days sooner than they had anticipated. As a clergyman too, and more especially as a beneficed one, noted and vilified as possessing one of the obnoxious rectories, concerning which they have so loudly clamoured ; on this account I was a doubly marked man ; my name was inserted in their list of intended arsons, and my family as well as myself were to be shot, as we were attempting to escape the flames ; at least, such were the pleasing tidings which were widely circulated among us, and the fearful and timid found it no easy matter to restrain their feelings, or to exhibit calmness of spirit, or manliness of conduct. Many passed sleepless nights, and all around us gave indication that there were solid and extensive grounds for alarm. Colonel M——, the person who was shot on the first night of the revolt, was an attendant on our church and a resident in our neighbourhood, and, in the very midst of the excitement, was brought to our churchyard for interment. A hostile attack was expected by many, and the mob, who assembled to pay the last sad offices to their veteran friend and neighbour, came accoutred in their swords, daggers, pistols and fowling pieces. A novel and a painful scene, but which was altogether uncalled for ; no attempt having been contemplated. My eye glanced on one of the assembly ;

a loyal, but strange and penurious man, whose habits had never suffered him to become possessed of anything in the shape of arms, and he was leaning on his trusty lengthened pitch fork, a weapon, of which I heard, he was afterwards vaunting that there was nothing like that. His presence, however, to my mind at least, was far from pleasing; it ill-accorded with the scene before us, and seemed so ridiculous, that I could hardly refrain from a momentary smile. Of the general and more public details you are doubtless most fully apprized; for I perceive that our Canadian affairs are exciting a peculiar interest in our fatherland, and are commented on with an accuracy, which shows that they must have been perused with every means of the fullest information lying before them. All is now, through God's providence, in a state of quietness; while, therefore, we feel indebted to our friends for their kind sympathy, and their affectionate expressions of hope, that our provincial troubles may cause us either quickly, or eventually to retrace our steps towards our beloved native land, we must still assure them that nothing is further from our thoughts; our path has been deliberately chosen, our objects have been extensively gained, much of God's temporal smile is resting upon us, we are now established in our ample, commodious, and, I might say, beautiful house, the society around us is superior to what is found in most country places in England; our income is ample and enough for all exigencies. Life is gliding gently along with as little disquietude and as much comfort as we can ever expect to find in the present world; peace and tranquillity reign in our domestic circle, God's spiritual blessings are experienced by the majority of our family, and some hopeful indications given by all, and, therefore, why should we wish for a change? Of myself and my own immediate duties, I would say, but little good is being done. Ministers are

much wanted, and, were I in England, it would be only to extrude and thrust out some of the partially engaged or wholly unoccupied with which you are overburdened already. No, my endeared sister, much as we love our native land, much as we value our still more beloved friends, we ought not to close our eyes on our present mercies, or so mix up the cherishing of regret with causes for thanksgiving, as to destroy their efficacy, or to diminish their heart-stirring effect.

While Mr. Mortimer's friends did not approve of his expatriating himself and family, so some of them, who visited him in Canada, were by no means convinced of his having improved on his lot and position in life by his change of country. The Rev. B. Luckock was one of these, who was so struck with the inferiority of everything which he saw, that he afterwards wrote to him in no very measured terms of his dislike and almost detestation of what he called his wretched situation. These condoling and sympathizing notes produced no echo in the mind of Mr. Mortimer, and he wrote to his friend in the following playful terms, united to strains of piety and seriousness, very expressive of his own satisfaction with the change which he had made :—

“Both your letters found me at Thornhill, and from the same miserable and deserted place, I date, as you will perceive, my present letter. It is difficult to determine what class of feelings we should indulge in at the accumulated epithets of loathing and abhorrence with which you speak of our delightfully happy sojourn ; our disposition, however, to merriment prevailed, and we all laughed most heartily at your intemperate and ill-timed abusings, so completely and so pleasantly had the whole class of our own feelings and circumstances been changed since your visit to that anything but “happy valley.” I

need not detail to you the various incidents which, through the kind providence of our God, have tended both to fix our steps and to settle our minds; the hundreds of miles which were previously travelled—the ineligibility of every spot and every abode in some important particular—the striking Providence which put some unexpected and final stop to our negotiations in each of the matters on which we were disposed to venture—the altered feeling and conduct discovered by my people, when they perceived me fully resolved to leave—their solicitations, accompanied with proffered, though not accepted, pecuniary liberality to remain among them—the erection of a large, commodious, and tasty, not to say beautiful, house, on the few acres of my own, near the church, which I had some time before purchased—the settling of a most esteemed, and delightful, intelligent, well-educated, Christian family, within a few stones' throw of our residence—and, finally, the induction and installing of the long unbeneficed curate into that most lucrative and honourable piece of preferment, “the Rectory of Thornhill.” Happy consummation of the most ambitious wishes, or only to be credited by the envied and enviable dignitaries of our Church, of which “I am proud to think” that my valued and respected friend is one! But I wander; there, then, we are at Thornhill; but, through God's mercy, under circumstances of great comfort, much, very much, indeed, which calls forth our gratitude and praise; so that what I partly smilingly, partly ironically, and partly believingly, predicted, has been strongly fulfilled; the course adopted by the Abyssinian Prince has been closely followed by ourselves, and not an atom of wish do we now feel to exchange the place of our abode for any other in the province, and we may say even in the world. Of the younger branches of the family, I am not of course speaking; they may possibly be far from the rest and quiet,

and satisfaction of the older folk. As to ourselves, however, we wish for no change ; to live and to die where God's good providence has now at length fixed us is the ultimatum of all our wishes.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Thornhill, Upper Canada,
Feb. 11, 1840.

My dear Armstrong,

I FEEL much indebted to you for having complied with Mr. Ditcher's suggestion, as well as to Mr. D. himself, for so kindly and judiciously making it.* And I hope that now we shall be able to enjoy a little occasional intercourse, not perhaps to the same extent, or with the same buoyant energetic feelings of our more youthful bygone days, but with the spirit of those who are drawing nearer and nearer to life's peaceful termination, and who, while grateful for the attached intercourse which has characterised a few of their past years, must still feel that in this world of severings and perturbations we form our several friendships, not so much to enjoy them on earth, as to renew and perfect them in heaven.

What you mention concerning your dear family has greatly interested me. God has been very very gracious to you and them, and I do sincerely praise him on your and their behalf.

I have thought a good deal on the hints you throw out respecting my namesake and endeared

* Mr. Ditcher, now vicar of South Brent, Somers, had succeeded Mr. Mortimer in the curacy of Hutton, where Mr. Armstrong was paying him a visit ; he suggested that, being in the house lately occupied by their mutual friend, Mr. A. should write to him from the same, which he did accordingly. It is from this circumstance that the allusion to Mr. Ditcher is made.

godson, and hope the best wishes of your heart will be realised with regard to him. Canada, however, does not strike me as being the place for him, at least in a pecuniary point of view. £150 sterling, with a house, and three or four acres of land, is the utmost he should calculate on. Though a rector, I have no more than £135 sterling, and have no parsonage house, but am dwelling in one erected by myself, at my own cost. The general allowance made by the bishop at present is £100 sterling; and this is paid out of the sum contributed by the different societies in England, principally the Propagation, or by the fund arising from the sale of clergy reserves. In addition, however, to this £100, the bishop expects that the congregation should provide four acres of land, build a parsonage, and pledge themselves to give a salary of £50. But this pledge is too frequently merely nominal, the money being very seldom fully, or at all nearly, paid, and little more is obtained beyond the bishop's allowance, excepting what may arise from surplice fees and the rental of church pews. Something in addition, however, may be expected when the vexatious matter of the clergy reserves shall be settled; but as these will be uncleared land, no immediate advantage to any extent would of course accrue. Upper Canada, indeed, I consider as one of the most necessitous of all our provinces, and none offer so little in the shape of just and equitable remuneration. Much, therefore, as I should rejoice on many accounts at Mr. George's coming here, I am afraid he would find it very difficult to procure the means of adequate support. Orders, indeed, if only tolerably qualified, he might with ease and without expense obtain. Important spheres, also, of ministerial engagement are numerous presented. And to one who has no thought of entering on a married life, or is prepared to rough it, or contentedly to sink below the customary grade

of his profession—to one so prepared, the missionary field of Canada is the very place. But to those who are otherwise minded, we ought, in Christian charity, and even in common fairness, to present the salutary *cave*. Sir George Arthur, no doubt, would do all in his power to assist him, should we be permitted to retain him among us; but in Canada his means of this description are exceedingly limited, and I should almost think that he could exert a more beneficial influence on his behalf by endeavouring to obtain, through his English friends, some appointment as chaplain to one of the colonies, or, should this be questionable, some benefice in Australia, or elsewhere, under circumstances of more encouragement than we are authorized to hold out in our poor, neglected, harassed province.

You speak of the possibility of giving us a visit; I need scarcely assure you how greatly it would delight us all; I fear, however, that Sir George will have left us, unless you are somewhat agile in your movements. I have been apprised by him (though quite confidentially) of his kind intentions towards yourself. How astonished should I have been at their realization, and how unspeakably rejoiced. But still all is well; and if time discover not this, faith can tell us of an important day that will.

You lay on me, my endeared friend, a next to impossible injunction; what a string of kind affectionate inquiries relative to my own procedures, personally, parochially, domestically.

My labours, I trust, are not altogether in vain in the Lord; our congregation has been increasing ever since I came here, and this year the church was enlarged to nearly double its former size, and the additional pews were all let in three or four days after they were offered for rental. Some few of my people seem to have been under gracious influence, and have given me much of encouragement and

hope. And my people at large show me much kindness, and appear attached to my ministrations.

Socially and domestically we have much of comfort. Good house and premises, good servants, one of whom has been with us twenty-three years—and good neighbourhood—pleasant distance (twelve or thirteen miles) from Toronto—almost every English comfort within our reach, not to say every luxury. The only cause of regret, perhaps, is that in these matters we are going too much a-head.

We are far too gay, as a neighbourhood, for my simple liking. A few evenings since, one gentleman had a party of sixty persons present, many more invited, with a part of the band of the 93rd regiment, from Toronto. And very shortly after, another of my congregation had a still gayer and more extensive assemblage. But you will now begin to sigh over my interminable and undecipherable scrawl; and therefore, in simple pity to your straining eyes, I shall only add, that with most affectionate and Christian regards, in which my whole family unite, to yourself and dear Mrs. A.,

I remain,

Your ever attached, though unworthy friend,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

I insert the following address, not only because it may be generally useful, but because it may be as applicable now to those for whose use it was originally written, as at the time of its publication: and if a stranger may be allowed to urge their attention afresh to the warm and affectionate remonstrance of their late pastor, he would just remind them, that Divine worship, on the Lord's day, being a paramount duty, an attendance upon both services is obligatory on all sincere Christians, except duties of mercy or necessity preclude such attendance. All

other excuses or reasons admit of no justification, and in the great day will be viewed only in the light of positive neglect of God's service, arising either from sinful disobedience, or culpable indifference. The partially formal observance of the Lord's Day, by an attendance on the morning service, spending the rest of the day in pursuits entirely alien from sacred duties, is the Sabbath of the mere nominal Christian, not of the sincere disciple of Christ.

ADDRESS

TO THE INHABITANTS OF THE TOWNSHIP OF THORNHILL

Thornhill, Oct. 1, 1840.

My much-endear'd Parishioners,
I PERSUADE myself you will receive with your wonted kindness a few words which I am desirous of pressing on your serious attention.

Our church, I am happy to think, has, through your own liberality and the kind assistance of our English friends, been so far enlarged as to admit of considerable increase in the attendance; and it affords me matter of much satisfaction, that even before its completion, the whole of the extra-sittings were secured. And though occasionally pained at the irregular attendance of some, still I cannot but feel gratified in meeting, on the Sabbath mornings, so encouraging a congregation as that which usually attends.

But here I am sorry to say that much of my satisfaction, as connected with our church attendance, terminates. For when the morning service is concluded, as though the Sabbath itself were also ended, we see no more of the mass of our congregation till we meet them on the following Sunday. A painful

inquiry, then, as you will easily conceive, is often presented to our minds, as to the probable manner in which the remaining hours of your Sabbath are employed. Some few of you, I know, are kindly endeavouring to instruct the young in our Sunday-schools; some few also (oh that there were more!) make a point of instructing their own families at home; and some few more attend the evening service in the church. But what, I would affectionately inquire, becomes of our congregation at large, after the morning service? As consistent churchmen, I take for granted that you conscientiously confine yourselves to the ministrations of the church: for, convinced that the principles of dissenters are in direct opposition to—are altogether subversive of—the interests, if not the very existence of the church, you cannot but abstain from everything which may seem in any degree to support them; and as your attendance on their place of worship must be so considered, I may naturally conclude that you refrain from frequenting them. But as you go to no dissenting place of worship, and as only a very small number attend the evening service in the church, in what way must I suppose that the rest of the Sabbath is, for the most part, employed? Oh, think not that I am uncharitable, if I cannot help suspecting that it is too frequently frittered away in idleness, or in unprofitable pursuits; in unhallowed reading; in domestic amusements; in visiting or receiving visits; in Sabbath rambles; or possibly in some other still more decided profanations of this sacred day.

Under this impression, then, you will permit me to urge upon you the bounden duty of increased conscientiousness in regard to Sabbath-employments? Let the golden moments be duly appreciated and diligently improved. Religious reading, family instruction, and personal devotions, should, of course,

employ a portion of your time, especially your Sunday afternoons; but as to your Sabbath evenings, I should hope that you will be convinced of the paramount obligation, to devote these to an attendance on the second service, which is now regularly afforded to you in the church: and that you will strive also so to arrange your other matters, as to admit of your being accompanied by as many as possible of your respective households.

I ought not, perhaps, to withhold from you, that much surprise has frequently been expressed by my clerical and other friends, that I should not as yet have succeeded in obtaining a more regular attendance on the second service, which, at so many different times, I had been attempting to establish: and our excellent bishop was much at a loss to account for the painful circumstance. I am hoping, however, that this reproach will ere long, by the Divine blessing, be removed from among us. Public opinion is now so universally in favour of having a second service in our churches, whenever the clergy have it in their power to give one, that I have no need to enter upon this point. But surely if it be admitted that it is the duty of the clergy to provide such a service, is it not equally a duty on the part of the people to attend it when it shall be provided for them?

Suffer me, then, to request your kind and willing co-operation in this matter, calculated, as it so evidently is, to promote the spiritual good of yourselves and of the neighbourhood at large. And will you permit me to tell you how repeatedly my heart has sunk within me, when I have adverted to the little I have hitherto been able to effect in this matter? How grieved have I been to look around our church on the Sabbath evening, and to see so many seats vacated, which in the morning had been so cheerfully filled. Oh how difficult do I then find it to believe

that such absentees can feel much of affection either towards myself or my assistant—their church or their Saviour. But I try to check these feelings, and would hope for better things. I well know the kindness of your hearts, for many a proof have I received of your affectionate regards. And I trust you will not only bear with me in this exposition and appeal, but so co-operate with me, that in my next report to our respected bishop, I may be able to convey the gratifying intelligence, that the attendance on the evening service is little short of that, which, with such pleasure, we so generally meet with on the Sabbath morning.

Believe me,

My much endeared friends and parishioners,

Your truly affectionate Rector,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

TO HIS SISTER, MRS. HOLLAND.

Thornhill, Oct. 21, 1840.

* * * * *

WE congratulate you on dear Henry's account. Oh, how glad should we have been had Canada been commiserated by him: had I twenty sons and should you ask, how I should wish to dispose of them, I would say, Oh, let them be clergymen—pious, faithful, useful ministers of our beloved Church, and let them all be fixed in Canada. I hope my dear nephew will be on his guard: caution him against a religion of forms and ceremonies, and high priestly assumption, none of which can be maintained without sapping the grand fundamental article of our Protestant religion, JUSTIFICATION BY FAITH. Once admit that there is anything inherently gracious in anything but what is simple faith, and Protestantism

is virtually at an end : let anything be expected otherwise than from Christ by faith through the power and agency of the divine Spirit, and carry out this admission to its full length, and you are inevitably landed safely in Romanism. I fear much for the younger clergy.

In another letter, in reference to the above subject, he writes :—

Oh, my dear sister, I quite tremble when I think of the probable results of the present wide spread of tractarian notions. High churchmen, if it be suffered to proceed, and does not meet with a speedy and most effectual check from the rulers of our Church, will hurry hundreds and thousands into Romanism, or force the decidedly Evangelical into secession. Awful times seem to be awaiting us, and I hardly dare think of them : indeed, I keep putting away every consideration almost as fast as it comes ; or, rather, I endeavour to keep rolling the weighty care upon One who is both able and pledged, in answer to believing prayer, to sustain it. These principles are exerting no small degree of influence in our province. Oh, forget us not in your prayers ! we greatly need them. As to myself I need say but little. My health and spirits are restored to a degree which I little anticipated, and I am enabled to go through such duties as I engage in with comparative ease and comfort. A calm, tranquil, peaceful old age has been mercifully vouchsafed me, and all I want is more grace to enjoy and improve my many mercies. I am always backward to speak of spiritual things, lest while recounting God's mercies, "self-applause should step in ;" but I still owe it to the goodness of my condescending God and Saviour to testify that I do hope his work is not retrograding in my soul. Infirmities, I have many—mental and spiritual, as well as bodily ; but still some

precious deepenings are I hope not fallaciously discernible.

TO THE REV. JOHN COOPER.

Thornhill, near Toronto, Upper Canada,

Jan. 4, 1841.

My much endeared Friend,
How can I convey to you the heartfelt satisfaction, which I received in perusing your most truly welcome letter? My many infirmities will *hardly* admit of my complying with your request of an early reply; for I have only written one letter, I believe, for many months past, and that with extreme difficulty; and I have no expectation of being able to finish this without sundry rests and postponements. But I am desirous of making the attempt, and indeed should feel myself altogether unworthy of so endeared and estimable a friend were I to place *his* letter among my unanswered accumulations, or avail myself of the filial aid of one of the amanuenses to whom, on especial occasions, I am constrained to have recourse.

But while I allude to the circumstance of difficulty connected with writing, I ought not, I suppose, to pass on to other matters, without a few words of explanation. About a year and half ago, I suffered sundry strains and contusions from a fall, from which I have never yet quite recovered; and though I feel no positive pain, when I am perfectly at rest, yet when I use my shoulder or the muscles connected with it, in any continuous operation, I am sure to suffer; and, whenever I imprudently and pertinaciously persist, I feel the effects for days, weeks, and even months. A habit of caution therefore, has crept upon me; and having at no time possessed any

strong predilections for the labours of the pen, and especially for the duties of the correspondent, I have, at length, almost persuaded myself, that I am fully released from the obligation.

I am reluctant to fill my sheet with reference to myself, and yet I ought not to withhold from you the yet further allusion to infirmities. Long have I been failing in my health, and long have my ministerial duties proved too great a call on my general strength, and especially my nervous system; but I still feel reluctant to retire from them. My wife and children were indeed repeatedly striving to bring me to the point, and represented to me the desirableness of withdrawing before such an attack should be experienced, as would render the residue of life burdensome to myself, distressing to my friends, and useless to all. Still, I shrunk,—it seemed almost an awful thing to retire from duties so solemnly undertaken; and from which none but God could release me. In this state of uncertainty I was seized with so violent a nervous affection, while engaged in some public but unimportant matter, that I lost, in the course of few minutes, all power to read, and could not for some days make out the very commonest words without spelling them just like a child; and though, as my nerves acquired a little more tone, I was enabled to recover somewhat of my suspended powers, it was not till several weeks after my seizure, that I was enabled to appear again in public duties; and then I could merely *preach*, not *read*. But this resumption of my duties gradually brought on such oppressive, not to say alarming, symptoms, that I, at length, felt fully convinced that my poor weakly frame was no longer able to bear such onerous duties; and having, through God's mercy, obtained an assistant, who exactly suits both myself and people, I have turned over to him my yearly stipend with every public and oppressive duty, and am now rector

indeed in name, but little further : I visit, indeed, parochially, and am endeavouring in various little ways, to counsel, regulate, and forward the movements of others, and to be a bond of union to the somewhat heterogeneous mass around us ; and the silent intercessor for their diversified good, when it is not in my power in any other way to aid them. And I trust, that God is still among us as a people. As to other things, the kind interest which you have ever taken in my welfare, makes me wish that you would just introduce yourself, if only for a few minutes, into our midst. I could not have believed that so much comfort awaited me in my latter days. Pecuniary means quite adequate, not only for necessities, but for extensive comforts ; a commodious, elegant, and tasty abode, close and open carriage for summer, a cutter and sleigh for winter &c. ; estimable society, and superior by far to most neighbourhoods in the province, within two hours' easy drive of the capital (Toronto), and this well and even luxuriously supplied. No lack of literature. I see the best books, and have access to, or take in myself, the most approved periodicals and newspapers, almost to overpowering. And all this, when I derive no income from my ministry (excepting the pittance from letting the glebe of my rectory), and having no aid, as in England, from pupilizing ; so great are the advantages of residing in this fine province. In England all was struggling and difficulty, and no possibility of settling my family ; while here, I am enabled to call every reasonable comfort around me, and to live in a style, not indeed of ostentation and display, which has never been my aim, but of comparative ease and comfort, such as calls for many an expression of grateful praise. The earlier part of my residence and ministrations in this place were not indeed over abundant in encouragement, and I had frequent thoughts of relinquishing my apparently

hopeless charge, and escaping from my comfortless location. But my way never appeared to me so satisfactorily opened as to authorize the final step, and truly thankful am I that I continued. For three or four years past all has been encouraging, and I cannot but regard the spot in which I hope now to end my days, as one of the most eligible and pleasant, which this fine country can present. The visit paid to us by Mr. B. L——, and to which you allude in your letter, was in the very midst of our discouragements, and most affectionately did he sympathize with us. A few months after his return he expressed similar sympathy in the letter he wrote to me, which quite made me smile, as descriptive of scenes and feelings which seemed to have reference to “the lang syne;” so completely had our circumstances amended. But when, in a subsequent letter of a few months later date, his mind seemed only able to dwell on the same mournful scenes, and we had got fully established in our comfortable abode, with all our numerous satisfactions around us, and at the same time enjoying abundant proofs of our being deeply and firmly seated in the affections of our attached people. Thus circumstanced

March 25, 1841.

Thus far, my endeared friend, had I written nearly three months ago, and then abruptly terminated my operose endeavour, effected at four different sittings, and at length laid by, almost in despair. But through God’s mercy, I am beginning again to use my pen with far less of annoyance; and, after having despatched three short letters, on the three last days, and being tolerably sound after the operation, I have looked out my suspended communication, and have no small pleasure in resuming.

The non-completed sentence will, I suppose, speak for itself, the intention being simply to assure you that, though possibly you may have heard through Mr. B. L——, of our being surrounded by nothing but *desagrémens*, we are, in fact, some of the most delightfully located persons in the province—perfect joy and satisfaction—a paraisaical blessedness—a very elysium of delight. Unfortunately, however, for my description, it was written in January instead of March,—the provinces since united—seat of government removed—radical elections—a fearful preponderance of rebel abettors—destructives and liberals—our beloved Church threatened—the Papacy fearlessly exhibited, and giving but too much reason for anticipating its eventual triumph, and Protestant Episcopal subversion. All around us gloomy, and full of dismal forebodings; and our only hope (if the Divine Disposer be overlooked) in the detrusion from office of those Whigs, who so vexatiously retain their places at home, and not content with liberalism, and bringing into jeopardy England's every good, are carrying with a yet higher hand their destructive and church-subversive measures in its colonies. Such, alas! is the present aspect of our horizon! But as to myself, I am happy to say that it does not much trouble me. It is indeed not a little cloud which hangs over us, but dark and far-spreading; and yet I cherish hope that it will soon blow over. We have had our direful threatenings before, but God has dealt very mercifully with us; and I trust that similar mercies are now also in reserve.

But I am hardly leaving myself room to say a few words on other matters. Greatly did it rejoice me, my endeared friend, to follow you in your most pleasing recital of the numerous exhibitions of God's mercy and faithfulness to yourself and family, and I have no question but that in many respects you will see yet greater things than these;—yes! all is well—

much of spiritual good has been reaped by my beloved friend. He has gone forth bearing precious seed, and even here has come again with joy, bringing his sheaves with him.

April 21, 1841.

MUCH to my mortification, I was unable, as I had wished, to finish my letter, when I added the few lines about a month ago; but that slight effort brought on a return of my disability, and obliged me to be again quiet; and, were I to consult the suggestions of prudence, I should not, I believe, now venture on a few lines which I am desirous of appending by way of conclusion. But I am so thoroughly ashamed of both my apparent neglect, and the fussiness attendant on my endeavours to write to you the letter I have done, that I can keep my sheet by me no longer, and, though I seem to have many things to say to you, I must content myself with the assurance, that with unabated affection, and with every good wish for yourself, Mrs. C——, and family, in which Mrs. M—— most sincerely unites, I have the pleasure to subscribe myself,

Your long attached Friend

And brother in the gospel,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

After an interval of eighteen years, I saw my late beloved friend only for the second time after our leaving Cambridge and settling in life. I saw him for a few short hours in the year 1824, and, from that time, I had not that pleasure again until July, 1842, when I had the long-desired happiness of paying him a visit at Thornhill, and passing a week with him, in the society of his kind family, to whom

I had never before been personally introduced. We used, when at college, to promise ourselves the pleasure of alternate annual visits, little thinking that, for so long a period, the bounds of our habitation were to be no nearer together than the eastern and western hemisphere. At Thornhill, I saw my endeared friend in different circumstances and relations to what I had ever personally known him before—as the pastor, the husband, and the father; and I was not disappointed in contemplating him in these characters. He was as venerable in appearance as grey—I might rather say white—hairs could make him, and which crowned a countenance of the most benignant aspect—serene, intelligent, animated, and beaming with tenderness and affection. There was also in his manners, in the tones of his voice, and, when speaking, in the peculiar expressiveness of his countenance, something remarkably sweet, mild, and engaging. The general contour of the upper part of his body, especially his long white hair behind, reminded me of the later likenesses of the justly celebrated John Wesley. His body was of low stature and deformed, which, at first sight, might have given to a stranger but a lowly opinion of him; but every disadvantage from appearance soon wore off, and the mind shone brightly through the mean and weak and uncommanding body, which contained it. A pleasing instance of this effect occurred when I was in Canada. He was kind enough to spend three or four days with me at my son's—a visit to which the following letter has some reference, and which, as being the last I ever received from him, though it contain nothing of any importance, I insert with a deep recollection of the intercourse which I had with my friend on the occasion. We were spending an evening together at the house of a friend: a lady of piety and intelligence was present as a visitor like ourselves, and who had never before seen

Mr. Mortimer. Before the evening passed, she observed to me, "That gentleman is no common man," so struck was she, and, perhaps, contrary to her expectations, with the superior cast of his conversation, which I had myself also observed in the course of the evening.

TO THE REV. JOHN ARMSTRONG.

Thornhill, Aug. 7, 1842.

My dear Armstrong,

It struck me that the last thing you said to me in parting was, that you would inform me of your movements, and for such information I have hitherto been waiting ; but as I possibly may have misunderstood you, and you are expecting to hear from me, I had better write at once.

Circumstances, I find, will not admit of my going to New York just at present, nor do I apprehend that I shall find it necessary for the accomplishment of my literary purpose to go beyond Buffalo, or Rochester at the farthest, though this I cannot quite settle till I see you.

I shall hope, if all be well, to sleep in Toronto on Monday next, and proceed the next morning for Niagara or Queenston ; or, in fact, whatever place I shall find, on inquiry on board the steamer *Transit*, shall be the nearest point to your son's abode ; and from that point shall make my way to him as I can. I am no nice traveller on such occasions, and therefore very readily get accommodated.

There are two or three matters I am wishing to talk over with you, and which strike me as of no small importance in reference to our Canadian ecclesiastical matters. I suppose you have not been able to arrive at any decision in our favour ; and, while we

are beating our rough and perilous way, you will be felicitating yourself, when in some tranquil cozy retreat, that you have escaped the threatening danger of our more unquiet seas. But whether such outward tranquillity is awaiting my endeared friend or not, I trust he will ever experience much of that peace which his peace-imparting Saviour can alone bestow; and may the peace and rest which awaits him in heaven be realized by him in all its delightful fulness. And oh, may his unworthy friend be privileged to meet him there! Our kindest regards to yourself and our endeared young friend,

Yours ever, my dear Armstrong,

Most affectionately and sincerely,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

The last letter addressed to his fondly attached sister, Mrs. Holland, was written in a broken manner, and was probably among the last, except on mere matters of business, which he ever wrote. I have myself seen but one other written after the date which this bears, and which will be noticed presently.

TO HIS SISTER.

Thornhill, April 6, 1844.

AM not dead, dear Mary, but increasingly abhorrent of the epistolary—it's no use scolding—quite inveterate. [After entering more minutely than usual into family details, he adds,] Self alive again—marvel greatly—though an old man, still two full services on the Sunday—no assistant—do all the parochial—visit not a little from house to house, more regularly and systematically than has been my wont—never felt my duties less onerously—peaceful dependent, and more hopeful—more power to cast

my burden on another, and find my Redeemer mighty—oh never fails—so faithful, condescending, kind. Sorry, oh sorry, that deafness has appeared; but could Brother G. heal as well as sympathise, he would soon show, by its immediate removal, that blundering affection, instead of the wisdom of love, which marks mortals' wishes and decisions; but, dear Mary, it's more than compensated. May that blessed Christian grace of patience have its perfect work! Am a middle man still—hate Dissent, but never preach against Dissenters—love the men, but greatly deplore the evils of the whole system—therefore budge not from my long wont—a real Churchman I hope still, but neither ultra high, nor ultra low. And now, dear Mary, adieu—your letter has shamed, has lovingly shamed me, and therefore have written something. Kindest love from all to all.

Yours as ever,

G. M.

The day before his death, Mr. Mortimer addressed a long letter to his brother, the Rev. Thomas Mortimer, full of interest and full of kindness, and which, no doubt, will be treasured up by him with great care and affection; but it is of so personal and domestic a tenor, that it is only a single short extract that I can with propriety insert in this memoir, though nothing could be more appropriate, as a conclusion to his correspondence.

June 14, 1844.

* * * * Of myself a word or two will suffice. Though old and grey-headed, my God forsakes me not; but graciously imparts a gleam of sunshine in my latter days, which almost makes me marvel. I have just completed my sixtieth year,

and, though encompassed, as ever, with infirmities, have for the last twelvemonth done full duty twice on the Sabbath.

The flame yet flickers, and till it shall sink into total darkness, may it send forth some shining ray to enlighten the minds and change the hearts of my beloved Canadian people.

Adieu, my beloved Brother,

Ever affectionately yours,

GEORGE MORTIMER.

Mr. Mortimer's death, which took place on Saturday, June 15, 1844, has been so suitably and feelingly described by others that I have nothing to do but to avail myself of their services. These consist of notices of the event, taken by the public papers of Toronto; a resolution of the Central Board of the Church Society of the Diocese of Toronto, presented to Mrs. Mortimer by the Rev. W. W. Ripley, secretary; a brief memoir drawn up by the Rev. Thomas Grinfield, and inserted in the *Bristol Journal*; and letters written by his amiable and excellent daughter, Miss Phebe Mortimer, giving some account of the last years of her father's life, as well as of the circumstances and particulars of his death.

(From the "*Church*" newspaper of June 21, 1844.)

It is with feelings of no ordinary pain and grief that we announce the sudden and afflictive death of a venerable friend and fellow-labourer in this diocese, the Rev. George Mortimer, M.A., Rector of Thornhill.

As this deeply-lamented gentleman was proceeding

on Saturday afternoon last from his residence to Toronto, his horse, when about half way through the village, took fright, and the reins breaking, the carriage was upset, and Mr. Mortimer was thrown violently against the stump of a tree. He received immediate assistance, and was carried into the house of a neighbour, Mr. Griffiths. Dr. Paget, his medical attendant, speedily arrived, and drove him home. On the way he spoke with cheerfulness, and hopes were entertained that the injury would not prove very serious ; but soon after his arrival at his own house, he expressed his conviction that he had not long to survive—an apprehension which was confirmed by his kind and afflicted medical friend. Having called his family round him, he addressed them in his own peculiarly affectionate and earnest manner, upon the solemn change he was soon to undergo, blessed them, and presently after sunk to his rest, so calmly and quietly that they knew not of his departure until the mournful event was communicated by Dr. Paget. About two hours only had elapsed between the occurrence of the accident and his death.

The servant who had driven him, was thrown also with great violence against a heap of stones, and severely hurt ; but he is now, we are happy to say, recovering.

The well-known excellencies of Mr. Mortimer in every Christian sphere and relation, render any extended remarks of our own unnecessary. He was all that the mind can conceive, in this imperfect state, of a gentle, consistent, and established Christian. With talents and acquirements of the highest order, a polished mind and a benevolent heart, he was fitted to adorn any society ; while the zealous and conscientious discharge of every pastoral duty to which his strength was equal, added to a large and systematic charity, endeared him, in a peculiar degree, to

the flock who were so fortunate as to enjoy his ministrations.

In the diocese at large, as a well-informed, pious, and influential clergyman, his loss will be severely felt; a loss the more afflictive to many, from the very recent opportunity occurring at the late visitation, where he attended apparently in unusual health, of enjoying the benefits and gratification of his society.

He has gone to his rest in a mature, though not old age; and, in the words of a contemporary, "the chief consolation to the family and friends of this truly good man will be, that he died in the full assurance of entering into the perfect realization of the true believer's promised happiness."

*(From the Toronto Patriot, of Tuesday,
June 18, 1844.)*

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.—It has seldom been our task to announce a more truly melancholy accident than that which, on Saturday evening, deprived the diocese of Toronto of one of its most zealous, useful, and truly respected clergymen, the Rev. George Mortimer, of Thornhill. * * * *

* * * Few men could have moved in a sphere of more active Christian usefulness than this most excellent minister of religion. To the poor, and the neighbourhood generally, of Thornhill, his death will be a severe loss. His charities were large, and extended to the bounds of his clerical remuneration and a large private income. The chief consolation to the family and friends of this truly Christian man will be, that he died in the full assurance of entering into the perfect realization of the true believer's promised happiness.

(From the "British Colonist," a Presbyterian paper, of Tuesday, June 18, 1844.)

WITH much regret we announce the death of the
 Rev. Mr. Mortimer, of Thornhill. * * *
 * * * * * * *

Mr. Mortimer was the incumbent of the Episcopal Church, at Thornhill; he was beloved by his congregation, and held in high respect by all around him, and distinguished for his benevolence and charity.

AT a meeting of the Central Board of the Church Society, of the diocese of Toronto, held at the Society's House, on the 3rd July, 1844, the Lord Bishop in the chair: on the motion of the Rev. H. J. Grasett, M.A., domestic chaplain to the Lord Bishop, seconded by the Hon. W. Allan, it was

Resolved—That the Central Board of the Church Society of Toronto, with feelings of the deepest emotion, embrace the first opportunity of their meeting together since the sudden and lamented death of the Rev. George Mortimer, M.A., Rector of Thornhill, to express their sorrow in the removal of a member of their body, who, for warm yet humble piety, enlarged and Christian charity, a self-denying course of life, and a holy devotedness to his Heavenly Master's cause, was surpassed by none of those who have been commissioned to feed the flock of Christ in this diocese.

And while the Board view in this melancholy bereavement, the chastening hand of a merciful and gracious Father, who scourgeth every son whom he receiveth, they most sincerely beg to offer their condolence to the widow and family of their deceased

brother, who, his warfare being accomplished, has been thus suddenly called from the Church militant to join the society of those who have departed hence in the faith and fear of the Lord.

(Signed) JOHN TORONTO.

(From the Bristol Journal.)

THE REV. GEORGE MORTIMER, M.A.

WITH deep regret and affectionate esteem, we record the death of one, whose memory (we are persuaded) is embalmed in the hearts of many among our fellow-citizens—the REV. GEORGE MORTIMER. In the midst of his ministerial usefulness in Upper Canada, whither he emigrated from this city about ten years ago, his valuable life was suddenly terminated by one of those mysterious dispensations of Infinite Wisdom, which, while they make us feel our deep ignorance, exercise at once reverential submission and Christian confidence. Thrown from an open carriage against the stump of a tree, he received a fatal injury on his chest; and having been carried to his home, and placed on his bed, he expired within two hours. It is remarkable that, as a fall, suffered in his infancy, had injured his growth, and distorted his person, a fall should have proved the occasion of his death. For several years (between 1826 and 1834) he resided in this neighbourhood; first at Horfield, when he officiated as evening preacher at St. Mary-le-Port, in this city; afterwards, as curate of the Rev. Alfred Harford, at Hutton, in Somerset. He was a man equally distinguished by his intellectual and Christian excellence. The strength and symmetry of his mental constitution presented a striking contrast and relief to the

imperfection of his stature and his form—imperfection redeemed by a countenance eloquently expressive of benignity blended with intelligence. Those who enjoyed his personal intimacy will remember him long among the most instructive and interesting of companions—among the most kind and faithful of friends. As a preacher, he was eminently popular, powerful, and profitable; peculiarly excelling in accurate details of practical and social duty, and also in discriminative representations of the character and the heart. A mind acute, perspicuous, methodical, enriched with knowledge at once varied and exact; a natural *unwritten* eloquence, aided by a voice of peculiar and pathetic tone—imparted an extraordinary charm to those evening discourses, which, delivered to crowded auditories in St. Mary-le-Port Church, have left, we doubt not, vivid and valued impressions on the memory and the heart of many a surviving hearer. At this moment we well recollect particular passages of his preaching; and especially his farewell address, heard with mournful eagerness by an overflowing throng on the evening of the day preceding his departure for America: the text, “Choose ye this day whom ye will serve!”—the sermon, a masterpiece of comprehensive and momentous exhortation. On the next morning (Monday) in company with many of his attached friends and hearers, “we accompanied him to the ship, sorrowing most of all for this, *that we should see his face no more.*” (Acts, xx. 38.) Our Canadian colony, then the scene of large emigration, and greatly in need of able clergymen, rejoiced to receive the treasure which Bristol once enjoyed. By his natural and acquired endowments, Mr. Mortimer was singularly qualified for usefulness in the new field of his ministry. In his extensive parish of Thornhill, the parish church was considerably enlarged during the year preceding his last, towards which he con-

tributed greatly ; and also effected the establishment of two other churches, with clergymen attached to them, in the same extensive district. During a long course of years, Mr. M—— had made it his rule to expend a *tenth* part of his income annually, on the various objects of Christian benevolence : his liberality must have proved doubly valuable, where, while numerous necessities demanded relief, the people are generally *slow to give*. In what high esteem he was held by his Canadian brethren, is sufficiently attested by the extraordinary honours of his funeral : the Bishop of Toronto, accompanied by more than forty clergymen, many from distant places, attended his remains to their sepulchral rest, with tears of mingled love and grief. He has left an excellent widow and six children to lament his loss, and cherish his memory. Of his sons, two are engaged in the ministry ; one as a missionary among the Chippeway Indians, and the youngest is studying in the College of Toronto for the same sacred destination. May the spirit of their father be perpetuated in his children's children.

T. G.

August 7, 1844.

Rev. Thos. Springfield Rector of St Mary's - Port
Bristol, England

TO MISS ELIZA FORD.

Thornhill, September 25, 1844.

My dear Madam,

IN compliance with the wishes expressed in your letter to Mamma, and at her request, I proceed to retrace the latest years of my dear father's life. Though it is in some respects a painful task, and one for which I feel myself incompetent, I shall be quite repaid if I afford any pleasure to the respected and valued friends of my late beloved father.

I think you must have heard of the distressing nervous attack which my dear father had about four years since, and which, for a time, entirely incapacitated him for the discharge of his ministerial duties, and obliged him to engage the services of a curate. When he had partially recovered, but, at the same time, felt unequal to the resumption of his ministrations at Thornhill, he undertook a service in a retired place, nearly four miles distant, where no church service had been before held. He felt very much interested in this self-imposed charge, which he termed, in speaking of it to me, the nursling of his old age. Many of the members of this congregation, which consisted entirely of farmers, mechanics, and labourers, have frequently spoken in strong terms of gratitude for his attention to them, and I hope that his labours there were in some measure appreciated. When he afterwards gave Mr. Townley some assistance in Thornhill Church,* he still continued his exposition, as he was accustomed to call it, at the German Mills, but then went only once a fortnight, and my youngest brother, with the consent of the bishop, officiated as lay-reader, on the alternate Sundays. At the end of June, in last year, my dear father having felt very anxious to resume his charge at Thornhill, at length came to the determination of dismissing his curate, notwithstanding the fears of his family that he would be unequal to bear the sole burden of the then greatly increased parochial duties. Connected with this determination, was a resolution to devote himself entirely to his ministerial work, and he re-entered upon it with renewed zeal and ardour. At the same

* On the 10th of October, 1841, Mr. Mortimer preached at Thornhill, in the evening, for the first time after his nervous attack. His text was very striking—"I shall not die but live, and declare the works of the Lord." After that he preached occasionally in the evening, until he altogether resumed his duties, about the middle of the year 1843.

time he entirely gave up all his literary pursuits, and, as if to confirm his purpose, removed from his study all the geological and other scientific works, which had previously engaged and captivated his attention. This was an evident and great sacrifice, but it was made with cheerfulness for the sake of his Divine Redeemer; and the comfort and great peace of mind which he enjoyed in doing his Master's work, fully recompensed him for this act of self-devotion. Our fears respecting his health proved to have been groundless, for he frequently said that he never felt his ministerial duties less oppressive than he then did. The good health which he enjoyed was greatly promoted by the practice which he had adopted of driving out regularly every day, and which he then continued both for the benefit of the exercise, and also for the purpose of visiting his parishioners, very many of whom lived at a distance of many miles. His visits have been frequently alluded to, and they appear to have been prized by many, as marks of kindness and condescension, when they could not appreciate their spiritual advantage. During this last year of my dear father's life, owing perhaps to the exclusively religious nature of his studies, his conversation much more frequently than before took a serious turn. I was frequently much struck with the beauty of his observations, and at times the thought occurred that his remarks were those of one ripening for glory. At the end of last May, Arthur and his bride came to visit us, and we then effected a family meeting, every member being present excepting Maria. During the next week, my dear father was present at the bishop's triennial visitation, and at the annual meeting of our Diocesan Church Society; and his apparent good health was generally remarked by his clerical and other friends. The ceremony of opening a church in our neighbourhood, occurring in the following week, he

thought it his duty to attend ; but these exertions, combined with the excitement of an enlarged family circle, affected his health, and on that account, during the three last days he spent the whole of his time in parochial visiting. The man-servant spoke with much feeling of his conversation during their drives, and mentioned his having said, each day, when they reached home, "Once more, Stephen, God has brought us home in safety." Some of the persons that he visited on those days remarked to a young friend, that their minister spoke to them particularly of preparation for death. On Saturday, the 15th of June, having heard that his bookseller in Toronto had received a supply of new books, he determined upon going there to select some theological works. While he was waiting for the carriage, he returned to the dining-room, and talked in a very lively manner till it was ready. He had only proceeded about a mile on his journey, when the fatal accident occurred. The newspapers gave a correct account of the accident, which perhaps you have heard—that the horse ran away ; that one rein broke suddenly, though nearly new, which caused the horse to make so sudden and violent a turn, that the carriage was overturned, and that the man, though thrown out as well as his master, was only slightly injured, while the latter received his death-blow on the chest, by being thrown with violence against the stump of a tree. It had long been the practice of my endeared father, and one which he recommended from the pulpit, to make death a daily subject of prayer, and a part of that, I believe, daily petition, was that he might, if consistent with the will of God, have an easy death. The testimony of his kind and skilful medical attendant, is a decisive evidence to the striking fulfilment of this prayer ; for he told us that no other death was so easy, excepting when occasioned by lightning, as that

which terminated the existence of my dear father, who, he assured us, suffered no pain. He also mentioned that he considered it a very remarkable circumstance, that he should have survived so long a time as four hours : for that two hours was deemed the utmost length of time that life could be prolonged, under such circumstances, and that instant death was the frequent result of such a blow. That such was not the case in this instance, we felt very thankful, and he himself expressed his satisfaction at being brought home to his own bed, and his thankfulness that none of his bones were broken ; not knowing then the fatal nature of his accident. He expressed a desire that some of his family should leave the room, that he might be quiet, and we all therefore quitted his room, excepting Dr. Paget and Arthur. He was perfectly composed, and resigned to the will of God, whatever that might be, but expressed a wish that he might fall asleep in Jesus. When he became aware, or rather suspected, that his end was approaching, he sent for all the members of his family who were then at home, mentioning us by name, and we received in succession his last blessing. He was then perfectly calm, and in a peaceful state of mind. Almost his last words were expressive of his admiration of, and thankfulness for, the wonderful plan of redemption : his words I do not remember accurately enough to quote, but his last petition was for his beloved flock ! Dr. Paget, though his affectionate heart felt deep sorrow, said, that it was a privilege to witness such a death. The testimony which has been borne by all ranks to the esteem in which he was held, is very gratifying. The bishop came from Toronto, though with great inconvenience, to pay the last mark of respect to the dear remains of one whom, to the credit of both parties, he greatly respected, though differing from him in many points. The church was greatly

crowded on the mournful occasion, and a deep feeling appeared to pervade the assembly. The pulpit, &c. were hung with black cloth, and all the genteel residents in the neighbourhood put on mourning. These are the consolations which the world has in its power to offer to mourning relatives, and very many have we received, nor were they by any means undervalued by us, but, added to them, we had far higher sources of comfort, in the perfect assurance that he whom we mourned had entered into his rest, and in the full assurance that the event, deeply afflicting as it was to us, was ordered by an allwise and gracious God.

Mamma desires her Christian respects to yourself and your dear sister, of whose very afflictive state of deprivation of almost every outward comfort, she was truly grieved to hear.

My dear father was much affected when he heard, through Miss B——, the sad intelligence, and he more than once alluded to your dear sister's blindness with tears of sympathy.

Believe me, dear Madam,

Very sincerely and respectfully yours,

PHEBE MORTIMER.

The following letter, written by the same hand, repeats so much of what was said in the foregoing, that at first the writer of these memoirs determined, on the omission of one of them: but, upon consideration that, though there was repetition, there was also so much variety of expression, as well as of additional matter, he judged it best to insert both—a judgment which he doubts not will be approved by his readers.

TO MRS. HOLLAND.

Thornhill, Feb. 8, 1845.

My dear Aunt,

* * * * *

"The memory of the just is" indeed "blessed"; and I wish that the last remembrances of my beloved father could have been traced for you by a more able hand than mine. His memory is, I am sure, treasured in the hearts of very many here who knew him. I wish it may incite them to follow him as he followed Christ.

The last year of my beloved father's life was marked by an entire devotion to his ministerial work; for when he came to the determination of resuming the entire charge of his parish, it was accompanied by a resolution to abandon every other pursuit, and to devote all his time and powers to the one object of winning souls to Christ. As if to confirm this purpose, he put away from his study library all the geological and other scientific and literary books with which it was furnished, and replenished it with theological works. It was to him an act of great self-denial thus entirely to give up the studies and pursuits which had previously so engaged and captivated his attention; but they were relinquished with cheerfulness, because for his Redeemer's sake; for he observed at the time that he made this sacrifice, "Oh! it is a very little thing to do for my Saviour." He was fully recompensed for this devotion to his Heavenly Father's cause, as appears from his having expressed to mamma the great comfort and peace of mind which he afterwards enjoyed in his clerical avocations. From that time a change was apparent in his conversation; for although he was always accustomed to introduce

religious subjects in conversation with his family, especially in the evening, when he would sit with us for a short time after family prayers, still, during the last year, his conversation, partaking of the exclusive nature of his studies, was more uniformly serious than it had been previously. I was frequently much struck with the beauty and spirituality of his observations, and, once or twice, while listening to his conversation, the idea presented itself, that the sentiments and feelings he expressed were those of one who was ripening for the garner. This, however, was merely a passing thought, and never at all realized or dwelt upon; for my dear father was, at that time, particularly well, and he frequently told us that he never felt his ministerial duties less burdensome. One of his remarks, which made an impression on my mind at the time, has since struck me the more from the coincidence of the following text being written in one of the blank leaves of the Bible that he was accustomed to use, until within the last two or three years of his life: "When I am old and grey-headed, O God, forsake me not." Psalm lxxi. 18. The remark which he made in conversation was this: "He has been my God from my youth up, but I never felt that he was so near to me as now in my old age." These are not, I think, quite the expressions he made use of, for I quote from memory, and although I attempted to write them down the same day, I could not even then recall the *words* that he used. Often similar attempts that I made failed also, and I then relinquished the idea that I had entertained, of preserving in writing some of my endeared father's religious observations. During one of our drives to the station at the German Mills, speaking of the ministering of angels, a subject of which he was very fond, he remarked, that the dispensation of *faith* under which we are placed made it necessary that an unseen agency

should be employed for our protection and deliverance, as otherwise faith would be lost in sight; and also that, had these ministering spirits been made visible to us, we should have been very prone to place our reliance upon *them*, instead of putting our trust simply in God. He pursued the conversation as we ascended a very steep hill, and said, "I think we are little aware how constantly angels are employed on our behalf; perhaps now, an angel is leading that horse by the bridle, and encouraging it onwards." One of the horses, a fine animal, was then exerting itself to the utmost; for the roads were very bad at the time, and the hill was therefore very difficult of ascent. I think the following anecdote will be interesting to you, as it is one which made a strong impression on my dear father's mind, and, as it is short, I am tempted to copy it for you: "As one said to Philip J. Jenks just before he expired, 'How hard it is to die,' he replied, 'Oh, no, easy dying, blessed dying, glorious dying.' Looking up at the clock, he said, 'I have experienced more happiness in dying this day, than in my whole life. It is worth living for, it is worth a whole life, to have such an end as this. I have long desired that I might glorify God in my death; but oh! I never thought that such a poor worm as I could have come to such a glorious death.'" I believe this account of "happiness experienced in death," contributed very much to weaken his apprehension of the pains of death, which he afterwards entirely lost. It had, however, long been his own practice, and one which he recommended to others from the pulpit, to make death a daily subject of prayer, particularly as regarded its *time* and *manner*; and I believe one of these daily petitions was, that he might have an easy death, if consistent with the will of God. This petition was answered by his Heavenly Father in a striking manner, for our kind

friend and physician assured us, that he suffered *no pain*, not even so much as a person experiences in fainting. It is also remarkable, as Dr. Paget mentioned to us, that in no other way could his existence have been terminated with this absence of pain, except by a stroke of lightning. The doctor also considered it remarkable that he survived so long after the fatal accident, as instant death frequently occurs under such circumstances. That such was not his case was an unspeakable comfort to us ; and he himself expressed his satisfaction at being brought home to his own comfortable bed. He also stated his thankfulness for the circumstance of no bone being broken, or even dislocated, and quoted that passage of Scripture, "He keepeth all his bones, not one of them is broken." This was before he was aware of the fatal nature of the accident. He expressed a wish to be left alone that he might be quiet, and we all left the room in consequence, except Arthur and Dr. Paget. We had no idea that any danger was to be apprehended, till a few moments before he expired, when he sent for us, asking for each by name, and for the servants also. He said he thought he was dying, and added, "Do not be surprised if I should struggle at the last." Immediately after he said, "What a salvation is that which Christ has purchased for us ; what a blessing that I have nothing to do now ! My dear flock, may the Lord bless them all, and provide for them !" Then seeing us all around him, he said to each, "May the Lord bless you." These were his last words, except the expression of his wish to lie down. I supported his head on my arm, and thought that he was falling asleep—but no, it was the sleep of death.

Mr. Osler preached a most excellent funeral sermon from this appropriate text, "Blessed are those servants, whom their Lord, when he cometh, shall find

watching." My dear father was employed to the very last in doing his Lord's work : his three last days were spent entirely in parochial visiting, contrary to his usual practice of spending the greater portion of each day in his study, and two or three hours in his drives and in visiting his people. Some of those whom he visited on these days, afterwards told a young friend, that he talked to them principally about preparation for death. The man-servant also has spoken with much feeling of his conversation during those drives, and he mentioned also, that each day, when they reached home, he said, "Once more, Stephen, God has brought us home in safety." My beloved father's consistency of conduct won for him the respect and esteem of all who knew him, even of those who differed from him, sometimes widely, in religious opinions. Such was the case with the bishop, who however not only respected him, but entertained very kind feelings towards him, which he evinced by coming from Toronto, though with great inconvenience, and unsolicited, to pay the last mark of respect to his remains. The public testimony which was borne to the excellence of my dear father's character, in a resolution of the Central Board of the Church Society, of which body he was a member, was so gratifying, that I cannot refrain from copying a part of it. He is spoken of in the resolution as one "who for warm yet humble piety, enlarged and Christian charity, a self-denying course of life, and a holy devotedness to his Heavenly Master's cause, was surpassed by none of those who have been commissioned to feed the flock of Christ in this diocese."

One of the features of character alluded to in this resolution had been especially observed by a young clerical friend, who, when speaking with much warmth of the high estimation he entertained of my dear father's character, particularly mentioned his

great humility. As an instance of this, he told us, that, when he had gone with my father into the vestry after preaching what Mr. D. considered a most excellent sermon, he had spoken of it as furnishing cause for fresh humiliation, and a stimulus to greater exertions and more earnest prayers for the future. Mr. D., on the same occasion, alluded to the peculiar facility with which he constantly introduced religious remarks in conversation, which, he said, he had particularly noticed on the few occasions on which he had met him in company. In answer to an observation, that my dear father had often deplored the want of this very gift, Mr. D. remarked, that this circumstance afforded a fresh proof of his humility.

* * * * *

Believe me, my dear Aunt,

Your ever-affectionate Niece,

PHEBE MORTIMER.

PREACHING.

MR. MORTIMER, says one of his friends* (well fitted to form a correct estimate of him), was “a *rarely gifted* person.” As a *preacher*, he possessed very considerable excellence. His extemporaneous discourses were of a very finished kind, lucid in order, striking in illustration, and powerful in application. These discourses were not the mere effusions of thoughts unprepared and of matter undigested, but the result of diligent reading, close study, and fervent prayer, which alone can enable even the competent *extempore* speaker to address a Christian congregation with any good effect. He was eminently a

* The Rev. Thomas Grinfield, who greatly admired and loved Mr. Mortimer, and for whom, from his first acquaintance with him, he entertained sentiments of mingled affection, esteem, and admiration.

practical preacher, and signally excelled in portraying the unfair arts so often practised by men of business with a view to their worldly gain: and, as his hearers were mostly tradesmen, his graphic delineations were sometimes keenly felt in the consciences of individuals, who were ready to say, "Art thou come to call our sins to our remembrance?" More than one of his mercantile hearers has asked him, in private intercourse, by what means he had acquired so exact and extraordinary an acquaintance with the varieties of fraud, which, however familiar in the busy walks of trade, might be supposed little known to a minister of the gospel. To such a question he has replied, that he had derived his knowledge, partly from the habitual study of his own heart, partly from his personal experience of a busy life in his earlier years; as he had been apprenticed to an eminent London bookseller, previously to his collegiate preparation for the ministry.

So searchingly did he probe the consciences of his hearers, that it was not unfrequent with some among them to visit him for the purpose of private conference, counsel, and consolation. He well knew how to "speak a word in season to the weary," with a peculiar sympathy and kindness. Yet quite as well he knew how to apply "the terror of the Lord:" and I remember his telling me, that one of the *most effective* sermons (as he had reason to believe) which he had ever preached, was of terrific character, and founded on those words of overwhelming horror; "In Hell he lifted up his eyes, being in torments." *That* sermon (he had reason to hope) had been used by the Lord as an instrument for rescuing "a brand from the burning," which the preacher aimed to represent. Another of his most striking sermons, divided between the morning and evening of the same Sabbath, was formed on a theme contrasted with the preceding, the *conduct* and the *reward* of the faithful

Christian, as exemplified in St. PAUL: "I have fought the good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith: henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day."*

But, whatever excellencies he possessed as a preacher, Mr. Mortimer was unconscious of them himself: for he frequently deplored what he considered the inefficiency of his ministrations, and was accustomed to speak in the most humble terms of his sermons. On one such occasion, he said, "When I come out of the pulpit, and turn over in my mind what I have said, I think, What does it all amount to? How much more to the purpose it might have been, and how much more useful!"

On the Sunday evenings, after committing his past endeavours into the hands of his God by prayer, he would turn his thoughts from the review of what he considered his past failures to the hope of future usefulness, by at once renewing his exertions. With this view, he was accustomed, before he retired to rest on the Sunday evening, to look out a text for the following Sunday, and to form the outline of the sermon. But although he was thus peculiarly anxious about the preparation of his sermons, he seldom spoke on the subject without remarking upon the necessity of the accompanying influences of the Holy Spirit, to render efficacious even the most highly wrought, powerful, and most convincing sermon. Indeed, he has expressed the opinion, that the most common-place sermons were often made the most useful; because, in such cases, the preacher, being aware of their defects, and being thus divested of all feelings of self-congratulation, was led, in more

* From a communication made to me by the Rev. J. Grinfield, to whom I am indebted for several papers and letters with which he has kindly furnished me, and of which I have made ample use in this memoir.

humble dependence upon God, to entreat that He would give the increase.

In connexion with this subject, he once mentioned having preached for a friend on a rainy day to an exceedingly small congregation. The comparatively large number of empty pews presented a very discouraging aspect, and tended very much to depress his spirits;—altogether such was the effect produced on his mind, that least of all on that day would he have expected any favourable result from his sermon. Some time afterwards, when he was spending an evening at the house of a person who resided at some distance both from the place where he preached and from his own home, a lady, who was of the party, took an opportunity of stating how much she felt indebted to him for the spiritual sight that she had received through his instrumentality. He was at a loss to know what she alluded to, for he had no recollection of having seen her before: but she brought to his recollection the thinly scattered congregation in his friend's church, for whom he had preached on a very rainy day: and then stated that she was one of those few hearers, and that the sermon had made so deep an impression on her mind as to have been productive of lasting benefit.

PASTORAL VISITING.

IN his pastoral visits, Mr. Mortimer appears to have been remarkably successful. He seems always to have paid attention to this very important and often very useful part of the Christian pastor's office, but more especially during a few of the latter years of his life, making his daily drives for the benefit of his health subservient to that purpose. He made a point of visiting at first six, and afterwards ten families during each week, by which arrangement he

considered that he could visit each family four times during the year, besides paying more frequent visits in case of illness, or any particular affliction. He not only visited the different members of his congregation and others belonging to the church, but he went to every house in the immediate neighbourhood, and, for several miles around, he knew the occupants of almost every house. When he visited Roman Catholics, or Dissenters, he never sought to enter into controversy with them; for he considered it, in general, unprofitable, and seldom productive of the desired effect of bringing them into the fold of the Church. He was far, however, from shrinking from entering upon the subject, when it appeared desirable for him to do so; and when the subject was brought forward in conversation, he stated the grounds of his firm adhesion to his own communion, and conscientiously, but with a mild and affectionate manner, warned them of the sin of schism. On such occasions, *unity* was generally the theme of his discourse, and he would dwell much on its importance and obligations, and urge upon them the consideration of that beautiful prayer, "That they, Father, may be one, as we are." He was never satisfied unless he could give a decided religious turn to the conversations he had with his people, but, even if he failed in doing this, he always contrived to introduce some serious remark before he left their houses. A Presbyterian, who was warmly attached to her own Church, when speaking of Mr. Mortimer, said, "Ah, he was a real good man. I have often said, that he and Mr. J. [the minister of her own communion] were the two best ministers in Canada. I wouldna miss going to hear Mr. Mortimer preach in the evening [she went to her own place of worship in the morning], but I havena the heart to go now. I weel remember how he sat here, for near an hour, talking to my husband the last time he was here.

My husband served at Waterloo, and they were talking about the battle, and such things ; and then he stopped all of a sudden, and smiled, and said, 'but I didna come here to talk about politics.' ”

He was particularly desirous of impressing upon the minds of those whom he visited the importance of individual and experimental religion, and would constantly remind them that their great aim should be to prepare for heaven.

He took also occasion to warn them of open sins which they were in the habit of committing, such as drunkenness, or the neglect of public worship. An old man, who frequently gave way to a habit of intoxication, and, perhaps from this cause, has now become prematurely infirm and almost childish, alluded to the last visit of his pastor in the following manner :—“On the Thursday—the Thursday, you mind, before he died—old Mr. Mortimer came to see me in his little carriage, and his man drove him : and he gave me a caution. He said, ‘Mr. —, I saw you on Yonge-street a short time since, and you were drunk ;’ and on the next Saturday he was a corpse, and I lost my brother :” and the old man turned aside to hide his tears.

The husband, or rather the widower, of a Presbyterian, mentioned that his wife had frequently remarked to him, that there could not be a better minister by a sick bed than Mr. Mortimer : for that he never excited persons, but that at the same time he did not delude them about their eternal prospects, but spoke candidly to them, according to their different states of mind. She said that there was no minister that she should so much like to see, if she were ill, as Mr. Mortimer. Her wish, however, was not gratified, for she survived him about half-a-year.

Another person, a member of a Presbyterian family in the neighbourhood, after stating that Mr. Mortimer was very much missed, said, “And no one

misses him more than my mother; for he used to come and sit with her, and talked so nicely to her, that it did her so much good—it did her good till he came again. There will never be another minister like Mr. Mortimer: if there were to come five thousand, there would not be another like him.” *

He took an interest in the concerns of those whom he visited, and, following the example of St. Paul, strove to “please all men in all things, not seeking his own profit, but the profit of many, that they might be saved.” “He was not naturally fond of children, and I was much struck, on that account, with the remark of a woman when talking about the visits of my dear father; ‘Ah, miss, your father was mighty fond of this little one, and he took so much notice of him the very last time he was here!’ Another woman said, ‘Ah! he was a real gentleman, and he would sit down with us, and talk so free and pleasant-like.’” †

* Such an influence over the minds of those who widely differed from him, and perhaps viewed the Church to which he belonged with much prejudice, was not attained but by a course of great kindness and consideration towards all, and the thing gained was worth all the cost of it. Mr. Mortimer was not an indifferent Churchman; but he felt that, like his Divine Master, he should not only be of a *meek and lowly* spirit towards his own, but that he should exercise tenderness and conciliation to the Samaritan as well as to the Jew; to the Dissenter as well as to the Churchman; considering all as entitled to the benefits of his flock, though they were not disposed to partake of them. It will be said, perhaps, that many Dissenters are not only bitter in their spirit, but violent in their language, and provoking in their conduct and actions. If it be so, let us set them a better example; let us show them a more excellent way; let us make them the objects of our kindness and prayers, and not of our scorn, hatred, and opposition. “Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.”

† From Miss Mortimer’s communications.

CONFIRMATION.

MR. MORTIMER devoted a good deal of time and attention to preparing the candidates for the confirmation that was held at Thornhill, in July, 1843. Mr. Townley was then assisting him; for he began the instruction of the candidates several months previous to the solemnizing of the rite, and he was thus left more at liberty than he had ever before been for this important branch of duty. His plan, on that occasion, was to divide the candidates into three distinct classes; viz., one comprising the juniors, and another, the adults of the less educated among his congregation, and the third embracing the remainder. The first of these classes was required to learn by heart portions of an explanation of the Church Catechism, which they repeated to their minister when they met together on a specified afternoon in each week. Their attention was particularly directed to the Scripture proofs of the Catechism, which was also commented upon in a familiar manner, and particularly in connexion with confirmation. In order to encourage them to learn the Catechism well, a prize was promised to each of the three who should be able to repeat the whole of it most accurately. The adult classes met also once a week in the evening, and were prepared with answers, which they read from the Bible, to questions on scriptural subjects, with which they were furnished the previous week. They also repeated a part of Dean Nowell's Catechism, which, together with the scriptural questions, formed the subject for addresses and interrogations. The third class met one morning in the week at their pastor's house, and they were expected to give verbal answers to questions on the Book of Common Prayer, with which they were

previously supplied. For the use of this class also, Mr. Mortimer prepared a set of questions and answers explanatory of the sacrament, which will appear in another place; and he made use of a Catechism on Confirmation to explain that ordinance to the candidates, besides distributing several tracts on the subject.

SOCIAL MEETINGS.

IN the years 1842 and 1843, Mr. Mortimer established several different week-day meetings for promoting the spiritual benefit of his flock. One of these was held on Tuesday evenings, and was conducted alternately by himself and Mr. Townley, both, however, being present. The meeting was opened by singing a hymn, and by offering up a short extempore prayer, either by himself or Mr. Townley. One of them then spoke on some subject connected with experimental religion; after which, some of the members were expected to make observations connected with the spiritual life of the Christian, or their own particular experience, or to ask any question on practical or doctrinal subjects; and, when a pause ensued, one of the clergymen would carry on the remarks, or introduce another subject. Singing the doxology, and the use of one or two collects, or, occasionally, extempore prayer, and the blessing, concluded the meeting. This meeting was not continued long; for it was not found to answer, owing to the difficulty that persons experienced in speaking on these subjects.

After this was given up, another was established for the Sunday-school teachers. There were twelve members, all young, in the same rank of society, and on terms of intimacy with each other and with their respected pastor, at whose house they met;

and these circumstances, together with the cheerful easy manner in which it was conducted, combined to render it pleasant, as well as profitable. Each member learnt by heart a short portion of a catechetical work on the "Elements of Christian Knowledge," which they repeated by turns, and afterwards gave verbal answers to questions, previously written out, on miscellaneous subjects connected with religion, such as the evidences of Christianity, the history of the Old Testament, or doctrinal subjects. Questions were prepared by Mr. Mortimer for this purpose, and other questions were copied by the different members from a book of "Questions on the Old and New Testament, and the Book of Common Prayer, by the Rev. Edward Thompson." The different subjects thus brought forward, always drew forth many interesting and profitable remarks in connexion with the duties of Sunday-school teachers. At other times, they were addressed as professors of Christianity. These meetings were very much liked, and are still looked back upon with feelings of pleasure and grateful recollection by, at least, some of its members. They only lasted one winter, as the summer evenings were not found so convenient for them, and the following winter Mr. Mortimer was unable to resume them, as his whole time was devoted to other ministerial duties.

LIBRARY.

AT the beginning of the year 1837, Mr. Mortimer opened a "Library for Sunday Reading." It contained, at first, about 150 volumes, and, as the books were very much read by all classes of persons, about 100 more were afterwards added to the number, all of which were furnished at his own cost. They were lent gratuitously, and were changed weekly in

the vestry. The different readers were furnished with a printed catalogue of the books, that they might have the opportunity of selecting those that they preferred, as being most suitable to their taste or circumstances. These books were in circulation up to the time of his death.

About the same time an attempt was made to establish a "Library of Useful Knowledge," at Thornhill, the object of which was to promote useful information to "Farmers, Mechanics, and Artizans," at a cost so trifling as to bring it easily within their reach; the terms of subscription being five shillings annually, or a penny-a-week for each volume. This endeavour, which was made with the hope of improving the habits and character of a large portion of the population, by furnishing profitable employment for leisure hours usually spent in idleness or frivolous amusements, was mainly seconded by Mr. Mortimer, who made a handsome donation towards it in money, besides about eighteen volumes, most of which, though scientific or literary works, were distinguished for their religious tendency. Most of the gentlemen in the neighbourhood also contributed towards this library. It was found, however, for the most part, that there was no taste for this style of reading among the class for whom the library was intended; only ten or a dozen persons availed themselves of the use of the books, and in rather more than a year applications for them ceased to be made.

EXTRA-PAROCIIAL SERVICES.

It was while visiting the people in the neighbourhood of the GERMAN MILLS, in August, 1841, that their state of spiritual destitution was impressed upon Mr. Mortimer's mind, and he immediately

determined upon trying to do something for them. As he had then no Sunday duty to perform, and, at the same time, was partially recovered from his nervous attack, he made up his mind to attempt a Sunday service there himself, and immediately began to inquire if any room could be found for the purpose. A farmer, whose house was very conveniently situated, on being applied to, willingly consented to secure the use of a room in his own house, without any charge, for the remaining term of his lease, five-and-a-half years; nor would he at any time accept any remuneration for the expense and trouble which he incurred by the service being held in his house; and both himself and his wife were ever ready to do all in their power to promote the comfort of their minister, and of those who were engaged in the Sunday school, which was also held in the room used for Divine service. Their generous conduct much pleased Mr. Mortimer, who often said, that they would never suffer for "sheltering the ark of God," but that, on the contrary, he felt sure that as the "Lord blessed the house of Obededom," so He would bless them and their family. The room being then in an unfinished state, Mr. Mortimer agreed to have it prepared for Divine worship at his own expense, the fitting up consisting simply of a desk and benches. On the 5th of the following month, September, the service was performed in this room for the first time. Mr. Mortimer was much surprised, and greatly encouraged by the largeness of the congregation, many being unable to find seats, and standing in the entrance. Before the following Sunday the room was furnished with additional benches, which, altogether, was considered sufficient to seat a hundred persons. On that day also, there was a large congregation, as appears from a memorandum in Mr. Mortimer's handwriting; "The room quite filled, and overflowing." As he himself

expected, however, after a time, the novelty wore off, and the congregation decreased, leaving an average of about seventy attendants ; but even this number he thought a large congregation, considering the scattered state of the population. He always felt a peculiar interest in this station, which he styled, "the nursling of his old age." The congregation always appeared grateful for the establishment of the service there, which they evinced by the willingness with which they subscribed to the "Church Society," when called upon to do so. Though this place is not more than three-and-a-half miles from Thornhill Church, it is believed, that not more than one person during their residence there ever attended the church service, until it was held at the German Mills. The settlement derives its name from the circumstance of the surrounding country having been settled chiefly by Germans many years since ; at which time there were mills close to the house in which the service is now held. These mills have been long since in ruins, having never been repaired, owing, it is said, to some superstition connected with the history of them. There are now scarcely more than two dozen houses within a circuit of half-a-mile from the ruins of the mills. The other dwellings are scattered on the different surrounding farms.

On the 10th October, in the same year, a Sunday School was begun in connexion with the Church, which was well attended, having from forty to sixty attendants. At the time the Church service was established at the German Mills, there was no Sunday service there of any description. The Methodists had previously attempted to establish prayer and other meetings, but had then no service of any kind : as soon, however, as the Church service was commenced, Mr. Mortimer was informed that they had again opened a meeting, at a house close by, apparently for the sake of opposition, but

of which he took not the slightest notice: it was shortly afterwards given up, though in a little time re-commenced.

In the same manner, when he was informed that the editor of the *Christian Guardian*, a Methodist paper, had written against him, he would not even look at the paper, observing, that "it matters but little what people said of him." He considered it the wisest plan to let opposition die away. By some he was called a Puseyite, by others a low Churchman; but his own aim was to be "a consistent Churchman." What he considered one breach of consistency is mentioned in his pastoral letter to his parishioners at Thornhill; viz., attending other places of worship: another was contributing towards the support or encouragement of Dissent, which he invariably declined doing from conscientious motives.

CHARITY.

THE following memorandum is made in his pocket-book for 1832:—

"After I leave England, I purpose giving one-seventh to poor-purse, as my object in devoting one fifth was that I might more extensively employ the poor about my premises, &c. &c. But as there is no want of labour there, so large a proportion will not be needed: at least, it so strikes me at present. Possibly, however, more will be needed for the cause of God." One way in which employment was given to the poor at Hutton was, making a side walk through the village, covered with white spar, which was procured from the neighbouring hills, and was broken very small. His rector, the Rev. Alfred Harford, shared in many of the plans which were adopted for the benefit of the poor in Hutton.

Mr. Mortimer made a point of never being his own instrument in affording pecuniary assistance to

any of the persons he visited. If he noticed that any persons were in distressed circumstances, or if any told him of their difficulties, he would mention them to Mrs. Mortimer, and she would do what was necessary to relieve them. Indeed, she was in every case his almoner; for he never himself gave any money in charity. His reason for this was, that the people might have no selfish aim in desiring his visits, which he wished to be purely spiritual.

As a HUSBAND and a FATHER, Mr. Mortimer was a pattern of conjugal tenderness and of parental kindness: there was a remarkable suavity in his manners, which greatly endeared him to his family, and indeed to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance. If ever he said or wrote an unkind word, he was the first to discover and acknowledge it, and to make the most ample apology. His humility was so great that it might have been suspected of disingenuousness, if those who knew him the most intimately were not well assured of his Christian simplicity and sincerity. His youngest daughter, writing to me, says, in reference to this subject:—"He kindly made me the companion of his drives before he began to visit his people regularly, and he frequently talked to me more as if I were his friend than his daughter; for he would speak of his religious feelings, and even of his faults. He once said that he had no wish to conceal his sins and failings here; for that they would all be revealed before the assembled multitudes of men and angels at the day of judgment. I frequently felt deeply humbled by the thought that I was so unworthy of the feelings my beloved father entertained towards me: but I was fully aware that it was his *own disposition* to cause him to feel as he did towards me." My amiable young friend and god-daughter also writes, in reference to his kindness to servants:—

“My dear father was the kindest and most considerate of MASTERS. He was always anxious to promote the comfort and happiness of his servants, and very careful not to wound their feelings, or to give them unnecessary trouble or annoyance. He often expressed his pleasure at seeing them seated by the fire at their needlework, or enjoying the society of their relatives and friends, and would tell them that he wished them to be as comfortable as he was himself. Nor was he less mindful of their spiritual welfare, and took pains to instruct them in the great duties of religion.”

For the foregoing particulars, illustrative of my friend's character as a Christian pastor, and in his domestic relations, with the exception of a part of the article on the character of his preaching, attributed in a note, to another friend, I am entirely indebted to his youngest daughter, Miss Phebe Mortimer: nothing is due to myself except for the arrangement of the materials with which I have been so kindly and so well furnished.

From the foregoing sketch, as well as from the general contents of the volume, Mr. Mortimer's character is clearly seen, and cannot fail to excite admiration:—let every reader here add a prayer to be enabled to imitate as well as to admire. That my friend was possessed of no peculiarities, or of no defects, I do not affirm; but they were blended with so much purity of motive, integrity of principle, and correctness of conduct, that his general excellences were visible to all, his peculiarities were known but to few. His *extreme carefulness* in expenditure, and his—seemingly, at least—*over anxiousness* to preserve unimpaired, if not to increase, his fortune, led him to the adoption of some measures, which by many of his friends were thought questionable. It is, however, exceedingly difficult to judge another in

this matter, or, indeed, to set up any precise and universal standard by which to form a judgment in the case. So many among the clergy, it is to be feared, err in the opposite extreme, and so much reproach has been brought upon the Church and the clerical character, by the want of a sufficient prudence and economy in secular affairs, to prevent pecuniary embarrassment, that the error of too much care is much to be preferred to that of a want of it, where it is attended by such counteracting properties as marked Mr. Mortimer's management of his income. His systematic charity, his cheerful and bountiful liberality, and his strict integrity, more than balance any defective peculiarity in his secular matters.

If I might venture to sum up Mr. Mortimer's character in a few words, I should say that his whole life, from the time of his becoming a decided Christian, was characterized by firm faith, deep humility, great decision, steady consistency, self-denial, holy zeal, and patient perseverance; and his manners were characterized by urbanity, kindness, and sweetness of address peculiar to himself. As a pastor, as a private Christian, as a relative, and as a friend, he has left an example worthy of imitation. "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord: even so saith the Spirit; for they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them."

Mr. Mortimer, just before his death, gave directions to destroy all his papers and writings, and it does not appear that he kept any record of the events of his life, or of his Christian experience: no specimen, therefore, of his regular composition has come into the hands of the writer. The following fragments or remains have been collected from different sources, and show his opinions on the several subjects of them.

ARMINIANISM.

YOUR very Christian remarks and feelings connected with my much honoured and much beloved Wellington friend deserve my sincere thanks. You are quite right: the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace is of infinitely more importance than nice and subtle distinctions upon points of which, after all, we know so exceedingly little. I do not think those two sermons should have been attached to the volumes, whose other contents are generally practical: and I objected at the time, but the opinions of others prevailed. I think with you that the text is unhappily chosen. As to the contents, we shall of course differ: but I can say so much as this, that I attach so little importance to the peculiarities of the system which I adopt, that, for many months past, I have declined *in toto* entering upon the subject with every one who would dispute with me: and am so moderate in my own statements, that most of my Arminian friends have their fears of my eventually leaving them:—not that any alteration has taken place in my doctrinal views, but simply in the ideas of importance which I used at one time to attach to them.

ATHANASIAN CREED.

THE Athanasian Creed is not the milk which the Church gives to her babes, but the test to which she brings her heretics.

CATHOLIC EMANCIPATION.

As to Catholic Emancipation I profess to know and to fear but little. Were I better acquainted with the

effects of the present system, I fancy I should think with such men as Mr. Wilberforce: but not knowing these, having only a very limited survey, I feel quite satisfied to let them think for me. A meeting was lately called at Bridgenorth to petition against the claims. I refused both to attend and to authorize the use of my signature. I am equally satisfied, however, that the bill should be lost: and I should imagine that the strength in the Upper House will always throw it out.

DR. A. CLARKE'S COMMENTARY.

You ask me my opinion of Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary. I think that upon the whole it is a great work: and few persons could have produced such a one. But after all, the Dr. is not to be depended on, he is far too venturesome and far too positive—he drives through thick and thin—certain opinions must be maintained, certain characters must be vindicated, and this is done in a manner and spirit which is not quite suited to my taste. I continue, however, to take in the work for the present: but have told one of the Methodist preachers stationed here, that, if he can part with it for me on reasonable terms, I will take from him Benson's Commentary in its stead.

CLASSES.

As to classes, I still think that something like church fellowship is the grand desideratum of our Church. 'The Communion, which was originally intended for this, now completely fails. It is almost anything but the *communion of saints*. Private meetings, too, of a familiar, conversational, or expository kind, do not quite come up to the supposed point. There must

be some enclosure—some hedge of separation, something which shall admit the apparently sincere inquirer and exclude the worldly—something, in fact, which shall “gather believers together out of the mass of the ungodly world.”

• DISSENT.

IN reference to Dissent, I am, I believe, what Dissenters consider a high, bigoted, stiff Churchman, but the simple true Churchman is all I wish to be known by. I love my Church right thoroughly, and I love Church unity in the same degree, and have never, for many years past, done anything by countenancing, encouraging, aiding, or abetting Dissent, and I hope I never shall; but I cannot, dare not, unchurch Dissenters, and deny that they are sections of Christ's outward and visible Church, and, of course, I cannot but respect the private characters and conduct of many individuals among them.

EPISCOPACY.

As to Episcopacy, I think with Bishop Hall, that it is necessary for the *well* or *better* being of a Church, but not essentially necessary to its very being itself; and as to High Church principles, or Puseyism, or Tractarian notions, I go not a single step. I regard them as quite subversive of the doctrine of Christ; there is not one single point, by which they are distinguished but, if honestly carried out, must lead to Romanism. Admit, for example, that in ordination there is conveyed through the bishop, of necessity, and independent of the state of mind of the candidate, any grace or virtue or qualification for the spiritually and graciously discharging the duties of the

ministerial office, which is not conveyed by Presbyterian or Methodistical ordination, and you arrogate for our Church what neither Scripture on the one hand, nor daily observation on the other, will substantiate. They may authorize and commission those who appear to them already qualified, but it is the Divine Spirit alone, which can fit and qualify with all the gifts and graces necessary for a due discharge of their important function.

FAITH AND WORKS.

WHEN a man is justified by faith, he is by faith accounted just and righteous *before* God.

When a man is justified by works, he is by his works proclaimed or declared *to man* to be just and righteous.

To be justified is generally to be considered or regarded just or righteous.

FIRST STEP.

THE first step in vital religion is a sense of the presence of God.

FRIENDSHIP.

IT generally happens when there are little unpleasantnesses among friends and relations, that they arise from mutual faults, and therefore I cannot but conclude, that there must have been something either in my observations or manner, which it would have been better to avoid. I am surprised, however, that you should so long have suffered from such incidents: friends, and especially relatives, should be

like two bowls suffering temporary collision; they should rub and go on, for in this imperfect state we must expect many such a rub; we cannot move at equal rates, we cannot keep at equal distances, there will be an infringing every now and then, but still let us go on, go on in love, agree to differ, and expect occasionally to feel; but why should this feeling be either strong or lasting? I am glad, however, that you have relieved your mind, and though it has been a little at my expense, yet as the effort has been beneficial to you, I will not attempt in any way to destroy the effect, but will, for the sake of good will and kind feeling, admit anything you have said. And here may such matters rest "never to rise again."

MILLENNIUM.

ON the Millennial question, I am always backward to speak; for I expect no personal reign: look for nothing very immediate, and then merely suppose a general or universal profession of Christianity throughout the world, and deeper work in the hearts of believers. As to the time of previous trial, I dare hazard but little—in sober truth, I do not suffer myself to be puzzled, or even much occupied with *unfulfilled* prophecy; with this we have graciously little to do; it is purposely so revealed that it cannot be previously known, that it may not seem, when accomplished, to have been through its prediction fulfilled.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

(From the Rev. T. Grinfield.)

MR. MORTIMER had a fine mind for mathematical studies, and took a high degree in the Senate House

Examination of 1811. I have often questioned him on topics connected with those studies;—and well remember asking him, on one occasion, what he supposed might be the reason why NEWTON, with so vast a mind for mathematical science, and after such unprecedented success, should have deserted all further investigations of that kind during the latter thirty years of his studious life. With his characteristic sagacity, he promptly assigned a reason which has not (that I know) been remarked by Sir D. Brewster, or the other biographers of NEWTON, and which, while it exempts him from the unjust imputation of an enfeebled mind, does just honour to his piety, and may probably be the real, deep, and admonitory reason: “Ah, sir, we must remember that, great as he was in intellect, after all NEWTON was but a man, who had the same *wants and cravings of the heart* with ourselves. Having achieved his great discoveries, he began to feel within himself, *this also is vanity*: he could not find, in his mathematical demonstrations, *rest for his soul—satisfaction for his heart*, he therefore turned his attention from science to the *Scriptures*.” I thought the explanation at once original and just, and, as it refers to “Magnum illum, NEWTONUM, qui genus humanum ingenio superavit,” * singularly interesting and impressive:—a fragment, among many reminiscences, that I would fain preserve from being lost.

BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH’S EIGHTY-SEVEN QUESTIONS.

THE Bishop of Peterborough, in my opinion, richly deserves all he has met with; and I do hope that since many, perhaps a majority of our bishops, read

* From the inscription by Dr. Bentley, on the pedestal of the sublime statue by Roubiliac, in the Chapel of Trin. College, Cambridge.

the *Christian Observer* the rough handling he has experienced will operate beneficially on the bench at large. From my heart I hate and detest all inquisitorial measures. Perhaps, however, the Evangelical body need some fan or other to purge the floor; and though a great stir has lately been made about oppression &c., I am not without hope that it will do us considerable good.

SUBJECTS FOR PRAYER.

I. That we may habitually realize a *sense of the Divine presence*.

II. That we may live in the will of God, and feel that it is *precious* to us.

III. That we may be *grateful* Christians—*trace* our mercies—and thankfully adore the good Lord for sending them.

IV. That we may be helped against the soul-ruining, and God-dishonouring sin of *unbelief*.
“Lord, increase our faith.”

V. That our confidence may be strengthened as connected with prayer in general, and especially in these private addresses.

VI. That we may discover in all our enjoyments, social intercourse, &c. &c. *true sobriety of mind*, and guard against every approach to a *light* and *frivolous spirit*.

VII. That we may manifest a spirit of faithful admonition and reproof, combined with tenderness.

VIII. For earnestness in the cause of God.

IX. For those gifts and graces implied in the outpouring of God's Spirit.

X. For a discovery of the love of Jesus, and a greater knowledge of him in all his saving benefits—wisdom, righteousness, and strength.

XI. For growth in grace in general, and in its

evidences. 1st. Increased love to the Saviour. 2nd. Increased hatred to sin ; and 3d. Increasingly lowly views of ourselves.

SACRAMENTAL GRACE.

WITH regard to sacramental grace, I do not conceive that an episcopally ordained minister has any inherent grace deposited in him, which imparts a greater efficacy, when a sacrament is administered by him, above what may be received by graciously prepared recipients, who may have it administered by others not episcopally ordained. The good imparted is immediately and directly from the Divine Spirit, just as the power of seeing came immediately and directly from Christ, and not through the clay with which the eyes of the blind man were anointed : no inherent or even transferred power with which the clay had become endowed, but a simple transaction between Christ and the believing applicant. The outward and visible signs are of great importance, but most lamentable is it when they are invested with that power which belongs to God alone. The connexion between these views and Romanism is easily apparent. Salvation is no longer of faith, but of works :—use forms, ceremonies, penances, sacraments, prayers, recitations, liturgical services, and all is done : grace is conveyed, and that, too, in proportion to the number and frequency of the performances ; and the state of the heart all the while disregarded—the vast surplusage of merit will be obtained, or extreme unction adjust all.

THE SACRAMENTS.*

1. What are the Sacraments?†

“They are outward and visible signs and pledges of inward and spiritual grace.”—*Ch. Cat.*

2. How many are the Christian Sacraments?

“There are (only) two Sacraments ordained by Christ our Lord in the Gospel: that is to say, Baptism and the Supper of the Lord.”—*25th Art. Ch. of England.*‡

3. What are the design and use of Sacraments?

The principal design is to convey “spiritual grace” to the soul: and their chief use consists in their being suitable “means” for the purpose.

4. What is the nature of the Christian Sacraments?

“Sacraments ordained of Christ be not only badges or tokens of Christian men’s profession, but rather they be certain sure witnesses, and effectual signs of grace, and God’s good will towards us, by the which he doth work invisibly in us, and doth not only quicken, but also strengthen and confirm our faith in Him.”—*25th Art. Ch. of England.*

5. What do you understand by “spiritual grace,” which you say it is the design of the Sacraments to convey to the soul?

The term grace has many significations in Scrip-

* Drawn up for the use of the candidates for confirmation.

† The word Sacrament is not found in Sacred Scripture; but it signifies an *oath*: and the Christian ordinances of Baptism and the Lord’s Supper were very early designated by this term, by some of the fathers; because the dedication of ourselves to God in these ordinances is as binding and obligatory as a solemn oath. In the Roman style, it signifies a most solemn and inviolable engagement.

‡ *Baptism* under the Christian dispensation corresponds with, and was instituted in place of, *Circumcision*, under the Jewish dispensation: and the *Lord’s Supper* corresponds with the *Passover*.

ture : but most commonly it either means good-will, or favour (Romans xi. 6 ; 2 Tim. i. 9 ; Rom. v. 20) ; or it signifies the *internal operation of the Holy Spirit* upon the soul, regenerating, purifying, and sanctifying our nature : and the Sacraments, when duly regarded, are signs and pledges of the one, and effectual means of conveying the other.

6. How, then, are the Sacraments to be regarded ?

Simply as *means* of grace, and not as *necessarily* conveying any internal benefit to the soul : for no such benefit is, or can be, derived from them, unless the mind be previously prepared to partake of them as God has willed and commanded.

7. What proofs can you adduce that the internal benefits of Sacraments are not absolute, and independent of the previous state of the mind ?

First, because we have no warrant either in Scripture, or in the reason of things, to think so ; and, *secondly*, because, if they were so, no one could eat and drink in the Lord's Supper to their own condemnation, which St. Paul affirms is the case with those who eat and drink unworthily. (1. Cor. xi. 29. Acts viii. 13, 20—23.)

8. But though this is the case in the Lord's Supper, are not the benefits of Baptism absolute and unconditional ?

No : repentance and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ are indispensably necessary in all cases previously to any *saving* benefits being derived from the use of this sacrament. Repentance and faith, however, though previously necessary, are in nowise the *meritorious* and *procuring* cause of these benefits ; they form only a preparatory and necessary meetness for a due reception of them.

9. But are not infants, although incapable of either repentance or faith, invariably regenerated, renewed, and sanctified in and by this sacrament ?

All that are baptized are said to be regenerated,

because the outward ordinance is a sign or emblem of "spiritual regeneration." And nothing is more common, both in Scripture and in ancient writings, than the use of a term which only denotes the *sign* for the *thing signified*. And in the judgment of Christian charity, in all cases when this sacrament is rightly received, and the after conduct corresponds with the professions therein made, we may conclude that they partake, as of the sign, so also of the thing signified.

10. What do you understand by the sacrament being "rightly received"?

The sacrament is rightly received in infant baptism, when the parents and sponsors have just scriptural views of its nature and design, and present children to be baptized in obedience to the authority of God; simply, humbly, and sincerely depending upon his unmerited grace and favour in Christ Jesus; and are truly desirous that the child so presented by them, may become "the faithful soldier and servant of the Lord Jesus Christ;" and when the sponsors themselves exercise repentance, whereby "they forsake sin, and faith, whereby they stedfastly believe the promises of God made to them in that sacrament." In all such cases we have "a presumptive certainty" that spiritual regeneration commences in the ordinance; for then it is "*rightly received*."

11. What is the best *after* proof of this?

The best *after* proof which children can give of this is, the fulfilment of those promises and engagements made for them by their sponsors in their baptism.

12. And what were the promises and engagements?

"That they should renounce the devil and all his works, the pomps and vanity of this wicked world, and all the sinful lusts of the flesh; that they should believe all the articles of the Christian

faith; and that they should keep God's holy will and commandments, and walk in the same all the days of their life."—*Ch. Cat.*

13. But how do you show that children in after life are bound to fulfil those engagements made for them by others, at this unconscious period of their infancy?

They are bound to do so by the obligation which they themselves owe to God, inasmuch as their parents or spiritual guardians entered into such engagements only, on their behalf, as each individual is bound to fulfil, whether such engagements had or had not been entered into by others.

TEMPERANCE.

PUBLIC opinion is, through God's mercy, effecting much among us. Much bitterness, indeed, still exists in some, as well as most determined opposition. But the work is of God, and I feel a blessed assurance that much good will eventually be done. I am beginning to perceive with much thankfulness that the Temperance Society is an important engine in aid of all my ministerial plans—a kind of stepping stone to the church and to piety; and I am careful to watch all its movements, and to follow up every indication for good.

THE following letter, addressed to the Rev. John Cooper, it is presumed may not unsuitably close the preceding Memoir. The writer, who so affectionately expresses his deep obligations to the late Mr. Mortimer, has been for many years the faithful minister

of a large parish in Shropshire, very near the scene of Mr. M.'s former labours in that county.

W—— Vicarage, June 18, 1845.

My dear Friend,

I FEEL sincerely and deeply obliged to you for the kindness you have shown in sending me the interesting extracts you have made from Miss Mortimer's letter, relative to her beloved father. There are few, if any, to whom I am so deeply indebted as I am to that dear and valued friend. At an early period of my life he noticed me with a kindness and humility which I can never forget. These were, indeed, traits constantly exhibited in his Christian character, but they were the more affecting and attractive as appearing in a man of such ability and accomplishments. Whatever I know of Christian truth and experience I owe in a high degree to the daily conversations which I was permitted to enjoy for many months in three or four successive years, with him, and to the sermons and expositions which I heard from him at that time, every Sabbath and every week.

After I left Madeley I saw less of him, though our intercourse was renewed, in some measure, when he came to Bristol, and, in the end, he succeeded me in my old curacy at Hutton, on my presentation to the living which I now hold. * * * Not many letters ever passed between us; but *I have never ceased to remember him with admiration, gratitude, and love. Indeed, take him altogether, and I have never seen his equal.*

With my very kind regards to yourself and family,

I remain, my dear Sir,

Very sincerely yours,

G. L. Y.

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THE WATCHFUL SERVANT.

A SERMON

PREACHED AT THORNHILL CHURCH, JUNE 19, 1844,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF

THE REV. GEORGE MORTIMER, M.A.,

Rector of that Township.

BY THE REV. F. L. OSLER.

C. 4838 /

1843

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A SERMON.

LUKE XII. 37.

“BLESSED ARE THOSE SERVANTS WHOM THE LORD, WHEN
HE COMETH, SHALL FIND WATCHING.”

ON receiving an invitation to officiate on the mournful occasion which calls us together, accompanied with a request that I would also preach a sermon suitable to the afflicting circumstance, the oft-repeated encouragement of my dear departed friend, eagerly to embrace every opportunity of setting forth Christ, was brought home to my mind, and a voice from the dead seemed to say, Stand in my accustomed place, and for me tell to my bereaved family and friends, to the people of my charge and of my many prayers, that the Gospel which they have so often heard proclaimed by the lips now cold in death, is not a vague uncertainty, but the power of God unto salvation; and while they weep for one whose most earnest endeavours were to promote their welfare, that they should not sorrow as those without hope, but seek earnestly to become imitators of those who through faith and patience inherit the promises.

So suddenly was he whose loss we mourn taken from the midst of us, that the necessity and duty of watchfulness naturally presents itself to the mind;

such is the injunction implied in the words of my text—to *that* and the *blessing* promised let us first direct our attention.

Under the figure of a householder, or master, and his servants, Christ represents Himself, and those who profess to be His disciples ; for it is evident that the words are addressed to such, and not to the godless and profane. And as Christ's *watching* servants are also to be *working* servants, fidelity, diligence, and perseverance the Lord requires to find in them, when he comes to call them to their account.

“It is required in stewards that a man be found faithful,” saith St. Paul. No other qualification can compensate for the want of this, and the higher the trust reposed, the greater is the fidelity required. How solemn, then, and awful, is the position of the minister of Christ ! he has not only to watch for his own soul, and take care lest his very duties, by their frequent performance, become the means of imperceptibly leading him to trust in them, and think that because he is made useful to others, it must, therefore, be well with himself, but also to watch for the souls of others. As Christ's ambassador, there is committed unto him the ministry of reconciliation, to entreat sinners in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God ; and should any perish through his wilful neglect, either to warn or to give instruction, against the unfaithful minister is denounced the fearful sentence, “his blood will I require at thy hand.”

Deeply did our beloved friend feel this ; his daily prayer and study was to make full proof of his ministry, and seek by every means to win souls to Christ. His manner of life from the time of his first coming among you, up to the hour of his death, is known to most present. In his family the kind husband, parent, and master, anxious for the comfort

and welfare of all, yet most anxious that each who dwelt beneath his roof, might love that Saviour who was so precious to his own soul. Owing to the delicate state of his health, and what he suffered from even a little unusual excitement, he was, perhaps, seen less in his family than most clergymen; but those friends with whom he felt that he could act freely, and leave when he found himself no longer equal to conversation, will doubtless bear me witness, that as the head of a family few excelled him, and that it was a happy privilege to join with him at the family altar in prayer and praise.

In the temporal property which God had given him, we find the same earnest care that God might be glorified thereby. His liberality is well known, and the principle on which he acted, he believed to be in accordance to God's revealed word. At first, a tenth of his property was set apart, and after a little while, not feeling satisfied with that portion, one seventh of his income, as he received it, was regularly set apart, and most carefully used, as might best promote the glory of God, and the good of his fellow-creatures. All he possessed he considered as a talent given by God with the injunction, "Occupy till I come," and as a good steward he laboured faithfully to improve the talent committed to his trust.

But the fulfilment of his ministerial duties was that which engaged his most earnest attention.

He would not offer to the Lord that which cost him nothing, and whether his sermons were what is commonly termed extempore, or written, they were composed with much care, and after much prayer. His anxiety was to win souls to Christ, and to give to each his portion of meat in due season; he was careful, almost to a fault, that the subject on which he was treating should be rightly divided.

But his greatest delight* appeared to be in visiting his people from house to house, warning the wicked of the danger of his ways, encouraging the weak, comforting the feeble minded, but more especially delighting to dwell upon that theme so dear to his own soul, the love of Christ. As a father with his children, they were all upon his heart, and few days were suffered to elapse in which he did not visit some families, and his visits were literally ministerial ones, as many present can testify, and who will do well to treasure carefully the instructions they have received, and pray earnestly that they may be profitable to their souls. Judging by the test which Christ himself hath given us, "By their fruits ye shall know them," will it not be the testimony of all who knew our dear departed brother, that he was in the highest sense of the term a faithful minister of God? and doubtless he has heard from that Master whom he loved and served, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

And he was not only faithful but diligent. It is well known that the strength of our friend was small, and that he was afflicted with a nervous affection, the natural tendency of which is to prostrate the energies both of mind and body. He felt this and struggled against it, and frequently would return to his house completely exhausted. With him there was no "spare thyself;" whatsoever his hand found to do, he did it with all his might, and as a good servant, his aim and endeavour were to make the most of that strength which was given him.

Patience and perseverance also are necessary

* After stating that it was Mr. Mortimer's delight to visit his people, Mrs. M. informed me that his nervousness was so great, that pastoral visiting was a duty he rather dreaded than delighted in. How faithfully then must that duty have been performed when thus imagined to be his delight!—
Note by the Author.

qualifications for the Christian minister. "Ye have need of patience," saith the Apostle St. Paul, "that after ye have done the will of God, ye might receive the promise." "Add therefore," saith St. Peter, "to your faith, virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, *patience*." "In your patience," saith Christ, "possess ye your souls." And because his difficulties are great, and the enemies with which he has to contend, numerous and powerful, he must put on the whole armour of God, in order to withstand the evil day, and having done all to stand. He must not only pray, but pray with all prayer and supplication in the spirit; he must not only watch, but watch with all *perseverance*. May it not, alas! be said of some, that they began well, but lacked patience to run the race that was set before them; as St. Paul complains of the Galatians (chap. v. -), *Ye did run well*, and yet afterwards they made shipwreck of faith. The young Christian, when he feels himself as a brand plucked out of the burning, and experiences the love of Christ in his soul, constraining him to devote all his powers to the service of that God who called him out of darkness into marvellous light, like Peter, is ready to combat a host of men in his Master's defence, wonders at his former blindness, and almost thinks it strange, that any should neglect the service of so good a Master. And in like manner the young minister, when first appointed to his charge, and opening his commission as one of God's ambassadors, like the untried soldier, thinks of great things to be achieved, and the difficulties seem light; but by degrees both find that the course cannot be run without many a struggle, nor the victory won without many a battle. And the minister of Christ more than any other, will be assaulted by the great adversary of souls with temptations exactly suited to his circumstances and disposition, and all tending to one

point, the making Christ, and Christ crucified, if I may so state it, a secondary object in his ministrations, first in name, second in reality, giving to other duties and doctrines, valuable in themselves and in their proper place, that pre-eminence which belongs to Christ alone. Alas! my brethren, do we not see too much of this in the present day? Bread is asked for, and a stone is given by some who once preached "Christ in everything, and everything in Christ." But we can thankfully bear testimony to the perseverance of our dear departed brother in the right way; from the day of his admission into the sacred office of the ministry up to the hour of his removal from us, he looked unto Jesus, as the author and finisher of his faith, set Him always before him, and with deep humility sought to follow in his steps.

He was ordained in the year 1811, and for many years officiated in the parish of Madeley, England, and the testimony of those who knew him there is, that he was systematic in all his plans, which were laid after much consideration and prayer, and then as earnestly carried out. For eleven years and a half he was your minister, part of which time he was unable to perform any active duties from weakness, and a violent nervous affection which seized him when the Bishop of Toronto visited this place, to consecrate the church and confirm the young. It was to him a severe trial to be laid aside, as he used to express himself, as of no more use, and yet with cheerful humility he would often observe, "The Lord's work can go on without me," or words to that effect. But contrary to his own expectation and that of his friends, he was again restored to comparative health and strength, and oh, how eagerly did he resume his duties directly he felt himself equal to them, and his gratitude to God was great for enabling him again to set forth Christ!

Joined to fidelity, diligence, and perseverance, was

continual watchfulness. He waited for the Lord's coming, he watched unto prayer, as one who was to give an account. The exhortation of the prophet Ezekiel (iii. 17), "Son of man, I have made thee a watchman unto the house of Israel," was deeply impressed upon his mind, and every means in his power he used to win souls to Christ. He watched over the young of his flock with a father's love and a father's anxiety, and many present can testify to the affectionate kindness with which he received them in little parties to explain and enforce the precepts of the Gospel. In visiting his people he was watchful to speak a word in season, making it, I believe, a rule never, or very rarely, to leave a house or family without speaking of the one thing needful. Ever remembering that the vows of God were upon him, he was studiously careful that even in manner he might act as became a minister of God, whilst at the same time few were more cheerful than himself. His pulpit preparations were also subjects of much anxious watchfulness and prayer : he studied what he conceived to be his people's wants, and in love endeavoured to declare to them the whole counsel of God.

And whilst watchful over those committed to his charge he was not unmindful of that solemn hour which has come upon him. For some time previous to his death, he seemed to have the subject continually present to his mind, and would frequently observe to the servant who drove him, on returning from his accustomed rides, "Once more the Lord has brought us home in safety ;" and particularly during the last week his conversation at every house he visited, was on death, and the necessity of a constant state of preparation for it, warning the careless, and entreating the almost Christian to come out from an ungodly world, and so to live as to be accounted worthy to stand before the Son of Man, when he shall come to judge the world in righteousness.

A few days since he observed to his servant, "I shall not be long here," and mentioned with satisfaction that the house was his private property, and that Mrs. Mortimer would not have to leave it, as she must have done had it been a parsonage. These remarks were made when his bodily health appeared to be improving, and, humanly speaking, there was every probability of his being spared many years; and it is satisfactory to dwell on these minute particulars now, as they give us the most certain evidence that the sudden call to render up the account of his stewardship found him ready and watchful for the summons.

Our beloved friend was found watching, and the blessing promised is his portion; he received the earnest of it in this world, he doubtless enjoys it more fully now.

He was blessed in the enjoyment, in no small degree, of the confidence and affection of his people; he was looked up to as a father and a friend, and the outward demonstrations of respect and sorrow which appear on every side this day prove that the loss is felt to be no common one, and many are ready to exclaim, "My father! my father! the chariot of Israel and the horsemen thereof."

He was blessed in being permitted to see that his labours were not in vain in the Lord. Whilst we would by no means lay down ministerial success as the certain token of God's favour, or the want of it a mark of his displeasure—for sometimes the most faithful devoted ministers are only permitted to sow the seed, while others reap the harvest, in order practically to prove to us that it is not by human might or power, but by the Spirit of God alone, that souls can be converted to Him; that a Paul may plant, and Apollos water, but it is God alone who giveth the increase—yet it is a blessing, and a great and precious one, to be permitted to see the work of

the Lord prospering in our hands. Little, perhaps, do some present think of the anxious hopes and fears which fill the minister's heart while preparing for his public ministrations, or striving to bring before his people the whole counsel of God. How often in the bitterness of disappointed hope he is ready to exclaim, "Who hath believed our report?" But when he marks the earnest attention paid to his ministrations, the vanities of the world forsaken by some, who boldly, and yet with humility declare, Whatever be the conduct of others, "as for me and my house we will serve the Lord;" great is his encouragement, and he goeth on his way rejoicing. This blessing was vouchsafed to our dear departed friend, and he was also permitted to see that his ministrations were so highly valued that the church in which we are now assembled required twice to be enlarged to accommodate the increasing congregation.

There is something painful in the thought that so good a man should be thus suddenly, and in such a manner, taken from the midst of us. We should have chosen for him a long and peaceful old age, and when, at length, he must depart this life, like corn fully ripe, the Master whom he loved and served would come and gently receive him to himself. But his death and the manner of it was appointed by One wiser than man, and who loved him better than his dearest earthly friends. Even in his sudden death, there was a blessing and an answer to many prayers. From the state of his bodily health, and what he had previously suffered, he used to dread the pains of dying, and earnestly prayed that he might either be spared these pains, or be strengthened under them. And God gave him more than he asked; for nearly two years past this dread was taken away, and the bodily pain he suffered after the accident, was, I have been informed, not equal

to the uneasy sensations experienced at fainting. At first, he did not consider that he had received a fatal injury, and on being taken up, exclaimed, "He keepeth all my bones, not one of them is broken."

His kind friend and physician Dr. Paget, hastened to his assistance, and brought him gently home. The family, naturally much alarmed, eagerly met him as he was being carried into the house, anxious to ascertain the extent of the injury; he strove to calm their fears by telling them, what he then really thought, that he was not seriously hurt. But when laid upon his bed, and he found, as he expressed it, that it would be instant death for him to lie in any but the one position, then he felt that he should never rise again, and was thankful for being brought home to his own comfortable bed. He then spoke with much feeling of the kindness and gentleness of the persons who took him up immediately after the accident, repeating, "Kind—kind," and expressed himself as quite resigned to the will of God, not anxious to live, and ready to die. He alluded briefly to his temporal affairs, and when he felt his end approaching, desired that those who were not present might be called, when he addressed a few words separately to each, ending with "*God bless you.*" It was evidently an effort for him to speak much, and his memory appeared to be in some degree affected, as he mentioned none of the family who were absent, and only addressed those present as they stood directly before him. Having spoken to his family, he then prayed for his people; they had always been very dear to him, and often had his prayers ascended before the throne of grace on their behalf, and now, ere the spirit took its flight, whilst yet he might plead for a blessing to descend upon them, he lifted up his heart with the words, "God bless my poor dear people;" and having uttered this prayer, he lay for a time quite still, and then so gently fell asleep

in Jesus, that an old and valued servant of the family observed, "How sweetly master is sleeping!" and knew not that it was death until told by the physician, "It is the sleep of death."

He was permitted to retain his senses to the last, having lived about four hours after the accident.

Beloved friends, may the dying prayers of your late valued minister be heard and answered abundantly on your behalf! "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord, even so, saith the Spirit, for they rest from their labours." Our departed friend has fought the good fight, has finished his course, and entered into his rest. He now beholds Him whom having not seen he loved. Oh that those who are ready to exclaim "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his," may treasure up the instruction they have received from him they will see no more, till all meet at the judgment-seat of Christ, and seek to follow in the steps of their departed minister as he followed Christ.

We observe from what has been stated, that even in death he was greatly blessed, but what is that compared with the blessing he is now inheriting! We weep around his lifeless corpse, but his freed spirit rejoices in the presence of its God. Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into the heart of man to conceive the things which God hath prepared for them that love him: and in a little time, that which was a weak and fragile body whilst animated by the spirit, and now about to turn to corruption, shall rise a glorious body; it is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour and shall be raised in glory. Our departed friend looked forward to this when more than once he exclaimed, a little before he closed his eyes in death, "I am going to my rest," not yet to the fulness of bliss. It doth not yet appear what we shall be, man cannot describe it; raise the imagination

to the highest pitch, and still it will fall far short of the reality ; for “when He shall appear, we shall be like Him, for we shall see Him as He is.”

From this subject let us seek to derive some practical improvement.

1st. A solemn warning. The words of my text are addressed by Christ through his servant to each present, and the scene before us proves that in such an hour as we think not, the Son of man cometh. Who would have thought a few days since, that we should have been assembled here on this occasion, or that your minister, whose renewed strength seemed to promise many years of usefulness, would have been thus cut off suddenly as in a moment? Oh, my brethren, you well know that he taught you long and faithfully, ever willing to spend and be spent in your service. You must meet him at the judgment-seat of Christ, and how will you answer it if you then be found unprofitable servants, and he who loved and served you here, and was honoured and loved by you in return, be obliged to testify against you, that he entreated you in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God, and you refused? May the awful words which are written in the forty-seventh verse of the chapter from whence my text is taken, awaken each of you to greater diligence, since the servant which knew his Lord's will, and prepared not himself, neither did according to that will, shall be beaten with many stripes.

2nd. Submission to God's will. Be still and know that I am God, and this not of necessity, because we *must* submit, but pray and labour that though sorrowful we may yet be rejoicing, since we sorrow not as those without hope, that this affliction may produce a lasting blessing. Thus Eli submitted when the message from the Lord declared such heavy tidings against him and against his family, saying, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

And thus holy Job, when his property was lost, all his children taken, and his body afflicted with sore boils, from the sole of his foot to the crown of his head, and his very wife urging him to curse God and die—"Shall we receive good at the hand of the Lord, and shall we not receive evil? The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be the name of the Lord."

3rd. Encouragement. We remember the gifts and graces of our departed friend; but from whence were they derived? What made him what he was? The Lord. And who supported him all his journey through life? It was the same God. He found the grace of God sufficient for him, and the feeling of his heart at all times was, "not unto us, O Lord, not unto us, but unto Thy name be the glory." The God who called, guided, supported, and blessed our departed friend, is still the same. His arm is not shortened, nor his ear heavy, and His direction to us is, ask and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full. We may therefore derive also

4th. Comfort. Doubtless our friend hath entered into the presence of the Lord, and the meanest redeemed sinner will sing a louder song of triumph than the highest archangel. Angels have never tasted of pardoning grace and redeeming love. Did you love your minister? Then thank God that he is released from all sorrow and trial. Thank God for what he has promised, that, having preserved your minister to the end, He will, if you seek Him, also preserve you.

My reverend brethren, in this bereavement, there is a message from God sent to us, as watchmen of the House of Israel. One is taken from our midst, and we are left exposed to peculiar trials and temptations. Our brother was the same, and he continued faithful to the end. And what was his strength and comfort? It was Christ. Oh let us beware of preaching

anything but Christ crucified, as “the way, the truth, and the life” for perishing sinners. The more we seek and exalt Him, the more shall we feel in our happy experience, “Christ all and in all.”

In conclusion, let me remind this congregation that your late minister’s instructions are yet sounding in your ears. Oh take heed to them. Pray that the Holy Spirit may be to you a spirit of remembrance, bringing again to your minds what has been said to you ; and as you pass the mound of earth which covers his mortal remains, strive to call to mind what he said while yet with you, and seek the grace of God to enable you so to live that you may become followers of those who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises. Amen.

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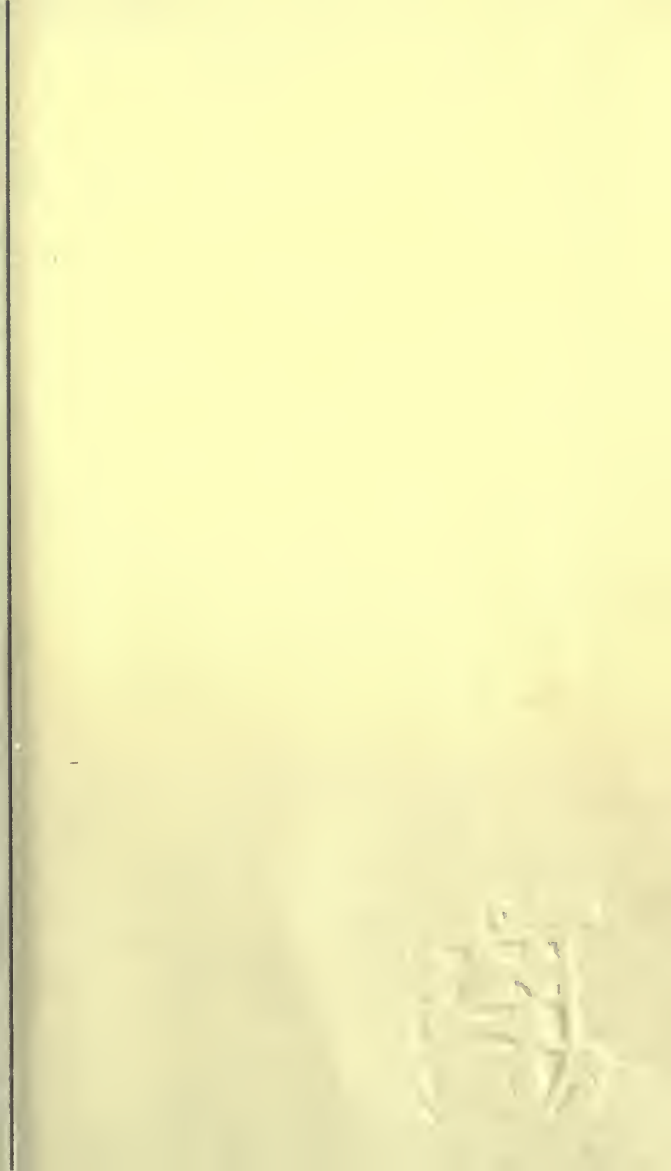
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